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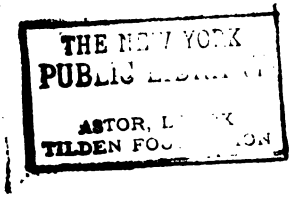
Catherine Anne Phillips.
with Mamma's kind to
wishing her many happy
returns of the day.
April 30. 186
Westminster.

TONGA

AND THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.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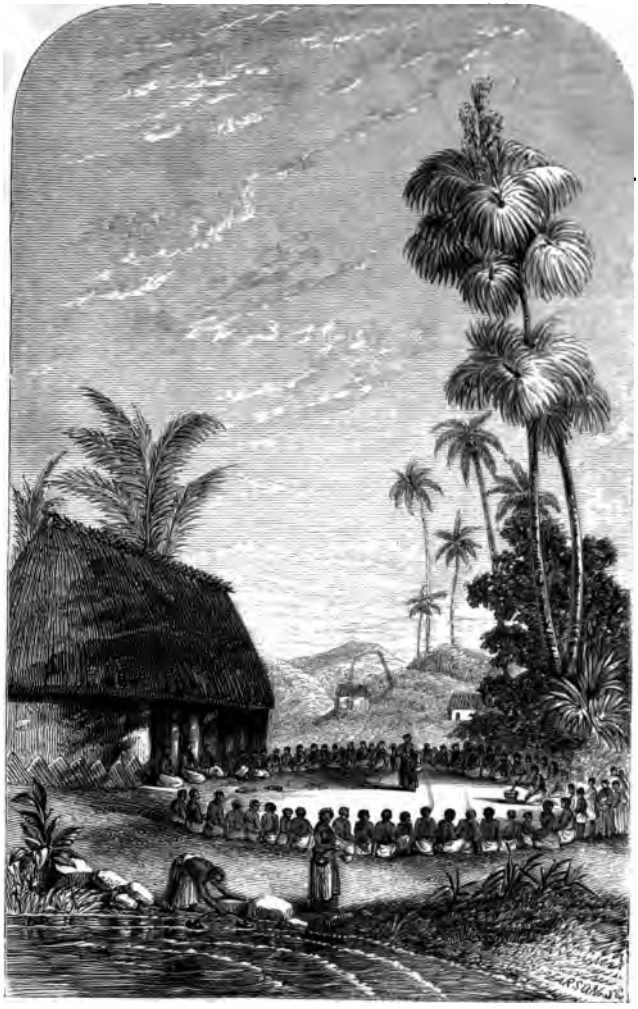

KAVA RING.

TONGA

AND THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS;

WITH

A Sketch of their Mission History.

WRITTEN FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY SARAH S. FARMER.

London:

HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co., PATERNOSTER ROW.

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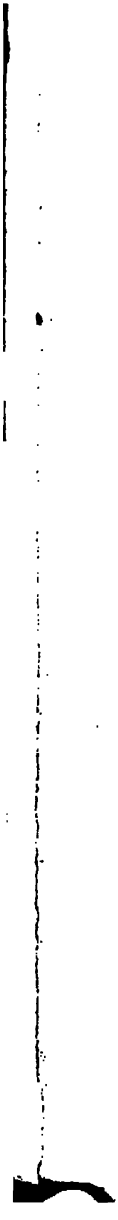

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TONGA AND THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

Chapter I.

DISCOVERY OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

YOU have heard, I dare say, that those ancient nations who have left us such wonderful proofs of their talents and skill in sculpture and painting, in building temples and tombs, and in making poetry and speeches, were not very clever at geography. They had curious notions of the shape of the earth. Some imagined that it was like a cylinder; others compared it to a drum; others again, thought that it was in the form of a ship; and some believed it to be a very high mountain, exceedingly wide at the base, with the stars floating about its summit. It was a puzzling question to many people whether Italy was in the form of a square or a triangle. If a little English girl, who had paid fair attention to her lessons, could go back two thousand two hundred years, and sit down to talk with that inquiring, truth-loving, travelled old Greek, Herodotus,

she might tell him a great deal that he did not know. The existence of Britain and America would seem to him wonderful news, too strange to be true; and even if told that Africa stretches away to the south, far below Arabia, it is a question how he would receive so new an idea. Yet Herodotus was a traveller in Servia and in Southern Russia; he visited Babylon and Susa; he described the Caspian Sea; and told his countrymen a great deal about Egypt and its wonderful river. No doubt he thought pretty well of himself and of his knowledge. And so he well might. He was in advance of his age. Such a man must have received greater gifts than his fellow men, or he must have turned common gifts to better account.

The chief discoverers in the old world times were the Phœnicians, the Greeks, the Carthaginians, and the Romans. If you look at your classical atlas you will see that these people lived in countries whose shores were washed by an inland sea, now called the Mediterranean. At first they were content with short coasting voyages: but as years rolled on, and commerce increased, they learned to build better ships and they ventured out further. To the west, they passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and found out England and Ireland, Norway and the Baltic; eastward they reached India and the borders of China: but what lay beyond, on either hand, was a great mystery to them. Further than India, they said, lay "land unknown." And away in the west, they might have

said with more of truth, "sea unknown." Where knowledge failed, fancy was busy. They had pleasant dreams of the golden country that the sun left behind him every morning, and of the bright and happy islands gilded by his setting radiance: and though they had never seen them, yet they hoped to see them some day. Among many vague conjectures we meet here and there with one that startles us by its near approach to important discovery. Such was Aristotle's suggestion that, setting sail from the coasts of Spain, a voyager might reach India: and so he might, you know, if the huge continent of America did not lie in his way.

In the middle ages, learning of all kinds was chiefly to be found with the monks. There it lay, shut up for long years within the walls of their monasteries, and not much the better for its concealment. The maps of those days are amusing specimens of mistaken geography, and the writers about distant countries were more concerned to tell surprising stories than to give statements of fact.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century, the noted Marco Polo set off on his Eastern travels. He went as the companion of his father and uncle, merchants of Venice. He was a boy of fifteen when he left his native city, and he returned to it a man of forty. During his long absence he had lived for many years at the court of the grand Khan; and he had much to tell of his power and magnificence, of the warlike Tatars, and of the busy, wealthy Chinese; he

had visited Japan, Sumatra, Ceylon, and Continental India. All he told interested his countrymen: but they were especially pleased to hear of gold and gems, of lakes producing pearls, and mines filled with turquoise. Marco Polo showed them a great many diamonds, and sapphires, and rubies of his own. After telling his story over and over again, he was persuaded to write it down, and this he did while imprisoned in Genoa, having been taken captive as he was fighting for his own city, Venice. The book that he wrote contains an account of much that he did see and of much that he did not see. His own truth and accuracy are confirmed by the more perfect knowledge of later times: but he often made mistakes when he trusted other people.

It seems as if Marco Polo's voice, sounding out from his Genoese prison, helped to awaken Europe from her sleep of many ages. Soon after this we find her children all astir. The next two centuries are famous for invention at home and for discovery abroad. Gunpowder, oil-painting, paper-making from linen rags, copper-plate engraving, and printing were among the new things found out. The chief object of the voyagers of those days was to discover the best way to India. On the one hand, they thought it possible to accomplish this by sailing round Africa, and on the other, by steering in a direct course across the Atlantic. There was more talk then about these modes of getting to India than there has been lately about the North-West passage.

In 1486, Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese, in command of a small fleet, rounded the Southern extremity of Africa unawares, and sought, along the eastern coast, the promontory that lay behind him; till his men complaining, and his heart failing him, he turned homewards, and on his way back found and noted well the long-looked for point. It was a stormy sea that had borne him past it; and moved rather by his discouragements than by his success, he called his discovery, "The Cape of Storms." His king named it the Cape of Good Hope. I never think of Diaz without sorrow. Why did he not seize his advantage and press on to India? Shakspeare's words come to my mind, words so often quoted that you will be sure to know them well by and bye:

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
> On such a full sea are we now afloat;
> And we must take the current when it serves,
> Or lose our ventures."
>
> JULIUS CÆSAR, Act IV., Scene 3.

The current served for Vasco de Gama when, eleven years later, he doubled the Cape and sailed to India, thus gaining the renown that poor Diaz might have won.

I dare say that you are well acquainted with the interesting story of Christopher Columbus. You know how boldly he crossed the Atlantic, managing crazy vessels, contrary seas, and discontented, grum-

bling sailors; how flights of birds and green weeds floating by gave heart and hope to his men, till on the 11th October, 1492, a plank, rudely carved, borne past the *Pinta*, told not only of land near but of land peopled with human beings. That plank spoke as plainly to Columbus, as the "olive leaf pluckt off" spoke to Noah. A few hours afterwards he and his men landed on San Salvador. Long before his death Columbus was aware of the existence of the South Sea, having heard of it from the inhabitants of the Isthmus of Panama, during his fourth voyage. But ten years later, Vasco Nunez de Balboa had the joy of first beholding its broad waters from the heights of Quaregua. He had tried hard to gain this end. He had crossed marshes, and forests, and mountains, and passed through tribes of hostile natives. At length, there was but one high ridge of land between him and the sea. He made his little company halt there, while he went forward alone. Before him lay forests, green fields, and winding rivers, and beyond all these, the vast ocean, brightened by the morning sun. Perhaps it was seen then, as Humboldt has since seen it, "reflecting along the line of the coast an immense mass of light, and rising in immeasurable expanse until bounded by the clearly defined horizon." Balboa signed to his followers to join him, and kneeling together they sang, "We praise thee, O God." Three days after they reached the line where land and water meet, and Balboa, rushing into the waves, claimed their sovereignty for Spain.

The South Sea was descried, but its waves were

still untracked, and its islands were still unknown. They were discovered by degrees and by voyagers of many nations, after Magellan, the first circumnavigator, had showed the world the path by which they might be reached. In 1519 he found his way through the strait that bears his name, between the paper-kite-like body of South America and the first joint of its tail, as Dr. Hamilton would tell you. After this Magellan crossed more than 10,000 miles of ocean, and reached Zebu in the Philippine Islands. He fell in an unjust and an unchristian conflict with the natives of one of these islands. The Spaniards, his companions, pursued their way across the Indian Ocean, passed the Cape of Good Hope, and finally reached Spain after an absence of three years. The communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans was thus ascertained, and from that date the names of voyagers and discoverers crowd thickly upon us, names owned by natives of Spain, Portugal, France, Holland and Great Britain. It would detain you too long from the main object of this book were I to tell you their story. You may read much that is interesting about them in the twenty-first volume of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library; "Circumnavigators of the Globe." Perhaps in another chapter I may say something about Captain Cook's voyages, because though the Friendly Islands were first discovered by Jan Tasman, a Dutchman, yet our country's great navigator may be said to have re-discovered them, and made them known to us.

Chapter II.

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

I HOPE that while you were reading the last chapter, you had a map on the table by your side, and that you looked for the various places named. If not, I am afraid that you found it rather dull. We have an interesting subject before us to-day; the ocean—the Pacific Ocean—and its many islands.

One cannot look at the ocean, with its strong waves and ceaseless flow, without thinking what a formidable hinderance it is to the intercourse of nations and persons. How many people would be for ranging abroad to the ends of the earth, if the sea did not keep them at home! How many who knew each other in youth, now sundered by distance, can never hope to meet again in this life, because the dangers of the mighty deep, and the expenses of a long voyage hold them apart! We sing that here "Oceans roll to sever us," and when the Bible tells us that in "the new earth" there shall be "no more sea," we rejoice in the

thought that this great hinderance to kindly meetings of personal friends, and large gatherings of those that are one in Christ, will have passed away for ever. Yet in the present state of our world, we should make a great mistake were we to wish the sea away. Only think what a strange and an awkward position we should find ourselves in were the vast seas that gird our continents and islands to be drained off, and their bed left dry. Our own country would then, indeed, be our prison-house. How could we get down the perpendicular, rocky sides of our cliffs, or find a pathway through the heavy sands that slope away from some parts of our shores? There are deep places in the sea which no fathom-line has ever sounded, and there are mountains to match, up whose rugged sides our feet would fail to climb. Fancy many difficulties overcome. We stand in a low valley of the Pacific, having reached the broad base of one of its grand mountain ranges, and we look up to their high peaks, thousands of feet above us, dwindling in the distance. How shall we reach the dwellers in the top of these mountains? Their homes remind one of eagles' nests built on crags so steep and high that the heart of the most daring youth would warn him to let them alone. Well, but God who made this wondrous ocean basin has filled it brimful with sea—with salt, strong, buoyant sea; and now, our good, tightly-made ships waiting on its outer margin have only to dip in gently, and then they sail away on its smooth surface, or ride over its rough waves, till they touch the opposite shore,

and land us comfortably at the same level as that of the country we leave behind.

The mariners who first found their way across the Southern Ocean gave it a new name, the Pacific. They called it so because the weather happened to be fair and the sea calm during their voyage: but in this, as sometimes in other cases, the name has lasted longer than the character; and voyagers, on their return home, have told us, with a smile, that they did not find the Pacific either peaceful or peaceable. You and I shall not be able, however, to change its name; so let us turn to the map and look at its extent. It stretches northward and southward from the Arctic to the Antarctic Ocean, and eastward and westward from China to California, and from Australia to Chili, and covers almost one-third of the surface of our globe. Between the tropics we see its surface covered with the "many islands" from which Polynesia takes its name. How many there are! Fix your eye steadily on one group, and count the little spots that stand for islands. Now go on to another and another cluster. They seem to increase in number as we count, like daisies on a lawn in summer, or like stars in a winter sky. And yet our map does not give us an adequate notion of the vast number of these Polynesian islands. The more important among them are put down; but many of these are surrounded by others so small that the least speck upon paper would be too large to represent them as compared with their neighbours. We find that our map-makers note the suns, and

omit the satellites. For example, let us try to count the Friendly Islands. Here are Tonga, Vavau, Kao, Tufoa, Lati, Nomuka, the Haabai Islands, and a few others. We cannot make them more than twenty. But there are really almost two hundred islands in this group, and among these from thirty to forty are inhabited.

The Islands of the Pacific are peopled by two distinct races, the Malayo-Polynesian, or Polynesian proper, and the Papuan. We may take the meridian 180 degrees from Greenwich, as the dividing line between these two races. The Fijis, whose island-group lies close to the 180th meridian, seem to combine the characteristics of both races. The Polynesians are mostly of a light copper colour, and have long, and straight hair; while the Papuans are darker, almost black; and have woolly, frizzled hair. Their language, too, is different. W. Von Humboldt, in his work on the Kawi tongues of the south-east of Asia, traces a clear connection between the widely-spread languages of Polynesia, and the Kawi or Malay family. They are thus related to the eastern branch of the great Asiatic stock. The Papuan is probably a branch from the same stock, "older, less developed, and more degenerate." The Papuan race posesses the islands on the north-east of Australia, viz: New Guinea, or Papua, New Britain, and New Ireland, the Solomon Islands, the New Hebrides, and New Caledonia. The name Melanesia (Black Islands), has been given to this "youngest, and least-visited quarter

of the world:" but, perhaps, a name derived from colour is not sufficiently distinctive, for among the Polynesian, or Malay races, there are many shades of colour, and some as black as the Papuans, or Australians. On this topic, however, we will not linger, for our chief concern is with the Friendly Islanders, whose home lies beyond the dividing line that I have named, and who are well known to be regular Polynesians.

The Polynesian islands, though lying almost exclusively within the tropics, are not quite so hot as one might suppose. The large body of water all around and the fresh breezes that sweep over their surface help to cool them. They are various in aspect. Some are mountainous. The highest peak in Tahiti is more than 8,000 feet above the sea, and there are two much higher in the Sandwich Islands, which though rich in tropical vegetation at their feet, have their heads capped with snow during the greatest part of the year. Then there are many islands that may be called hilly, their greatest elevation not being more than five hundred feet. Besides these there are a few with a flat surface; raised perhaps fifty feet above the sea, and bounded almost entirely by perpendicular cliffs. But the commonest kind are the low islands that scarcely rise above the ocean level. These are what are commonly called coral islands; though strictly speaking they have no exclusive right to that name. For, far above the highest watermark, blocks of coral have been met with on some of the moun-

tainous islands, and coral reefs are sometimes found encircling volcanic centres.

The Polynesian islands have a rich, soft soil, and most fruitful and luxuriant vegetation. Among their lofty trees are the cocoa-nut, with its graceful, plume-like head; the broad-leaved banana, producing abundance of sweet fruit; the bread fruit tree, in

THE BREAD FRUIT.

form like our oak, and in leaf like the fig tree, bearing a large white fruit about the size and shape of a child's head; the *Inocarpus*, the fruit of which is a small nut, sweetish in taste, but not so good as the chestnut; and the *Sterculia*, with large leaves and showy flowers. Then among lesser trees we may

name the garlic pear; the dragon tree; the paper mulberry, a low tree with large leaves, much esteemed by the islanders, who make cloth for their dresses from its bark; a kind of plum, *(Spondias Dulcis)*, with "small gold-coloured fruit, hanging in little nodding branches," its flavour somewhat like that of the pine apple; the shaddock; a kind of fig; the *Mimusops*, so called from two words signifying ape and figure, because its flowers have been thought to resemble the countenance of a monkey; the *Tacca Pinnatifida*, which yields arrow root; and the *Pandanus* or screw pine,

THE PANDANUS.

remarkable for its beauty of form, its white and glossy leaves, and its pleasant fragrance. The pepper plant and the yam are prized and cultivated. You know perhaps that the yam is valuable for its roots, not for its fruit. The roots grow to a great size. They are propagated like the potato. Of these roots there are many varieties, some spreading out like fingers, or twisted like a serpent. The flesh of the yam is white or purplish, and glutinous when raw, but it becomes mealy when dressed. Yams may be either roasted or boiled. They are said to be of a very pleasant taste.

The trees and plants that I have named are among those that were found growing on the islands when they were first visited by Europeans. Many others have been introduced and are now flourishing there. You will observe that these South Sea Islands were then rich in fruit-bearing trees, far richer than our own England once was, though it is now notable for its gardens and orchards. How many, do you think, were our kinds of native fruit? I heard it said the other, day that we had "only the acorn, the crab, the sloe, and the whortleberry." But the hand of civilisation brought over foreign nurslings, planted, trained, and tended them, till they grew and flourished, and came at last to be quite at home amongst us.

It is worth notice that on some of the islands though there are only a few kinds of trees, the varieties are almost endless. This arises from the peculiar mode in which the first planting of these sea-encircled woods took place. Not by man making up his mind

to turn waste land to account, and so putting in many trees of the same kind, either useful or beautiful; this is the way most of our woods have been formed; not by the natural and successive spread of young trees from a parent tree or a clump of parent trees; but by stray seeds borne from one shore to another, at different times, and either washed on to the land by the waves, or dropped by birds. These seeds contained a living principle that the waters could not drown, nor the warm, digestive juices of birds' stomachs destroy, and so they sprang up into greenness and beauty as soon as they found a fitting soil.

Fifty varieties of the bread fruit tree have been reckoned by visitors to these islands; and thus we see that what might be called by some "the merest chance" is really under the wise and kind guidance of Him who giveth to all His creatures "their meat in due season."

Chapter III.

CORAL-WORKERS AND THEIR DOINGS.

NOW for the coral-animals and their wonderful works! A recent writer on the earth says that "probably there is not an atom of the solid materials of the globe which has not passed through the laboratory of life." Rocks, thousands of miles in extent, are found to be nearly half composed of microscopic shells; and deposits several feet in thickness, and stretching over many miles, are made up of animals so small that "eight millions of them do not fill up a space larger than a mustard seed." A large part of the limestone called Coral Rag, in Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Wilts, and Yorkshire, is filled with beds and ledges of petrified coral of many species, still retaining the position in which they once grew in the sea. With these facts before us, is not there an added interest in examining the process by which, even in our age, new tracts of land are raised from the depths of ocean?

If we had heard that the great Master builder of

this world of ours intended to employ creature-agency in making islands, which among the many living beings that we know should we have judged most fit for the work? Surely we should have turned to some of the large quadrupeds, with great tusks and teeth, firm backs, and strong, clever paws. Or to birds of swift wing, powerful talons, and sharp cutting bill. Or to man, creation's lord, with his sagacity, and skill and power of bending things animate and inanimate to his own purposes. But which of these could have done it? Birds build most curious nests; and one, the Megapodius, a native of Australia, and found also in the Possession Islands, constructs a mound ten or twelve feet high, with sloping sides from eighteen to twenty-four feet in length, piling up earth and fragments of coral to cover her eggs; ants rear large dome-like homes and granaries; beavers dam up running streams, plaster their huts and plant their villages; man builds cities and pyramids and more wonderful breakwaters: but all these creaturely doings fall short of the productions of the coral-workers. This is one instance among many that shews us how God chooses weak things for mighty works.

We look at the four great departments of the animal kingdom, and passing by the three former which include all the more highly-organized animals, such as Mammals, Birds, Reptiles, Fishes, Insects, Crustaceans, Worms, and most Shell-fish, we take the fourth department, Radiata. This division has three classes—Sea-urchins, Jelly-fishes, and Polyps. We take the

lowest class, polyps. This class again has three orders. We take the second, sea-polyps, (actinoids); and thus we find ourselves almost at the lowest step of the descending scale of animated being.

The polyps are animals fixed to one place, like plants, having a series of flexible arms round their mouth. They have curious ways. Their number is increased not only by eggs, but also by buds that sprout from the parent body, and in some kinds, by division. A cleft is seen in the perfect animal, slight at first, but constantly increasing in depth, till after a time, two are formed out of one, so much alike that you could not tell the child from the parent. Some polyps are solitary, each having an independent stem and support. Others grow in company on one common base. There is a singular connection subsisting among thousands of distinct individuals thus having a common body. There seems to be a transmission of will through the whole as perfect as in the limbs of a single animal. Thus a change of colour at the base has been observed to spread upwards to the tips of branching corallines. They remind one of buds on a tree, separate and yet united.

Observe the next specimen of coral that you meet with. You perceive the many small holes in its surface. When that was a living coral, the heads and arms of its inhabitants protruded from those holes; indeed the stony part was often almost covered by the soft animal substance. The polyps have however the power of drawing themselves back into their hard framework.

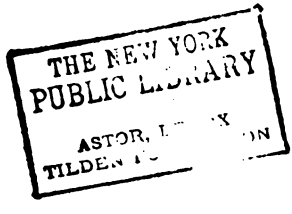
They are very large eaters; more particular about the quantity than the quality of their food. They help to clear away many impurities; and thus perform the same good office in the water that many kinds of insects, devourers of animal and vegetable decay, perform on the land.

The kinds of corals that are the chief reef-builders belong to the genera Madrepora, Astræa, Caryophyllia, Mæandrina and Millepora. These are hard names; but I am sorry to say the unhappy corals have none easier. Botanists puzzle us sometimes by calling the pretty little flowers that deck our woods and fringe our paths by outlandish names, savouring more of the study and the herbarium than of fresh, sunny, country life. But what is that to us? We can pick our forget-me-nots, buttercups, ragged robins and milkmaids, and leave *them* to root up, dissect, press, dry, and call names at their pleasure. If we could spend a morning among the corals in their own homes, and become familiar with their varied forms, colours, and habits, we would do our best to find out some pretty names for them too. As it is, you must be contented with a few drawings that will perhaps lessen your dislike to the hard names, by helping you to connect with them some notion of the things for which they stand.

The number of these polyps in the waters of warm climates is immense. Numbers beyond count are at work, day by day, in constructing their small but lasting cells; cells which are their homes while they live and their graves when they die. It used to be thought

CORALS.

1.—Fungia Agariciformis. 2.—Porites Clavaria.
3.—Caryophyllia Arborea. 4.—Madrepore Abrotanoide.
5.—Mæandrina Cerebriformis.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that coral-polyps were able to build up steep walls from great depths in the sea; but this notion is not now regarded as true. No corals have been found living and working at a greater depth than from twenty to thirty fathoms. Say twenty-five and multiply by six,—and this gives the number of feet below the sea to be one hundred and fifty. "Their upward limit of growth is determined by the lowest water at spring-tides."

Living corals are never found building upon living corals. The reefs that they construct are raised layer upon layer, by successive generations; the houses of the living race having for their foundation the graves of the past race.

"Millions of millions thus, from age to age,
With simplest skill, and toil unweariable,
No moment and no movement unimproved,
Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,
To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual mound
By marvellous structure climbing towards the day.
Each wrought alone, yet all together wrought,
Unconscious, not unworthy instruments,
By which a hand invisible was rearing
A new creation in the secret deep."

MONTGOMERY'S PELICAN ISLAND. Canto II. p. 24.

This "creation" is of three kinds,—Atolls; Encircling, or Barrier reefs; and Fringing reefs. The *atoll* rises above the waves, a circular or oval strip of land, varying in breadth and enclosing a lake or lagoon of smooth water. This ring-like sea wall has generally one, and often many openings. It is always highest on its windward side. The *barrier reef* is like the atoll, only it is either found running parallel to a coast,

or enclosing one or more islands. The largest coral reef in the world is the barrier reef that guards the north east coast of Australia. It is 1,100 miles in length, and varies in its distance from the shore from ten or fifteen to a hundred miles. Its mean distance is about thirty miles. The islands that are encircled by barrier reefs are often mountainous. Their shores are washed by the smooth waters of the lagoons, and about two or three miles off, the protecting ring shields lake and islets from the might of an angry ocean. Some travellers have likened these islets to castles surrounded first by a moat, and then by a strong wall of defence. Others have compared them "to a framed engraving, where the frame represents the breakers, the marginal paper the smooth lagoon, and the drawing the island itself." *Fringing reefs*, as their name imports, skirt the margin of a shore. They are common to continents and islands.

Within the lagoons the water is shallow, varying from one hundred and twenty to three hundred feet. Beyond the outer wall the sea is deep, and often unfathomable. Now we have seen that the coral-polyps cannot live and work in these deep places, and we know too that they must have some foundation on which to begin. It is also true that dead coral has been fetched up from depths below the range of living coral, and has been found on higher ground than any that the sea now washes. Mr. Darwin has a theory, now generally adopted, which accounts for these facts. He supposes that every atoll marks the site and traces the outline of

sunken land. Wherever there is now a lagoon there was once an island with a girdle of coral around it. By slow degrees the land subsided, and as it sank lower and lower the corals round its base grew up higher and higher, till, when the downward progress of the land was stayed no part of the original island was to be seen above the waves, and only a ring-like reef appeared—new land for new inhabitants. Some of the present islands are known to be sinking very gradually, while some, in other parts of the ocean are rising. "The Friendly Archipelago consist of a group of atolls, upheaved and since partially worn down." I only state this view without attempting to prove its truth. Should doubts arise in your mind, or should you think the subject so interesting that you would like to know more about it, I would refer you to Darwin's book "On the Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," or to a shorter statement in his "Naturalists' Journal of a Voyage Round the World." Let me also name the fifty-first chapter of Lyell's "Principles of Geology."

The lagoon-enclosing reefs are very numerous in the Pacific. Mr. Jukes gives a beautiful description of their appearance at a distance in his "Narrative of the Surveying Voyage of Her Majesty's Ship *Fly*," vol. I. "There is considerable beauty in a small coral reef when viewed from a ship's masthead at a short distance in clear weather. A small island, with a white sand beach and a tuft of trees, is surrounded by a symmetrically oval space of shallow water of a bright grass green colour, enclosed by a ring of glittering

surf as white as snow, immediately outside of which is the rich, dark blue of deep waters. All the sea is free from any mixture of sand or mud. Even when it breaks on a sand beach it retains its perfect purity, as the large grains of coral are heavy and do not break into mud, so that if a bucketful of coral sand be thrown into the sea, it may be seen gradually sinking like a white cloud, without producing any discoloration in the surrounding water. It is this perfect clearness . . . which renders navigation among coral reefs practicable, as a shoal with five fathoms water on it can be discerned at a mile distance from a ship's masthead, in consequences of its greenish hue contrasting with the blue of deep water."

The smooth and still waters of the lake have often been contrasted with the rush and roar of the breakers beyond. We will quote Mr. Jukes again. He speaks of a reef a quarter of a mile wide; a fresh breeze; and a heavy sea running. "The water" he says, "is perfectly clear, and of great and almost unfathomable depth right up to the outer slope or submarine wall of the reef. The long ocean swell being suddenly impeded by this barrier, lifted itself in one great continuous ridge of deep blue water, which, curling over, fell on the edge of the reef in an unbroken cataract of dazzling white foam. Each line of breakers was often one or two miles in length, with not a perceptible gap in its continuity." Mr. Darwin says, "The ocean throwing its breakers on these outer shores appears an invincible enemy, yet we see it resisted and even

conquered by means which at first seem most weak and inefficient. No periods of repose are granted, and the long swell caused by the steady action of the trade wind never ceases. The breakers exceed in violence those of our temperate regions, and it is impossible to behold them without feeling a conviction that rocks of granite or quartz would ultimately yield and be demolished by such irresistible forces. Yet these low, insignificant coral islets stand and are victorious, for here another power, as antagonist to the former takes part in the contest. The organic forces separate the atoms of carbonate of lime, one by one, from the foaming breakers, and unite them into a symmetrical structure. Myriads of architects are at work night and day, month after month, and we see their soft and gelatinous bodies, through the agency of the vital laws, conquering the great mechanical power of the waves of an ocean, which neither the art of man, nor the inanimate works of nature could successfully resist."

The corals that are the chief agents in reef-making are much larger than those usually brought home as specimens. There are massive kinds at work on the outer shores that could not live within the lagoon where the delicately branching kinds flourish. These gigantic corals far surpass in size, strength and weight, any fossil specimens that have been found. It is difficult to get a sight of them, alive and working, because of those heavy seas that break upon the outer reefs; but large blocks are often rolled up by the

waves and left upon the land. Mr. Jukes says, "I have seen a block of mæandrina, of irregular shape, twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, the furrows of which were wider than my three fingers: also very large blocks and crags of a porites, twenty feet long by ten feet high, but all one connected mass without any breaks in its growth."

The delicate kinds of coral, so often described as beautiful in colour and like a marine shrubbery in growth, are found on the inner edges of the reef within the calm lagoon. A missionary, who spent many years in the Friendly Islands, tells me what a pleasant thing it is to float in a canoe over the shallow parts of these very clear waters on a fine day. Keeping your oars still, you may watch the busy and beauteous life below; you may see fish of bright hues playing in and out of the coral stems and branches, seeming to be glad of a refuge from their enemies in the open sea; while the ripple of the waves, touched by the light of a brilliant sun, heightens the charm of the scene. I have been doubting whether to insert a passage in which Mr. Jukes describes a sheltered nook, on an extreme slope, "where every coral was in free life and luxuriance." But I cannot help thinking that you will admire the beauty and distinctness of the picture, in spite of the use of many terms that you may not yet understand. "Round masses of mæandrina and astræa were contrasted with delicate leaf-like and cup-shaped expansions of explanaria, and with an infinite variety of branching madreporæ and seriatoporæ; some

with mere finger-shaped projections, others with large branching stems, and others again exhibiting an elegant assemblage of interlacing twigs, of the most exquisite workmanship. Their colours were unrivalled, vivid greens, contrasting with more sober browns and yellows, mingled with rich shades of purple, from pale pink to deep blue. Bright red, yellow and peach-coloured nulliporæ clothed those masses that were dead, mingled with beautiful, pearly flakes of eschara and retepora; the latter looking like lace work in ivory. In among the branches of the corals, like birds among trees, floated many beautiful fish, radiant with metallic greens or crimsons, or fantastically banded with black and yellow stripes. Patches of clear white sand were seen here and there for the floor, with dark hollows and recesses beneath overhanging masses and ledges." These bright creatures have not always peaceful lives. There are many kinds of sea animals that bore holes in the corals, and take up their lodging amongst them; while some kinds of fish prey upon them. These fish have been seen watching hard by a reef, with their long, bony jaws ready to crop off the heads and arms of the soft-bodied polyps as soon as they thrust them out of their stony framework. And when the corals themselves die, other animals occupy their forsaken buildings. I have read a description of a block of coral that was brought up by a fish-hook from a considerable depth. Its substance was worn and dead; but it was covered with many small, delicate, and brightly-coloured corallines, with sea-weed and spon-

ges; and when broken up various kinds of boring shells were found within; while in the hollows and recesses lay worms twisted in and out, and three small species of crabs. Though not a foot in diameter, "it was a perfect museum in itself."

But I fancy that I hear you wondering how reefs formed in the way that I have described come to be islands, where trees grow and men live. We have seen that when the reef rises so high as to be almost dry at low water, the corals cease to build. But large blocks of coral are often detached by the action first of the sun, and then of the sea, and are thrown upon the reef so as to give it by degrees a higher elevation. Then the washing of the waves wears down the more delicate kinds of coral and rubs them into powder; and this powder fills up vacant spaces, while chemical precipitation aids in forming masses of limestone. Besides, wherever throughout the ocean rocks are found, there is also life in abundance. Sea-weed creeps over them; beds of oysters, of muscles, and of other shells, cover them in thick layers; large shoals of fish disport themselves and seek their prey around their edge. In "this great and wide sea are things creeping innumerable." The hard teeth and palates of fishes, and many kinds of shells, some among the largest and heaviest of known species, serve to increase the compacted mass. Drift timber is frequently cast ashore; stones of considerable size are occasionally brought entangled in the roots of trees; insects, especially such as feed on dead animals,

abound, and sea birds find a resting place for themselves and their young. You may readily imagine how a fitting soil for stray seeds is soon formed, and how, as vegetation spreads, that soil becomes richer and more productive, till graceful and lofty trees lift their heads up towards the blue sky, above a thick growth of bushes and creeping plants. Lizards, and other small animals, are among the early inhabitants of the new land; and, at last, man comes and soon proves himself to be master of the whole.

It is believed that the men who first peopled the Pacific Islands came from the mainland of Asia. Their appearance, their language, and some of their customs, are regarded as justifying this view. Cases are frequent of canoes being carried to long distances in these seas; a Japanese junk was recently drifted, with its surviving crew, as far as the Sandwich Islands; and looking once more at your map, you may see how many stopping places there are between the Malay coast, and the islands lying further east. You can imagine the population spreading, at intervals of time, to Borneo, Celebes, Bouro, and Ceram, the New Hebrides, and so on to the various small groups in the Pacific.

Let me just ask whether it has occurred to you, while reading this account of the formation of islands, to observe that in whatever part of our world we see life, we need but look a moment longer to see death and decay? There is no spot on earth so utterly drear that life has not visited it, giving colour, and

beauty, and motion: but death always tracks her steps to chill and to deface. Yet, in this ceaseless strife, we find life the victor. Again and again out of the ruins of the past, arise the fair forms of the present. Death slays its thousands, but life raises up its ten thousands. Yes; and even where death seems to triumph most, where he is used by God as the punisher of sin, we find him more than ever vanquished. We "believe in the resurrection of the body."

"The dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in His eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise."

Chapter IV.

THE FRIENDLY ISLANDERS.

LONG years have passed, how many we cannot tell, since first the atolls of the Friendly Archipelago lifted their heads above the blue waters and, basking in the beams of the sun, exchanged saltness and barrenness for verdure and fertility. Long years have passed since man, ever a wanderer, first landed on these islets and found a beautiful home all ready for him. It is not possible for us to know how many generations have lived and died here. The people when first discovered had no written language, no sculptured records of the past, no history. There are, however, tokens in crowded burying places, in stories handed down from father to son, and in occasional traces of arts once known but now lost, that the sojourn of the present inhabitants has been far from brief.

If we have hinted at the true way in which these lands were peopled, it is easy to account for the rude and simple state in which Europeans found

them. It does not follow that because they are now in a savage state, they always were so. If men leave a country where social arts are known and practised, in small numbers, and without proper instruments for carrying out the lessons learned at home, (suppose, for instance, that iron is wanting), they soon forget what their fathers knew. All the sooner, if they light upon abundant provision and a fine climate. It was to a pleasant spot that the fathers of the present race came. They found a kindly sky above them, fruit for the picking it, a sea swarming with fish, a soil that amply repaid slight cultivation. So they led an easy, quiet life. To prepare patches of land for the growth of the more useful plants, to clear pathways through the thick brushwood, to beat the bark of the bread-fruit or paper mulberry tree into cloth for their scanty garments, to rear simple, one-roomed houses, to work cocoa-nut fibre into cordage, matting, and fishing-lines, and to construct canoes for their short voyages, were among their hardest tasks. They sang, and danced, and dressed their hair with bright flowers, and bathed, and feasted, and slept. They wore a pleasant smile when strangers reached their shores, and their women especially, spoke with a pleasant tongue. Their amiable manners and light-hearted chattiness seem to have taken the fancy of their early visitors. It was this general amiability, with their apparent peaceful-ness, that led Captain Cook to call them Friendly Islanders. And many a romantic story reached this country about their innocence and happiness. Some

people here believed these stories, and envied the distant children of the sea. But they forgot what was said about their lazy self-indulgence. Did you ever see an idle child? Was he happy? Certainly not. Idleness and happiness never go together. Show me a man, poor or rich, who never worked hard, and you show me one who has yet to learn what it is to be happy.

Dr. Watts teaches us truly that

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

And among these islanders it was soon found that mischief was stirring.

They were without law. They were not withheld from wrong-doing either by divine command, or by human restraints. They had no dread of eternal punishment to deter them from sin; no hope of eternal reward to urge them to virtue. No "angel flying through the midst of heaven" had stopped to tell them that "God is angry with the wicked every day," nor to "preach" to them "the everlasting gospel." No voice from the open firmament had proclaimed aloud "Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Thou shalt not covet." No written word of God had spoken to them the law that God gave on Sinai. Among all the people in those islands there was not an eye that had seen nor an ear that had heard the things that we

see and hear every day, and of which, alas! we think too little.

And reason did not supply the place of revelation. Not one of all their great chiefs, gathering his people around him, had stood up among them and proposed that, for the well being of society, certain vices should be given up, and care should be taken that the good and orderly among them should be shielded from the evil designs and practices of the bad. They went on in the way of their own hearts, gratifying self, wronging each other, kindling into speedy rage, taking summary vengeance on their foes, setting light by human life, and looking at a dead body and a new-made grave without tenderness or awe. Their great chiefs liked to be treated as if they were gods. Self was their idol, and before it all their inferiors were expected to do homage. Every desire must be instantly met, or punishment must follow refusal. The lesser chiefs crouched before their masters and trampled on those beneath them: while the common people caught eagerly at each passing pleasure, and held it with the closer grasp, because they knew that the will of another might wrest it from their hold at any moment.

Domestic comfort was unknown. How should there be peace in that home where man's depraved will is enthroned, and where his passions own no other master? Polygamy—the practice of having many wives—has been a fruitful source of family strife, wherever it has been tried. I suppose that from Lamech, the first breaker of God's early ordinance,

down to the present time, no man ever was the happier for this attempt to enlarge the circle of his pleasure, of his power, and of his dignity. But in the early times of which the Bible tells us, the patriarchs had the good sense to afford to each wife a separate tent where she might be sole mistress. The Friendly Islanders were not so wise. They huddled their many wives into one house, and shut out all hope of quiet comfort.

Ignorant of the true God, they had some notion of powers above them; but those notions were false and vague. They did not conceive of good beings who desired their happiness, but of strong and angry beings who wished them ill. They hoped to appease the wrath of their gods by wounding and piercing their bodies, and by loud and lamentable cries. A common practice was to cut off the little finger when they wished to avert calamity or to secure a benefit; and this torture was often self-inflicted. Such were their superstitious fears that, like little children in this country—afraid of the dark—who have not yet learned how safe a hiding place there is under the "feathers" of the Almighty, they dared not venture out after nightfall.

We must not forget, while we look at the forlorn and degraded condition of these heathen, that their race had not been always without the knowledge of God. They were descendants of those who had had the truth, who might have held it, but who let it go. A forefather of these very islanders stepped forth with

Noah from the sheltering ark, and on the earth fresh from the flood that had washed away all traces of recent wickedness, bowed before God, making "a covenant by sacrifice," saw the bow in the cloud, and heard the promise. And later on in the world's history, another ancestor saw Abraham's day, and heard the tidings of God's covenant with him; as the seal of that covenant, which these heathen still use, though they have lost its meaning, clearly proves.

According to God's method of governing this world, many generations are often the worse for one man's sin. All mankind suffer in consequence of the transgression of God's law by the first man. "By one man's disobedience many were made sinners." "In Adam all died." And similar acts of unfaithfulness have since that first transgression plunged whole families and tribes into depths of ignorance and woe.

But we must bear in mind that this does not affect the question of individual salvation. God will not call any to account for knowledge that he did not possess, or for sins that he could not avoid. And wherever a heathen is found that has acted conscientiously according to the little light that has shone into his darkened mind, he shall surely be accepted with Him who is "no respecter of persons." Is such a heathen to be found? Who has met with him? God searcheth the hearts. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

We cannot look at the state of the heathen world without deep pain and much trouble of spirit. There

is, however, one thought that may cheer us. Ours is a redeemed race. Christ who made atonement for us by His blood-shedding, called little children to Him and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And how many such have been rescued from mothers who would never have named the name of Jesus to them, and carried by angels to their loving Saviour's arms! One sees, in imagination, a bright cloud of infants' spirits passing upwards from this gloomy earth, each filled with unutterable joy as he learns from what guilt and defilement he is for ever saved!

At length a new day dawned upon these islands. The time now came that brought the ships of strangers to their shores. Jan Tasman landed in 1643. A hundred and thirty years later they were visited by Captain Cook, and after him by La Perouse, Edwards, D'Entrecasteaux, and others. A looker-on might have exclaimed, "Surely the time to favour these islands is come." The white men, who now associated familiarly with the inhabitants, came from lands where God's love was known, where His word was read, where churches and chapels held Sabbath worshippers, where the most holy Name was on every lip. What was their conduct? Did they not hasten to make the poor heathen acquainted with spiritual truth? I am sorry to say that nothing seems to have been further from their thoughts. The leaders of these expeditions were usually intent upon some

scientific object. They gathered fresh stores of facts for the study of learned men at home, facts illustrating a wide range of subjects; new lands were explored, and their products noted; coast lines were traced, and the navigation of difficult seas made easier; stones, rocks, plants, trees, and animals, till then unnoticed and unnamed, found their own place in scientific classification; and the starry world above gave up its long-kept secrets. They went further. They studied man in his savage state, his person, manners, customs, language, religion. They tried to improve his temporal condition by adding to the number of useful plants and animals around his dwelling. We ought not to speak slightingly of these men, or of their services. We admire their manifold talents and acquirements, and the energy, pains-taking earnestness and skill, that overcame difficulties, and achieved successes.

But while admiring their diligence, and rejoicing in its results, we do regret that man's spiritual state seems to have moved no sympathy, and prompted to no effort. If we are ever tempted to look coldly upon "all knowledge," it is when, as in St. Paul's day, it usurps the place of Christian charity. A lover of flowers botanising "upon his mother's grave;" a geologist peering into pieces of broken rock, while a boatful of his fellow men are sinking within reach of his help; deserves no sharper rebuke than those do who, while ransacking land and sea for "specimens," can spend months among a heathen people, accepting their aid, eating their food, joining in their sports, and

yet speak no word of their common Maker, of His wrath against sin, or of His mercy towards sinners. Such men can but feebly realise the certainty of a future day of reckoning, when the grandest discoveries in science will be of little account compared with the humble labours of those who have turned a nation from sin to holiness, or even of him who has broken the yoke of Satan from the neck of one captive, and set him, free and happy, on his way to heaven.

In speaking of the intercourse of Europeans with the Friendly Islanders, we have not merely to mourn over great duties left undone, but over great crimes committed. In spite of some attempts made by superior officers to check improper conduct on the part of the ships' crews, it is grievous to think that many of the white men indulged themselves in all sorts of excesses, and left the natives far worse than they found them.

They amused themselves with the follies and vices of the heathen. They encouraged them in old evil habits, and taught them new forms of iniquity. They helped them to construct more deadly instruments of war; and increased the fierceness and cruelty of their contentions by giving them new cause for jealousy and anger, and by adding the skill of the civilised man to the raging passions of the uncivilised. They robbed woman of that modest reserve which the barbarism of centuries had not sufficed to destroy, and taught her to be bold in vice. Some of the first English words learned by the willing natives were oaths.

I cannot enter into details on each of these subjects; but something may be said as to the lessons on war taught the natives by their white visitors. The weapons in use among the people were reed-arrows, clubs, and spears barbed with fish-bones. Europeans and Americans introduced guns and gunpowder, muskets, and swords. They taught the natives to barb their spears with iron, and to use hatchets tied to the end of strong sticks. The fear of their gods had led the natives to regard the Faitokas as sacred. Here their fathers were buried, and those who cared little for the living would not touch the dead; so that when other refuge failed, numbers of the inhabitants would seek safety in these. It was the hand of a wicked Englishman that first set fire to one of these places of refuge when filled with helpless human beings. A chief present, seeing his "father's house" in flames, cursed his party and left them.

The native mode of fortification is to surround a village with a high fence, and that again with a deep ditch, sometimes dry, sometimes filled with water. There may be two or three of such fences and ditches. In one instance a village of this kind, crowded with thatch-roofed houses and thickly peopled, was attacked by the enemy. Taught by civilised men, they fastened burning brands to the points of their spears, and projecting them into the village, soon set fire to the thatch in many places. The people flying from the scorching flames, fell into the hands of their foes and were quickly cut to pieces.

White men seem to have taught the natives cruel sports as well as cruel warfare. One of the first Wesleyan missionaries took with him a few fowls of a superior breed. The natives no sooner saw them than they begged earnestly for one of the birds; and it was discovered on inquiry that they wanted him for cock fighting.

Our righteous indignation burns while reading that men baptized into the name of Christ, chose to sink below the level of savage life, and to commit "all iniquity with greediness." Yet pity soon follows anger. What a precious opportunity they lost of winning the glorious reward of "them that turn many to righteousness!" And how awful is the doom incurred by men "who knowing the judgment of God that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them." It does seem a strange and sorrowful kind of madness that prompts men to seize eagerly those pleasures which, if sweet for a moment, leaves only a bitter remembrance, at the risk of undying souls, their own and others'.

I once heard an eloquent preacher say,—and the echo of his words has been in my ear and in my heart ever since,—"all eternity lifts itself up against the passion of a day!"

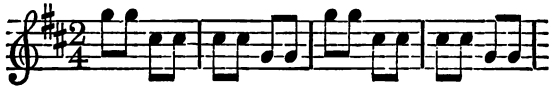
Chapter V.

CAPTAIN COOK'S VISITS.

ON the 2nd October, 1773, Captain Cook's ship, the *Endeavour*, dropped anchor within a short distance of the hilly and beautiful island Eua, called Middleburg by Tasman. Eua is remarkable for its fruitfulness, and is sometimes called "the granary of Tonga." Its nearest distance from Tonga is about twelve miles.

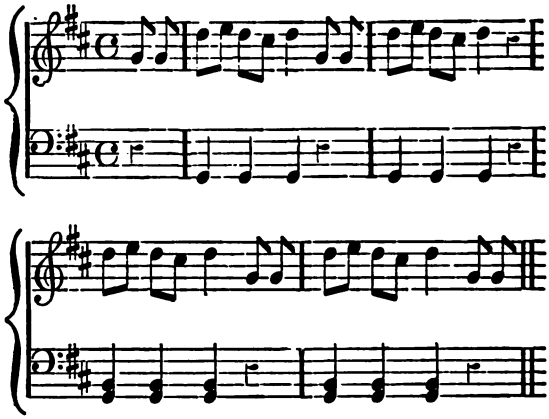
The ship was soon surrounded by canoes filled with natives, fine looking men, who seemed to have no fear of their visitors. They offered cloth, fish-hooks, and other curiosities, and were greatly delighted with the spike-nails given in exchange by the strangers. One of them seemed to be a chief; so Captain Cook presented him with a hatchet, and they became good friends immediately. On landing the English were greeted by a large crowd and a hearty cheer. The natives carried no sticks, or other weapons. This was satisfactory as to their peaceful intentions; but they soon became very troublesome, pressing forward with

cloth and matting which they offered in exchange, or as gifts. Some would throw whole bales of cloth into the boats, and go away without waiting for anything in return. By-and-bye the chief ordered the people to disperse to the right and left, and a way was made for the Englishmen to land. They were led to the chief's house, standing on a fine lawn, and overhung with fruit trees. Here the strangers were seated on mats, while the people placed themselves in an outer circle, and three young women entertained them with a song. It may have been such a song as Labillardière describes, when he visited the Friendly Islanders twenty years afterwards. Here it is:—



These few notes were repeated without variation for half-an-hour, to words that meant "pleasant," or "agreeable evening." Captain Wilkes, of the United States' Exploring Expedition, furnishes us with another specimen of Tongan music:—*

* "The natives have a boat or canoe song, that they call Tau-alo. They often row to music; and will, for half-an-hour together, paddle and chant as follows: leleiā; leliā; lelei; lelei; varying the tones of their voice, and making the *a* very long. The sound upon the waters, when many voices are engaged, is pleasing. Lelei means good. "Agreeable evening," would be Koe bo lelei. If there were good singing, good company, and good manners, that would be called Bo lelei."—*Rev. John Thomas.*



Captain Cook says that the singing was not disagreeable; but he seems to have been in a very good humour. It was a fine day; the scenery around was charming; a shade of pleasant trees lessened the heat of the sun, and the most delicious odours filled the air. Again and again he names the fragrance as very grateful. He was taken to another dwelling of the same chief, and here bananas and cocoa-nuts were set before him and his companions to eat; and a bowl of kava was prepared for them to drink. This repast over, he made an excursion through the island, and observed several plantations, enclosed by neat reed fences. These plantations were most numerous near the shore. Towards the centre the ground was less cultivated, but not less lovely. Here was thick grass, with groves of cocoa-nut trees; and here, too, were crossing paths, various and picturesque.

One day spent in this pretty island seems to have delighted all. They returned to their vessel with the highest opinion of the place and the people. Had they stayed a little longer their views might have changed, as we shall soon see they did at Tonga. First-sight impressions, notwithstanding much that has been said to the contrary by those who boast of keen and penetrating vision, are not to be trusted. When Captain Cook and his party returned to this very island, after four years' absence, one or two startling incidents occurred. The conduct of one of the natives having offended the rest, they rushed upon him, struck him down with a club, laid bare his skull, broke his thigh, and, in all likelihood, would have killed him on the spot, had not the English lookers-on interposed; when they carried him, without any signs of life into a neighbouring house where he partially recovered. Shortly after, one of Captain Cook's people, happening to walk alone, was surrounded by twenty or thirty natives, knocked down and stripped of every thing he had on.

From Eua, Captain Cook proceeded to Tonga, (called Amsterdam by Tasman,) the largest of all the Friendly Islands, and the seat of government. The natives sometimes add the word *tabu*, set apart or sacred, to Tonga; and call it Tongatabu. It was long the stronghold of heathen idolatry, and to this day it is not wholly Christianised. Tonga is about twenty miles long and eleven broad. It is a low, flat island, rising but a few feet above the level of the sea. Its highest ground is the little mount of Nukualofa, sixty

feet in height, on which a Christian church now stands. Tonga has a rich, black soil, and abounds in thriving vegetable productions. Here are all the kinds of plants to be found in the Society Islands, with other sorts not known there. Its whole surface was in a state of cultivation when Captain Cook visited the Islands, and he found it covered with a net-work of roads rendering all parts easy of access. Some of the roads were sixteen feet broad, and perfectly level.

On their arrival, Captain Cook and his people were as warmly welcomed as they had been at Eua, and the friendly natives took them to see the curiosities of their country. Chief among these was a house, built after the fashion of their own dwellings of posts and rafters covered with palm-thatch; but raised on an artificial mound several feet in height, and enclosed by stone walls. Some of the coral-blocks of which these walls were made, were nine or ten feet by four and six inches thick. Captain Cook found it difficult to decide whether this house, and other similar buildings, were burial places, or temples; but on observing the respect paid to them by his native guides, and that the people on approaching one of them would sit down in silence, while a priest-like person advanced nearer, and repeated a speech or prayer, he concluded that they were used as places of worship. Under this impression, Captain Cook, who was allowed to enter one of these houses, laid down upon the floor an offering of blue pebbles, nails, medals, &c. These

FAI TOKA.

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were eagerly seized by one of the natives and pocketed. He calls this place an Afiatuka; but the name, according to the present mode of spelling, is Fai-toka. From the Missionary who told me about the pretty corals in the lagoons, I learned the true nature of these curious houses. They are burying places. Sometimes when a great chief died, his body was put into a stone vault several feet below the surface of the ground; sand from the sea-beach was strewn above, and such a house as Captain Cook describes was built in honour of his memory. The people called it *aebotu tabu*, a sacred place; and in going there, they would do homage to the spirit of their departed chief. Their feelings would be solemn, something like those of a devout Roman Catholic when he visits the shrine of his patron saint. The spirits of their departed great chiefs, of both sexes, were supposed to come at times, and to inspire certain persons, often their own relations. These persons were then regarded as shrines of the god; and if their own affairs turned out prosperously, or their predictions of good or evil came true, houses would be built and called by their name. They did not forsake their own dwellings to live in these, but repaired to them occasionally to receive such persons as needed the advice and aid of the god. These inquirers were expected to bring offerings, as well as to ask questions. Sometimes the houses that I have described were built in the village; sometimes at a convenient distance from it. They were neatly surrounded with reed fences. There were once many

such houses in the Friendly Islands, with many priests and priestesses.

To return to Captain Cook. He observed that the dwellings of the natives were neatly constructed; the floor raised a little and covered with strong mats. The same kind of matting served as a wall on the windward side; the other being left open. Small areas in front of most of the houses were planted with fruit trees and sweet smelling shrubs. The people were more willing than those of Eua, to supply bananas, cocoa-nuts, yams, pigs, and fowls in exchange for nails and pieces of cloth; and a brisk trade was carried on. The chiefs gave more largely than the common people, and were favoured in return with a few superior articles, such as hatchets, axes, looking-glasses, and shirts. Some few would gladly exchange a pig for a large nail or a hatchet; but generally they did not seem to know the value of iron, but would prefer old jackets, shirts, and even rags, to the best edged tool. Whenever a bargain was struck, or a present given, the new owner lifted the purchase or present to his head in token of acceptance or thanks. A mother whose child had received a gift, would take up its little hand and put it to its head in order to teach it the same good manners.

The eagerness of the English to catch at everything they saw amused the natives, who began waggishly to offer bits of stick or stone in exchange.

During his stay here Captain Cook was treated

with hospitality, and as a special mark of respect kava was often prepared for him. As this is a favourite beverage with the islanders, I shall give you some account of its preparation. It is made from the root of a kind of pepper plant (*Piper Mythisticum*) which the natives plant and cultivate with great care. When there is to be a kava-drinking, the party who are to partake of it seat themselves in a ring, while the preparers of the kava place themselves in an outer and inferior circle. The root is then split up into small pieces, scraped clean with shells, and handed to the persons who are waiting to chew it. These must be young healthy people, with sound, clean teeth. They contrive to keep it dry, biting it carefully, without suffering the moisture of their mouth to mix with it. Each person places his piece, when sufficiently chewed, on a plantain or banana leaf, and passes it on to the men who are to make the infusion. All the pieces are then neatly arranged in a wooden bowl. This process is repeated till enough is ready. Then the mixer begins to knead together the chewed root, while one man pours in water from cocoa-nut shells, and another fans off the flies with a large leaf. The mixture is afterwards carefully strained and poured into neat cups made of the leaf of the banana tree, and handed to the company according to the directions of the presiding chief. I wonder whether you would accept the compliment were it offered to you, after you had seen the mode of making. Some visitors refuse it; others conquer their natural dislike, and

either from curiosity or from a desire to please their hosts, taste their liquor. Some say that it is flat and insipid; others that it reminds them of a dose of magnesia and rhubarb, with a dash of liquorice! If taken in large quantities it has a stupefying effect like opium. The Missionaries have tried to check the fondness of the natives for it, and have succeeded in moderating its use; but the custom of kava-drinking still continues.

It began to be seen, even during this short visit of four or five days, that it was not kindheartedness alone that prompted the Friendly Islanders to entertain strangers. Self interest was as strongly at work among these children of nature as among the experienced and calculating of the money-getting world's disciples. What they could gain from their visitors was uppermost in their thoughts, and they soon proved themselves to be expert and unceasing thieves. One of the ship's company had taken off his shoes and stockings while wading from the boat to the landing place, and as he stooped down to put them on again, they were dexterously snatched away by a person behind him. Some of them carried away the grappling of the boat. One man found his way into a cabin of the ship, and took away books and other things. Another laid hold of a seaman's jacket and, in spite of all that could be done, carried off his prize. These proceedings induced Captain Cook to place a guard of marines on shore to protect those who went to trade at the landing place; and on one occasion

a native who would not give up stolen goods was fired at.

The Tongan thieves were scarcely so daring as those of Nomuka (Tasman's . Rotterdam), where Captain Cook stayed for a few days in June, 1774. Here nothing was safe. Clothes, coopers' tools, lead and line, and even guns were carried off, till orders were given that some small shot should be fired at the offenders, and one man was wounded.

In 1777, Captain Cook again visited the Friendly Islands, remaining among them from April to August. During this visit, he became acquainted with several of the smaller islands, and had time to observe more closely the natural productions of the country, with the habits and customs of the people.

The islanders had found out the value of many articles previously obtained from their English friends, and iron was now more eagerly sought for. Captain Cook supplied them with foreign seeds and plants; and from this time they were able to grow Indian corn, melons, pumpkins, pine-apples, and turnips. At Eua, Captain Cook partook of a dish of turnips, grown from seed left by himself on his former visit. Of domestic animals he only saw fowls and pigs. He left behind him dogs, cattle, sheep, horses, rabbits. This experiment was not very successful. The larger kinds seem to have been destroyed by the natives. The sheep did not breed. The rabbits grew out of shape. It was plain that the country did not suit them. One of the chiefs sullenly refused a present of

two goats, which would have proved more serviceable than the other gifts. These animals have been introduced since, and are now very much prized; their milk being used as the milk of the cow is at home. Lately the Missionaries have tried horses once more, with good hope of success. Turkeys and Muscovy ducks have also been added to the few kinds of animals used as food. But pigs and fowls are still the staple supply. Among the natives, rats—a small, mouselike kind—are often eaten. Wild ducks, not unlike widgeons, parrots, parroquets, pigeons, turtle-doves, owls, bald coots, of a blue or violet plumage, and some smaller birds, with lizards and bats in such large numbers that hundreds may be seen hanging from the branches of a single tree—make up the short list of animals whose names are usually given in answer to inquiries respecting the natural history of the Friendly Islands.

During this visit, as formerly at Eua, proof was not wanting of the cruelty that ever marks heathenism. One day an inferior chief ordered several natives to retire from the post that the English were occupying. Some venturing back again, he took up a large stick and beat them unmercifully. He struck one man so savagely that the blood gushed from his mouth and nose. He fell down and remained for some time motionless; then convulsions came on, and in that state he was carried away. The chief, on being told that he had killed the man, only laughed. When the common people offended Captain Cook by thieving,

their chiefs would often advise him to kill them. Their mode of showing grief partook of the same barbarous character. A man who had stolen a pewter basin from the ship was pursued and captured. Three old women, his companions, uttered loud cries and beat their faces and breasts in a most violent manner. Many of the people had a mark on their cheek bones produced by this habit of beating themselves. The blows were often so severe as to graze the skin and make the blood flow copiously. Sometimes this part of the face was actually cut with a sharp instrument. Captain Cook did not see anything to make him sure that the custom of offering human sacrifices prevailed here as in most of the South Sea Islands; but before he left he was told that in about three months a grand ceremony would take place, and that ten human victims would be slain to deter an angry god from destroying their king.

At Haabai, Captain Cook was entertained by Finau, who represented himself as king of the whole group of islands. He was about thirty years of age, tall and thin, with a European cast of countenance, intelligent and commanding, but crafty withal. He attached himself to Captain Cook early in his visit, and became, to all appearance, his fast friend. It was sometime before the discovery was made that the real king held his court at Tonga. Finau maintained his own right to the title till he came into the presence of his sovereign, to whom, after all his boasting, he was then glad to do homage. Captain Cook calls

this king Futtafaiha and Poulaho; but the natives call him Pau.

These chiefs seemed to vie with each other in doing honour to their guests. They gave a succession of grand entertainments, on a scale till then unknown in the islands, so numerously were they attended and so lavishly were gifts bestowed. At one of these, two large piles of yams were raised in the following way: Long posts were driven into the ground, two feet from each other, thus, ⁘ and the space between was filled up with yams. When these rose four feet from the ground the natives fastened sticks across to keep the yams in, and to serve as steps for themselves. They then tied new posts to the first four, and went on building their pile, till it rose to the height of thirty feet. A baked hog was laid on the top of one of these lofty piles; a living hog was fastened to the top of the other, and half way up another of these animals was tied securely. Smaller heaps of yams, cocoa-nuts, and bread fruit were gathered around. To these the chiefs added turtle, fish, and other valuables. All these were presents to their English guests.

The entertainments consisted of feastings, musical concerts, evening dances, and boxing and wrestling matches. They displayed much dexterity in their games and exactness in the measure of their dances. The female dancers looked very graceful, in flowing garments of native cloth, their dark hair garlanded with crimson flowers. They kept time to their own singing, while a chorus of voices from an outer circle

responded, and the scene was lighted up by the red glare of torches, or by the pleasanter moonbeams. The English, in return, amused their hosts with military exercises and fireworks.

But under all this show of friendliness there were doubts on both sides. Frequent robberies induced Captain Cook to seize three of the native canoes, and to put a guard over the king, his brother, Finau, and others of the great chiefs, until the missing articles should be restored. The people, resenting the indignity put upon their honoured chiefs, armed themselves and gathered round. The chiefs checked these manifestations, and ordered the return of the stolen goods. They were soon brought back, and the old friendly relations resumed with sincerity on one side, and with what seemed to be sincerity on the other. When Captain Cook left the islands he spoke of their inhabitants as "good," and "worthy" people. With all his sagacity he did not suspect that his professed friends had laid a plot against his life, and that he had twice narrowly escaped from their treacherous hands. It seems that they invited him and his officers to a feast, intending to kill them with the whole of the two ship's* companies, and then to seize on the vessels and all that they contained. Finau had a large share in these fierce and cruel counsels. But disputes arose about the best method of carrying out the scheme; and while they wavered, the strangers weighed anchor.

* The *Resolution* and the *Discovery*. Captain Clerke accompanied our great navigator on his third voyage.

Do not be too hard in your censures of these heathen islanders. It was not likely that a people who had never yielded up their own will, except in obedience to their own chiefs, should cordially relish the conduct of intruding strangers who, when they could not coax them with beads, mastered them by fire-arms. Self-interest, too, is a close and nice calculator. Among these islanders were men who had shrewdness enough to find out that, in the affairs of trade, the strangers usually had the best of the bargain. We have seen how ample were the supplies obtained at Tonga, and when they left Nomuka they had "quite exhausted the island of every article of food that it afforded." The few presents and exchanges received from the foreigners were like bits of bread broken off from a loaf and thrown to a hungry man. The appetite of the natives was whetted. They longed for all that the ships held. Coveting what was kept back, and angry with those who threatened them into submission, can we wonder that they planned their conquest?

It strikes me that could we have changed places with them, our forbearance would not have been much greater. Suppose that—were it indeed possible—a people as much superior to us in skill and resources, as we are to the Friendly Islanders; a people possessed of more amazing productions of science and art than we had ever known, were to pounce upon England, scour the country and consume its produce, pry into our houses, and buy or beg every thing that

came to hand; suppose that some of the lower sort of people offending them, they were to seize the Prime Minister, and menace the Queen;—would not our fighting men be ready enough to secure their persons, and to capture their curiosities? And can we be bold enough to say that there are none in this Christian country who might not be disposed, fair means failing, to rid themselves of such invaders by foul means?

We have learned, by many unhappy instances of loss and bloodshed, that there is not only humanity, but policy in respecting the rights of savage, as well as of civilised man; and we are glad to know that in our day English captains have visited nations as untamed as the Friendly Islanders used to be, and have come away without doing any violence.

"The collisions between natives and Europeans will almost always be found to arise from some exhibition of force on the one side, exciting alarm or passion on the other. Remove the possibility of resistance, and even the wildest savages will respect the hero who trusts himself among them unharmed and undaunted. The Wesleyans in the Fiji group have now dwelt for years among the most sanguinary barbarians of the earth, wholly defenceless, and as yet, says Mr. Lawry, no injury whatever has been committed on them."*

From the date of Captain Cook's visits, the Friendly Islands became a frequent calling-place for English,

* Quarterly Review, Vol. 93, page 117.

and other vessels. Between 1777 and 1791, they were visited by the *Princess*, a Spanish frigate; and by the *Pandora*, the *Bounty*, and the *Providence*, English ships. Less favourable accounts of the inhabitants reached this country; accounts which spoke of the fierceness of the men, and of the immodesty of the women. The truth was that these evils were increased tenfold by the intercourse of the natives with Europeans. In the year 1792, two French ships of war, the *Recherche*, and the *Espérance*, under the command of Rear-Admiral d'Entrecasteaux, called at these Islands. The date of this voyage, and some of the terms employed by M. Labillardière, who writes its story,* remind one of the state of France at that time. He speaks of "*Citizen*" Beaupré, the engineer, "Citizen" Avignon, one of the gunners, and "Citizen" Lahaye, the gardener of the expedition. The French had taken a disgust at the titles Duke, Count, Marquis, and Monsieur. They chose to call each other Citizen, contending that this was the best name for all men not holding public offices. Even the King might not be called "Sire," or "your Majesty."

It is curious to note the quiet pursuits of a few men of science and enterprise, busy among the South Sea Islands, in contrast with the scenes

* "Account of a voyage in search of La Pérouse, undertaken by order of the Constituent Assembly of France, and performed in the years 1791, 1792, 1793. Translated from the French of M. Labillardière. London, 1800."

of uproar and bloodshed that were defacing their own country, and horrifying astonished Europe.

It seems worthy of remark that the misrule uppermost in France had contrived to creep into these two ships before they sailed away. The *citizens* did not always agree among themselves; neither did they pay the strictest attention to the commands of their officers. Private quarrels and instances of direct disobedience are often named. Once arrived at a place of rest and refreshment they gave themselves up to self-indulgence. The worst class of natives were received, contrary to orders, into the vessel; and those of the crew who went ashore spread the plague of their own wickedness still further among the people. Things which men who had not lost all sense of shame would have tried to hide, were done beneath the open eye of day, and spoken of by the historian of the voyage with a joke instead of a sigh.

But we turn gladly from this part of our subject. From Labillardière's narrative I shall try to glean a few particulars that may amuse you, as well as help you to form a more correct and distinct notion of the state of the Friendly Islands, up to the time when the first effort was made to convey the gospel to their shores.

During the stay of d'Entrecasteaux clubs were commonly used by the natives, and he received some very handsome specimens from the chiefs. A few of the clubs were of bone; but most were made of a very hard kind of wood (*Casuarina Equisetifolia*). Some of them

were inlaid with pieces of bone rudely representing star-fish or birds. They were of many shapes and finished in a workmanlike manner. They were carved with instruments made of sharks' teeth fastened to the end of a piece of wood.

Volcanic flint, shells, bones, sharks' teeth, and the hardest wood were applied to the purposes for which we should use iron or steel; files were made of sharks' skin, and pumice-stone was used for sharpening and polishing their tools. Several natives were seen squaring large blocks of stone for the burial-place of a chief. They dressed them by means of a volcanic flint, surrounded near the middle with pieces of mat to prevent the splinters from flying into their eyes. In shaving they used the sharp end of a shell. A barber was seen operating upon one of the chiefs who sat before his house, leaning his back against the wall.

"The barber having for his razor the two valves of a particular species of shell, fixed against the skin that which he held in his left hand, while with the right he leant the edge of the other valve against the base of the hairs, which he repeatedly scraped, and took them off, as it were, one by one. We were astonished at so much patience; and we quitted them, as may well be conceived, long before the end of the operation."

I have already named the practice of cutting off the little finger, or a portion of it, in sacrifice. It was so common, that a grown person was rarely met who had

not suffered from this kind of mutilation. In this process, the same rough instruments were employed. The finger was laid flat upon a block of wood; an axe or sharp stone was placed with the edge upon the line of separation, and a powerful blow being given with a mallet or large stone, the operation was finished. M. Labillardière speaks of a young girl who "had the little finger of the left hand wrapped up in cloth made of paper-mulberry-tree bark, which was stained with blood. We desired to see the wound, and immediately another reached down from the roof under which we were, a bit of plantain leaf, out of which she took the two first joints of this young girl's little finger, that had been cut off very recently, on purpose, as she told us, to cure a serious disorder." Sometimes a native would perform this office for himself. He would take a sharp shell and hack away till his finger was severed from his hand.

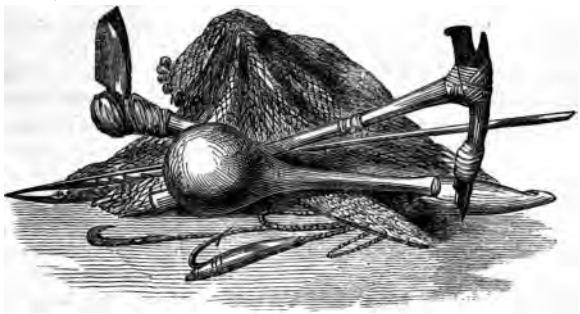
In the manufacture of earthenware but small advance has been made. The few vessels in use among the people were very porous and rather slightly baked; so that water put into them would have oozed out had not their surface been covered with a coating of rosin. Thus fitted for holding water they were of no use in cookery, as rosin melts when exposed to fire. In boiling they sometimes used earthen pots from the Fiji Islands, or iron vessels procured from ships, or even banana leaves. But more commonly their food was baked. They would take a hog, wash and clean it, fill the inside of its body with hot stones, each

wrapped in bread-fruit leaves, and lay it in a hole in the ground lined with stones just heated. They would place a few small branches within this hole or oven, and a few over the back of the pig. Banana leaves were strewed above, and over the whole a mound of earth was raised so that the steam was kept in. When partly cooked the animal was taken up and cut into pieces. These pieces were wrapped in leaves and the baking process was repeated. In the same way they dressed yams, fowls and bread-fruit. Occasionally they roasted food upon hot embers. They had a favourite dish; a kind of cocoa-nut pudding. The receipt for it, if the natives of the Friendly Islands wrote cookery books, would be something like this :—

"Take a few very ripe cocoa-nuts; scoop out the kernel carefully; bruise it with a hot stone till reduced to a pulp; mix and add a little boiled bread-fruit; form into balls and eat immediately."

One would not object to joining them in such a repast; but it seems that they offered lizards, as very good food, to their French visitors, and even spoke of bats as capital eating. Fish formed a variety in their diet. In fishing they either employed a line and hook, or a net. The lines were made of the plaited fibre of the cocoa-nut husk, and their hooks of pearl and tortoiseshell. Their nets were of fine thread; the meshes made like our own. The fishermen attached pieces of coral to their lower edge, threw them into the

sea, and then dived in order to bring the two sides of the net together by means of small lines and to take out the fish that were caught. M. Labillardière once saw a man on land catch a couple of fowls by means of one of these fishing nets.



TOOLS AND FISHING TACKLE.

Their canoes were numerous, neatly made and greatly prized. They preserved them as much as possible from the weather, and might be often seen polishing them with pumice-stone. The Tonga people were then, and are now, famous as navigators: but in the art of canoe-building they have been greatly aided by the Fiji Islanders.* D'Entrecasteaux and his party

* "In point of neatness and workmanship their canoes exceed everything of this kind we saw in this sea. They are built of several pieces sewed together with bandage in so neat a manner, that on the outside it is difficult to see the joints. All the fasten-

only remained among the Islands for three weeks: but towards the close of his visit quarrels became frequent. A few of the French were wounded and several of the natives were killed. The result of these and of similar encounters with the companies of other ships was

ings are on the inside, and pass through kauts or ridges, which are wrought on the edges and ends of the several boards which compose the vessel, for that purpose. They are of two kinds, viz.: double and single. The single ones are from twenty to thirty feet long, and about twenty or twenty-two inches broad in the middle; the stern terminates in a point, and the head something like the point of a wedge. At each end is a kind of deck, for about one-third of the whole length, and open in the middle. In some the middle of the deck is ornamented with a row of white shells stuck on little pegs wrought out of the same piece which composes it. These single canoes have all out-riggers, and are sometimes navigated with sails but more commonly with paddles. . . . . The two vessels which compose the double canoe are each about sixty or seventy feet long, and four or five broad in the middle; and each end terminates nearly in a point. . . . . Two such vessels are fastened to and parallel to each other, about six or seven feet asunder, by strong cross beams, secured by bandages. . . . Over these beams is laid a boarded platform. All the parts which compose the double canoe are made as strong and light as the nature of the work will admit, and may be immerged in water to the very platform without being in danger of filling. Nor is it possible, under any circumstances, for them to sink, as long as they hold together. . . . . The sail is made of mats; the rope they make use of is laid exactly like ours, and some of it is four or five inch. On the platform is built a little shed or hut, which shields the crew from the sun and weather, and serves for other purposes. They also carry a moveable fire-hearth, which is a square but shallow trough of wood, filled with stones. The way into the hold of the canoe is from off the platform, down a sort of uncovered hatchway, in which they stand to bale out the water."—CAPT. COOK'S VOYAGES, Vol. I, p. 425.

MODERN DOUBLE CANOE, OR KALIA.

OLD DOUBLE CANOE, OR TOGIAKI.

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distrust on both sides. Europeans became wary and sought their own ends by a system of intimidation; while the natives hid evil designs under a mask of kindness, or openly attacked foreign vessels and cruelly murdered their crews. They were Friendly Islands no longer. From this time for many years they were a terror to the frequenters of the South Seas. In the year 1827, Capt. Dillon wrote:—

"Some four or five years ago the natives of this Island (Ɛua), to the number of about ten or twelve, were admitted on the decks of the *Supply*, whaler, then standing off and on under easy sail, trading, and waiting for a boat to return to the shore. Suddenly they armed themselves with capstan bars, and clubs brought out of their canoes, under pretence of offering them in barter, attacked such of the crew as were on deck, killed the captain's brother, besides the carpenter of the ship and one seaman and actually seized the captain and threw him overboard. Fortunately however he fell into a whaleboat that was hoisted on the ship's quarter, where he found a telescope, which with admirable presence of mind, he presented at the natives that were pursuing him; who, supposing it to be a new description of firelock, immediately retreated, and thus the captain's life was preserved. By this time the crew who were below at dinner, hearing the yells of the savages and the groans of their dying companions, became alarmed for their own safety; and

seizing each a harpoon or lance, they sallied on deck where, after having killed some of the murderers, they compelled the rest to seek safety by leaping overboard and swimming to their canoes. Since that period these Islanders have on several occasions enticed the crews of boats, sent there for various purposes, from ships lying off and on, to land; when, having been seized on by hundreds of savages who bound them individually to cocoa-nut trees, one of the prisoners has been despatched to obtain a ransom from the Captain for the rest of his men, whom they would by no means release till their demands (in most instances four or five muskets and a couple of barrels of gunpowder,) were acceded to, and the ransom actually in their possession."

Again: "This evening I divided the crew into three watches, attaching an officer and petty officer to each; the former to be stationed on the poop, and the latter on the forecastle during the respective watches. With a view to keep their vigilance alive, I called their attention to the fate of the American ship, *Duke of Portland*, which had been cut off at this place, and all on board murdered, with the exception of Eliza Morley, an English female, and three boys. I reminded them also of the melancholy fate of Capt. Pembleton and Mr. Boston, the one commander and the other supercargo of the American ship, *Union*. Likewise of the capture of the *Port au Prince* and massacre of her crew; the fate of two

whalers at Vavau; and lastly the affray between the natives and M. Dumont d'Urville, which happened only a few weeks before. With such awful warnings I did not suppose that even a Lascar would venture to sleep during his watch." *

* Narrative of the Discovery of the fate of La Pérouse. By Chevalier Captain P. DILLON. Vol. I, pages 259—273.

Chapter VI.

FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSION.

OF the many ages that have come and gone since England has had a name among the nations of the earth, all have not been equally memorable. The history of some is known only to men of thought, who love to trace effects to their causes, and who know how much the records of past centuries are needed in solving the problems of the present century. To the common mind these are blank years and nothing more. Others again are marked by events so great, that the casual glance perceives, and the ordinary memory retains them. Who that has once learned, ever forgets the date of the Norman Conquest, the starting point in the modern history of England? Or who is not familiar with the time when the clouds of the middle ages began to melt away before the morning of the Reformation?

The century preceding our own is another of these noticeable periods of time. We who live near it think so; and in all likelihood our successors, many genera-

tions hence, will look back to it with even more of admiration and thankfulness; for they will live in a world flooded with the blessed light whose early rays fell scantily upon the nations at the commencement of the era of modern missions. To judge of the relative value of things, we must take our stand where more than a part can be seen. We step back from a large picture when we would form an opinion as to its proportions; and our eye conveys a truer impression of the size of a mountain when we look at it from a distance, than when we climb its side and become familiar with ridge after ridge in toiling to its highest point. So it is commonly with the times in which we live, and the men by whom we are surrounded. The past and the present century are rich in wonderful events and discoveries. They have their great men too: but then we see them close at hand. The names of their fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and brothers; their own domestic story and personal weaknesses are familiar to this generation; and because they are "of us" we fail to note how high above us they are, and we leave it to a future age to measure their full stature, and to give them their just place among the world's greatest or its best men.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century religious knowledge and religious feeling were both at a low ebb. There were few witnesses for God in the Church; and the world was left to take its own course, almost without reproof for sin, or invitation to holiness. The character of the times was stamped with ungodliness.

It was seen in the coarseness and self-indulgence of circles distinguished by rank, fashion and literary taste; in the writings of the humourists and the moralists of the day; even in the ministrations of the pulpit. It was in the midst of these times of religious decay and abounding vice that, by the study of God's word and the teaching of His Spirit, a change took place in the opinions and in the hearts of several young men whose calling was to preach the Gospel to others. They were led to feel the importance of those great truths that in the Apostolic age had "turned the world upside down." They saw that sin had separated man from God; that there was a mode of God's own planning by which the alien and the rebel might be again united to his justly-offended Father and Sovereign; and that the best way to spend a short lifetime, was to work hard and to work ceaselessly in persuading men to "be reconciled to God." To this one object several clergymen of the Established Church devoted their whole time, mental faculties and bodily energies. Among them, was the Rev. William Grimshaw; who, besides incessant labours in his own parish, had two circuits which he visited alternately, week by week. He called one his "idle week," because in it he seldom preached more than twelve or fourteen times; but in his "busy" or "working week," his sermons often exceeded twenty-four, and sometimes amounted to thirty. While the Rev. Henry Venn exercised his ministry at Huddersfield, he preached from desk and pulpit, in his own house, and in cottage homes, to

crowds of weeping hearers, many of whom so deeply felt the truths he taught, that on their way back they would walk in silent thought, or only speak to talk over the sermon they had heard, and to urge each other to live in accordance with their pastor's lessons.*

Fifty years after Mr. Venn left Huddersfield, his grandson sought out the remaining living fruits of his earnest ministry; and he met with many who, after the lapse of so many years, could repeat the texts from which they had heard him preach, and describe the effects produced on themselves and on others by his powerful sermons. The Rev. S. Walker, of Truro; the Rev. Richard Conyers, Vicar of Helmsley, and afterwards Rector of St. Paul's, Deptford; the Rev. Thomas Adam, whose "Private Thoughts" have helped so many Christians in their closet retirement, were all men who consecrated their life to the same object.

As the century advanced their numbers multiplied. Mr. Romaine used to say, that when he began his course he "could only reckon up as many as six or seven who were like-minded with himself; in a few

* The impression made by Mr. Venn's preaching was not confined to one class of hearers. The author of his memoir, says:—"A gentleman, highly respectable for his character, talents and piety—the late William Hey, Esq., of Leeds, who frequently went to Huddersfield to hear him preach—assured me, that once returning home with an intimate friend, they neither of them opened their lips to each other till they came within a mile of Leeds, a distance of about fifteen miles; so deeply were they impressed by the important truths which they had heard from the pulpit, and the impressive manner in which they had been delivered."

years the number was increased to tens; and before he died (1795) there were above five hundred, whom he regarded as fellow labourers with himself in word and doctrine."

While these devoted men were spreading the influence of their teaching and example around them in a comparatively small sphere, the Wesleys and Whitefield, with a noble band of helpers, were going to and fro throughout the land, calling upon sinners everywhere to "repent and believe the Gospel." The results of these zealous labours were soon manifest. Formalism gave way before the living energy of God's own truth, and multitudes from every class of the people were turned from sin to holiness. New life was put into old forms in the Church of England; Nonconforming Churches owned their departure from the teaching of their fathers, and returned to their early simplicity, and their first love; while thousands of lost and wandering sheep, for whom none had cared, found a fold and pastors in the Methodist societies.

You will remember that when the man, out of whom the Saviour had cast a legion of unclean spirits, prayed that he might remain with Jesus, his prayer was not granted. "Jesus saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." However much he loved his Benefactor's person, and delighted to listen to His gracious words, he felt that it was better to show gratitude by prompt obedience; better to sound abroad the name of One who had cured his terrible malady,

and who was willing to heal all that should seek healing at His hands. So "he departed, and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him: and all men did marvel." That man, as a constant follower of Jesus, might have listened, and loved, and drunk in daily draughts of happiness from a full cup of blessing: but the question must have arisen, "What am I doing for Him to whom I owe my all? How am I showing my thankfulness? How can I take everything, and pay back nothing?" Jesus knew what the yearnings of loving gratitude are. He knew that the restored sufferer would be happier in Decapolis, telling all men who He was that had healed him, than he could be following Jesus in the way; and so, as much for his own soul's sake, as for the sake of the men in Decapolis, He sent him there. And this is a lesson which Christ's churches, as well as His members individually, learn. Their love to their Lord constrains them to look beyond themselves, and to seek the conversion of their neighbourhood, of their nation, and of the whole world. Thus it was that the great religious revival of the eighteenth century, led to the formation of the chief among the existing Missionary Societies. Those good men, who had been labouring restlessly among their own countrymen, found themselves surrounded by agents ready to carry on at home the work that they had begun, and, lifting up their eyes, they saw the field of the world "white already to harvest."

The Missionary movement did not owe its com-

mencement to a search for employment by men who had little to do. It was the fruit of a busy age. The war that ended in the Independence of America, was but just over; and the public mind of England, was agitated by questions arising out of the French revolution. But above the noise of political excitement, the Saviour's parting command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," fell on the ear of His servants with new emphasis; and it was answered with cheerful readiness.

In 1786, before the death of John Wesley, the first Methodist Missionaries, headed by Dr. Coke, entered the British Colonies. The Baptist Missionary Society, was established in 1792; the London Missionary Society in 1795; the Edinburgh or Scottish, and the Glasgow Missionary Society, in 1796; and the Church Missionary Society, in the year 1800.*

A mission to the South Seas, was the first undertaking of the London Society. The accounts of Cook's voyages, had interested many persons in favour of the islands of the Pacific. There was one good man, the Rev. Dr. Haweis, Rector of Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, and Chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon, whose heart was set on sending out Missionaries to Tahiti, then called Otaheite. Several

* The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was established in 1701; and a few years later, the Christian Knowledge Society which grew out of it, afforded valuable help to the Danish Indian Mission, best known in this country through the Life of Swartz.

years before the formation of the London Missionary Society, he undertook to prepare two young men for the work, and to pay the expenses of their outfit and passage. The men who offered to go, and who went through a course of suitable study, did not prove to be of the right spirit. When the way was open for their departure, they disappointed Dr. Haweis, by requiring one condition after another that could not be granted, and finally refusing to go at all. Dr. Haweis says, "Their subsequent conduct left me no cause for regret." Three or four years after, another student from Lady Huntingdon's College in Wales, offered himself for the work: but it was thought expedient to send two out together, and no companion for Mr. Lewis could be found.

A little later, we find Dr. Haweis offering "£500 for the equipment of the first Missionary that should be sent on this blessed service;" but to this offer there was no immediate response. In spite of so much that might have discouraged him, his hope and aim knew no change. This one thing, was "for ever in the imagination of the thoughts of his heart." Such faith and effort as his, are not in vain; and at last the glad day came, when, at the formation of the London Missionary Society, Dr. Haweis proposed, and it was agreed, that the first mission of the Society should be to the islands of the Pacific.

Christians of different churches joined in this enterprise; devout and ardent spirits gave vent to their feelings in praise and prayer; and abundant gifts were

poured into the treasury of the Society. A ship of 300 tons burden, was purchased and furnished with suitable stores by the friends of the mission. Implements of husbandry, tools of many kinds, seeds and other useful things were sent out, in hope of teaching the natives to value and to practice the arts of civilised life. Thirty persons were chosen as Missionaries, out of a much larger number who willingly offered themselves. In this selection, the Committee endeavoured to secure piety, and therefore only accepted those who were strongly recommended by the ministers and churches, with whom they had been associated, and whose religious knowledge and principles had been tested by strict inquiries. They sought for some who had had the advantage of a liberal education; but they chose many, whose chief recommendation was skill in various useful arts. Among the whole number, only four were ordained ministers. The rest were chiefly mechanics. It was, however, intended that these, according to their ability, should instruct the heathen in the truths of Christianity. Some among them, if not all, were lay-preachers.

Early on the morning of the 10th August, 1796, "the Missionaries embarked at Blackwall, multitudes flocking around them to take their leave; and as they sailed down the river, singing the praises of God, the scene became still more deeply affecting. Three of the directors, the Rev. Dr. Haweis, Messrs. Wilks and Brooksbank, went with them to the ship, and accompanied them down the Channel." The *Duff*

was detained for some weeks at Spithead, and was visited by many friends from Portsmouth and Gosport, as well as from London. "On the first Sabbath in September, Dr. Haweis preached an excellent sermon on board, and afterwards united with the Missionaries, the Captain, and such of the crew as were members of churches, in commemorating the dying love of Him, the tidings of whose salvation they were bearing to the utmost ends of the earth."* At length the signal for sailing was made. Dr. Haweis happened to be on shore, but hastening on board, he observes:—

"Every heart welcomed me and every hand. We now felt the propitious gale, and trusted, after long patience, that the Lord's time was come." Afterwards the Missionaries and many of the seamen came to the quarter-deck. "I spoke to them," says Dr. H. "From the first verse of the third chapter of Hebrews, and uniting in praise, we closed with prayer and solemn dedication of ourselves to God. Our tears of joy and sorrow mingled; every heart appeared full. But the glory of God our Saviour, and the great object we had in view, seemed to absorb every other consideration. We believed we should meet and pray no more together, but we vowed to remember each other before the Throne daily, and knew we should shortly unite in that kingdom, where our prayers should be exchanged for everlasting praises. The boat was waiting to convey me to the shore, the even-

* Ellis's History of the London Missionary Society, vol. i. p. 43.

ing approached, our distance was considerable, but the day was beautifully fair. I stepped down the side of the ship, cast many a mingled look of joy and reluctance behind me, till the ship faded from my view, and mingling with the multitude of masts around her, was no longer distinctly visible."*

The *Duff* sailed under convoy for a few days, as it was a time of war, and capture by French vessels was feared. However, nothing occurred to impede her progress. The voyage was safe and prosperous. On reaching the South Seas, the four ordained ministers and fourteen of the other brethren were landed at Tahiti; and then the *Duff* pursued her course to Tonga. Ten Missionaries were allotted to the Friendly Islands. You may feel interested in reading their names, and in knowing what had been their previous occupations.

Mr. Shelley	Cabinetmaker	Mr. Buchanan	Tailor
,, Kelso	Weaver	,, Cooper	Shoemaker
,, Wilkinson	Carpenter	,, Nobbs	Hatter
,, Bowell	Shopkeeper	,, Veeson	Bricklayer
,, Harper	Cotton Manufacturer	And Gaulton.	

I cannot tell what Mr. Gaulton's business was before he left England. He had been received on board the *Duff* shortly before she sailed, and was so anxious to join the Mission, that he accepted a very inferior position in the ship, rather than remain at

* Evangelical Magazine, 1796, p. 472.

home. "He so commended himself to the Captain and the Missionaries during the voyage that, on reaching their destination, they unanimously elected him a member of the Mission to the Friendly Islands." His faithfulness equalled his zeal during the short period of his Missionary life; and the last act of that life was an act of self-sacrificing love. In the midst of a hasty flight, by which he might have escaped death, he turned back to try to rescue his brethren from the hands of merciless savages, and was slain with them.

The brethren landed at Tonga, on the 12th April, 1797; young, hopeful, and as far as man could judge, all devoted for Christ's sake to the work on which they had been sent out. Who among them thought, as with light step and buoyant heart he took possession of his new home, that of his own little company one would prove a traitor; that three would be cut off in their prime, cruelly murdered by those whom they came to bless; and that the rest, after enduring a grievous "fight of afflictions," would leave the Islands without the recompensing hope, that they had been the means of leading one soul to Christ? It is wisely ordered, that when we are sent into the Lord's vineyard to do His work, we are not told how long it will be before we shall gather ripe clusters of fruit. "To do our duty and leave events with God," is a lesson that we are often taught by precept and by Providence.

Among the first visitors to the ship, were two white men, named Ambler and Connelly, the first a native

of London, the second of Cork, in Ireland. They had resided on the Island about thirteen months. Ambler spoke the language fluently, and both acted as interpreters between the Missionaries and the Islanders.

They were ill-looking fellows. Ambler was bold, talkative, and presuming. The Missionaries soon found that they must not rely upon his truthfulness. From him they learned that all the chiefs were well-disposed, and at first they saw nothing that made them doubt this statement. There seemed to be many chiefs of equal power and influence, and they had some difficulty in making up their minds as to where to go, and under whose care to place themselves. Ambler advised them to go to Hihifo and to live under the protection of Finau Ukalala, the brother of the Finau who was Captain Cook's friend. They say of him in their journal, that "he is about forty years of age, of a sullen, morose countenance; speaks very little, but when angry, bellows forth with a voice like the roaring of a lion." Though so surly, he told the Missionaries that they might live where they chose, and that no one should hurt them. So they took their goods on shore, housed them safely, and lay down to sleep on native mats, after commending themselves and their property into the hands of their God. The next day they were able to say, that they had never slept more soundly in their lives. At one o'clock, however, they were waked up by an officious chief to partake of an entertainment of fish, hot yams, and cocoa nuts.

Two days after their landing, the *Duff* proceeded on her way to the Marquesas.

On the 16th, the first Sabbath spent in their newly adopted land, they held a prayer meeting at seven o'clock in the morning. In the forenoon, Mr. Buchanan preached, of course in English, from the words, "Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh; is there anything too hard for me?" Jer. xxxii. 27. A text well-chosen for the subject of the first sermon ever preached in Tonga.

The same day the friendly chief gave them three pieces of land; one well-stocked with yams and banana trees; the two others uncultivated. These added to the enclosure in which their house stood, made up about five acres. The Missionaries soon set about the work of turning this land to account. They stubbed up old bread fruit trees, and prepared the ground for garden seeds; they planted crops of peas, beans and turnips; they made an enclosure for their pigs; they tried to prepare a forge and to make moulds for bricks. These attempts to make a comfortable settlement interested the natives, who flocked around them and were at times exceedingly troublesome, asking questions, and examining their various tools. But of all their possessions, none seemed to excite so much wonder as a Cuckoo-clock. Its striking was caused, they fancied, by a spirit who lived in it. They chose a name for it, "Akaulea," or "speaking wood." They dared not touch it, and they thought that if they stole anything, the bird-spirit would detect them.

This alarm was not without its use in a nation of thieves.

Gifts were brought in large quantities to the Missionaries, who, in their turn, made many useful presents to the chiefs.

For some time all seemed friendly and promising; but by-and-by Ambler began to show a hostile spirit. He was joined by Morgan, another Englishman, from a neighbouring island. This man was even more depraved than Ambler and Connelly. They lived after the customs of the heathen around them. Each had several wives, and Ambler treated the poor women who lived with him so badly, that their friends helped them to make their escape. These men demanded iron tools from the Missionaries, though they knew that their stock was greatly reduced; and Ambler did not scruple to say, that unless his wish was met, he should take means to satisfy himself before ten days were out.

The chiefs too, showed signs of jealousy, when one of their number could boast of more presents than the rest. Reports were abroad that the chiefs were "dying in love for the goods of the Missionaries," and that they planned an extensive robbery, but were waiting till the return of the ship, when they expected more valuables to be landed. While the brethren heard these things, they were eye witnesses of some acts of barbarity, that were not likely to allay their anxiety. One man who displeased Finau, "had his hand cut off on the spot; and another was tied up with his arms

extended, and two women were ordered, with lighted sticks, to burn him under the arm-pits."

As week after week passed, the Missionaries found themselves involved in new difficulties. Several chiefs had died recently, and the natives said that they had never died so fast before, and that it was the singing and praying of the new comers that had killed them. The truth was, that the Englishmen, "lewd fellows of the baser sort," who led idle and profligate lives, hated the Missionaries for their better morality; stole their goods; menaced them with oaths; went from hard words to harder blows; stirred up the chiefs to distrust and ill-use them; and in short, did all in their power to make their residence in the island wretched and profitless. The poor men speak of being "in perils among the heathen, but in greater perils from their own countrymen." This was an unforeseen evil, and was perhaps at the root of all their other troubles.

The Missionaries consulted together, and agreed that it would be best to break up into small parties, and to station themselves in several parts of the island. One or two could be more easily provided for by a chief than a larger number; and then they hoped by mixing constantly with the people, to gain an insight into their language. Their progress in this, had been very small while they had employed English interpreters. Messrs. Bowell and Harper, went to Ardeo, now Bea; Veeson, to Ahoge, or Ahake; Cooper, to Mua. The rest remained at Hihifo. Changes, however, took place afterwards, and when the

Duff sailed for China, Messrs. Buchanan and Gaulton had settled at Mua.

It was arranged, that they should have a common meeting-place, and that they should come together once a month for prayer and counsel. It was also resolved that each party, at home, should hold a weekly prayer-meeting.

The natives were permitted to attend the Sabbath services. Many did so, behaving quietly. It does not appear that any attempt was made to convey truth to their mind by public teaching. Perhaps the wicked Englishmen refused to interpret. Perhaps the Missionaries thought it better to wait till they could dispense with the services of those who might give a false turn to their words.

Things were in this unsettled state when the anniversary of their embarkation came round. The brethren met together, and enjoyed a season of happy fellowship. They found cause for praise in the way by which God had led them; in the fulfilment of their early Christian hopes as to foreign service; in their safe voyage; in their preservation from harm, though defenceless, among heathen; and in the frustration of the evil designs of their own wicked countrymen. And as they mused on these things, and named them one by one, numberless acts of Fatherly tenderness rose to the memory of each, so that besides the social thanksgiving there was the individual joy of heart, with which no stranger can intermeddle.

That very day a large axe was snatched from one

of the brethren as he was cutting firewood; and at night, while all slept, some thieves broke into the house, and rifled the first box they came to. It happened to contain medicines only, and the thieves not relishing their gains left them in the yard; so that in the morning the Missionaries found nitre, jalap, bark, &c., scattered about. They had made off, however, with some clothes belonging to the inmates.

Two or three days after this the *Duff* arrived at Tonga, bringing that part of the cargo which, in a division recently made at Tahiti, fell to the share of the Friendly Island mission. The number of useful iron tools was much greater than the brethren had expected, and they were filled with thankfulness. The natives were amazed to see so many valuable things, and sought friendship with the owners for the sake of their goods.

On the 7th September the *Duff* weighed anchor, taking with her Mr. Nobbs, whose health had failed. With the departure of the vessel, all hope of human help in case of need was lost: but the Missionaries had counted the cost, and their faith did not fail.

Up to this time their difficulties, though many, had been manageable; but we now turn over another and a sadder page in their story. The vessel was scarcely out of sight when they began to notice a change in the conduct of one of their own number. George Veeson was not seen so often in their meetings for prayer; indeed, he shunned their society. Soon after they found him dressing like the heathen, and joining

in their bad practices. They mourned over his strange and wicked conduct, urged him to return to his former habits, and made him the subject of special prayer. But he gave no heed to their words. They found that he had attached himself to a heathen woman, who lived with him as his wife. He asked the missionaries to unite them in marriage, and they were willing to do this as the less of two evils: but when they made the woman understand something of the meaning of the rite, she would not consent to be bound by so close a tie. Veeson would not give her up, so the brethren were obliged to shut him out of their fellowship.

This was a keen trial to the Missionaries. How could they hope to persuade the heathen of the superiority of their religion, when one of its professors could part with it so lightly? They had lost the strong argument that an appeal to personal character affords. They could no longer say, as a company of Christian teachers, "For yourselves know how ye ought to follow us; for we behaved not ourselves disorderly among you." "Ye are our witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblameably, we behaved ourselves among you."

This sad warning led the "faithful brethren" to heart-searching, and to more simple, self-renouncing reliance on aid from above: and that aid was given. In the narrative that Veeson afterwards furnished of his residence in Tonga he says, after speaking of the number and variety of alluring temptations, "Considering all these obstacles, it must be a great

satisfaction to the promoters of the South Sea Mission, to be assured from one who has to condemn himself, and who remained at Tongataboo after all the brethren left it, that no other of the Missionaries whom he accompanied thither, acted unbecoming their sacred character."*

As for Veeson himself, he threw off all restraint. The brethren, who took his letter of dismission to him, claimed any property that he might have belonging to the society; but, on finding that except a few nails he had nothing but books and paper, they entreated him to keep these, and to take such notes as would enable him to know the Sabbath. They also urged him to attend their religious service, if on any Sabbath-day he happened to be near their dwellings; or if he were at a distance, to withdraw from his heathen associates, and to spend some time in reading the Bible. But far from consenting, he carried all his books and papers to Mr. Gaulton at Mua. To have any sort of comfort in his new life, he must put away all that could remind him of what he had been. He ran a dreadful career of wickedness, going beyond the heathen themselves in vice and cruelty, joining them as eagerly in their wars as in their pleasures; and, as he himself acknowledges, committing "all iniquity with greediness." The chief with whom he lived, Mulikehama, made him master of a pleasant little estate of fifteen acres, covered with groves of cocoa

* Authentic Narrative of a Four Years' Residence in Tongataboo. London: Longman & Co., 1815. Page 115.

and plantain trees, and dotted here and there with the dwellings of the natives, who became his servants, and spent their time in toiling for him and for themselves. He grew yams, kava-root, and taro, and planted thickset hedges, that as they grew up formed a shady walk. He kept his little shrubbery neat and clean, and ate delicious fruit under its cooling shade. He took a new wife whenever he thought that he could improve upon the last, and had a household of from twenty to thirty people, who were his attendants and workmen. Did he try to do good of any kind? Hear his own words:—"I had so much imbibed the spirit of the natives, and joined their practices, that I never attempted to teach and improve them; or else I might have done much good. But I thought of nothing but of employing them for my service in the labours of the day, and for my amusement in the diversions of the evening." Was he happy? Hear him again. "Amid all these interchanges of ease and indulgence, employment and amusement, I could not prevent the intrusion of uneasy reflections. I enjoyed no true peace and happiness. My dereliction of all religion often so pained my conscience as to render me a burden to myself." He became more and more wretched till, in 1801, he was glad to escape from the country by means of an English vessel, and to return to the habits of civilised life.

Our story goes back to the eight true-hearted Missionaries. Within a month of the *Duff's* departure, several white men landed at Tonga from an

American vessel. Most of them joined Ambler and Morgan in their disgraceful way of life; but one, named Beak, a smith by trade, attached himself to the Missionaries, and served them steadily. He soon set up a forge and busied himself in the manufacture of useful articles, knives, scissors, and many kinds of tools. The natives, as well as the Missionaries, were glad to employ him.

During the year 1798, the time of the Missionaries seems to have been chiefly occupied in providing for their own immediate wants;—raising houses, making clothing, and defending themselves against attacks from the natives, who were easily provoked to anger, and who never thought that the Missionaries had done enough for them in the way of gifts. At Ardeo (or Bea) they built a new house, which they reckoned "commodious, stately, and secure." It was thirty-two feet long by fifteen broad; it was of one story, about ten feet high, had three rooms on the floor, besides a passage. The floor was made of rods, and the roof thatched with the leaf of the sugar cane. The windows were composed of rods nailed across, admitting light and air; the walls of the same materials as the windows, plastered with a strong and very white lime,* made from the coral rock. Veeson says:—

"Happening to meet some of the Missionaries, and finding they had some work to perform at their

* Transactions of the Missionary Society. Vol. I, page 277.

habitation, I offered my assistance and went to Ardeo; where I helped to plaster their house with a composition of lime, made of burnt coral, mixed up with the fibres of the cocoa nut, instead of hair. It looked very neat when finished. Its situation also was very pleasant. It was enclosed with a beautiful garden, which, in some parts, was planted with rows of pines, that now flourished luxuriantly; in others with cotton seeds, from which young trees had shot up, and promised to be very productive. Some already began to bear; I saw one quite laden with cotton. . . . . The Missionaries appeared very happy and united, settled in safety under the protection of Vahargee (Veaji), a chief who lived near them. They faithfully remonstrated with me respecting my conduct, but whatever impression I felt at the time, passed off when I left them. By this time I had arrived at considerable power and dignity in the island; and with the assistance of my workmen built a small canoe, which would carry eight or ten men."

The Missionaries too, made a boat this year, twenty-one feet in length, hoping to find it useful in case of sudden danger.

Messrs. Bowell, Harper, and Gaulton made considerable progress in the language, and maintained several natives for the sole purpose of perfecting themselves in it. Mr. Bowell was trying to form a grammar of the language: but in this he was interrupted by the war, which soon after broke out.

Beyond what I have already stated, little seems to have been done towards teaching the natives. The Missionaries were waiting till they should gain the confidence of the people by repeated acts of kindness, and by constant loving ministrations to their temporal wants, and till their own knowledge of the native tongue should enable them to do some justice to the truths they came to teach. This was not the way to learn a language quickly. This was not the way to teach religion at all. They should have gone straight to their work; using signs till they could gain words, and giving defective notions till they could fill up the imperfect outline. But there was clearly an error at the root of the whole scheme. In the instructions given to Captain Wilson, under whose care the Missionaries went out, we find the following words:—

"When you consider the qualifications of the Missionaries you will perhaps be inclined to think, that remaining in one or two bodies, they may form models of civilized society, small indeed, but tolerably complete."*

How a model of civilised society, could be formed by setting down ten young men in an island, without wives and children, is a staggering question to begin with; but letting that pass, was it likely that wild and lawless heathens would be won over to Christianity by merely looking at a fair model? It

* Missionary Voyage in the Ship *Duff*. Introduction—page 44.

has never yet been found that savages have wished to leave their old customs, and to adopt the customs of strangers, till their consciences have been awakened, and their hearts touched by the truths of revelation. Let religious motives work, and social improvements follow. In this instance, though the gospel was brought to the shores of Tonga, it was not carried home to the hearts of the Tonguese. Indeed, many natives who were living in the time of the first Missionaries, have stated, since their conversion, that the object for which the white men settled in the islands was never rightly understood by the inhabitants. I may mention here that the Tongan notion, was that their English visitors came from the sky. They fancied that at the horizon, earth and sky met, and that there was no difficulty in passing from one to the other. In the sky were, they thought, extensive manufactories where adzes, hatchets, knives, and all kinds of iron tools were made. The quantity of iron brought by the Missionaries, and their skill in turning it to account, favoured this notion.

"The men from the sky," was the usual name given to the Missionaries. While Veeson lived in the house of Mulikehama, he sometimes heard him at night conversing with his attendants before falling asleep. The chief would say, "Let us have some conversation." Another would reply, "What shall we talk about?" A third would say, "Let us talk of the men from the sky." "They would talk for hours of the articles, dress, and customs of the Missionaries, enter-

taining each other with conjectures respecting the distance of the country whence they came, the nature of it, and its productions."

It seems strange that the Missionaries were so long in learning the language. Veeson soon spoke it with fluency. But it must be remembered that there are great difficulties to be got over in learning an unwritten language. Veeson had forsaken his brethren's society, and to talk at all he must talk Tonguese. Then he made himself one with the natives, and they were pleased to teach him. The others lived in little companies of two and three, in the midst of perplexities and alarms. English came readily to their tongue while the language of the country was a hard task.

It has been found too, that no great progress can be made with an unwritten tongue, till its native speakers are disposed to render willing aid. As soon as these very Tongans received some idea of the leading truths of religion,—when they began to "see men as trees walking"—they were eager to teach their teacher. The more words they could give him, the more thoughts were paid back to them. Old words with fresh meanings were seized by them as priceless treasure. For example: they had a word in their language answering to our word "redeemed." Articles of value had been occasionally exchanged for a slave, and this word used to express the transaction. They gave this word to the Missionary, and how their hearts wondered and rejoiced as they received it again:—

"Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ."

Several untoward circumstances might be named as hinderances to the success of this early mission enterprise. The abundance of iron goods, kindly, but not wisely, placed at the disposal of the Missionaries; the counsel that separated them into many parties under the care of rival chiefs; the wicked conduct of Ambler and his associates, who persuaded the people that the Missionaries in their Sabbath services were working spells and bringing pestilence on the people; the apostacy of Veeson; all these were serious obstacles: but I am disposed to think that none of them was so great as the Missionaries' own notion of beginning with civilisation, instead of with heart-conversion. Had their first and constant business been to tell the people of sin and of a Saviour from sin, the results might have been different. In saying this, one does not detract from the excellence of the project, nor from the high aims and personal devotedness of the Missionaries themselves. They designed to convert the natives to Christianity; and for this end they endured fearful perils, and doubtless won heavenly rewards; but they erred in their mode of setting about their work. It was the experiment of young beginners. The London Missionary Society would now address itself to the same business after another

method. Failure may give as valuable a lesson as success. It may lead to a better adjustment of our forces in a new campaign, and to such a trust in "power from on high," as is the surest guarantee of triumph in our spiritual warfare.

Early in the year 1798, an old female chief, aunt of the Tui-tonga, died. She had been infirm and ailing for many years, so that her death was by no means an extraordinary event. But the Missionaries were blamed as its cause. In July, a rumour reached their ears of a plot formed to murder them all and to seize upon their property. The Tui-kanokubolu, or principal chief, seemed almost persuaded to kill those who lived under his protection; but Ata, one of their best friends, Kaumavae, and the Tui-tonga-fefine, the highest lady in the island, pleaded their cause, and they escaped that death.

In January, 1799, Messrs. Shelley and Cooper visited Vavau and the Haafulahao group of Islands, and brought back a better account of them than any that had then been published. It was generally thought among Europeans, previously to this visit, that Vavau was a large solitary island. The Missionaries discovered that it was only the largest in a cluster of many islands. They also improved considerably in their knowledge of the language, having been thrown, during the voyage, almost entirely into the Society of the natives.

In the month of April, the brethren met to talk over "the proper steps for facilitating their great

design." They had found the children "quite averse to restraint and instruction;" and they had not been able to attempt much in conversation. They now resolved to spend one hour every Wednesday evening in prayer for the success of their work; and to attempt to reduce the language into some kind of grammatical form. None however was prepared to proceed to this business immediately, and the subject was deferred till their next monthly meeting. Before that time came they were in new dangers, fleeing from place to place in order to escape death.

Chapter VII.

HOPE DEFERRED.

ON the night of the 21st of April, the Tui-kanokubolu, King of all the Islands, fell a victim to the wicked designs of Finau Ukalala, a chief of some power and more ambition. The king's murder was the signal for a civil war. You shall have an account of this outburst in the words of an eye witness. It was the period of the annual meeting "when all the chiefs from Haabai and the neighbouring isles, as well as the chiefs of Tonga, assembled together at Mua, in the mansion of the Tui-tonga, to present him with their first ripe yams and other first-fruits of their fields. On this occasion Tui-tonga personated the deity of their fields who, they supposed, caused them to be fruitful. When the ceremony of presenting the first fruits is completed, they usually have a dance, and often fight with branches of the cocoa-trees before they return to their respective districts.* In appearance

* A fuller account of this annual feast, or Inaji, will be found in the next chapter. This was usually held in October.

they all did so on this occasion; but a plot had been formed for assassinating Tui-kanokubolu. The author of this plot, Ukalala, was a chief of Tongatabu, who had attached to himself a number of enterprising young men, through whose assistance he was much advancing in wealth and power. Mulikehama was his distant relation. To make their design more secret, his two canoes which were large and filled with his fellow-conspirators, set off as though they were going away; but waited off the reef, at Ahoke, till evening, when the conspirators returned by land to Mua, where Tui-kanokubolu continued that night, as well as Mulikehama and his party. As soon as they arrived they proceeded to station an armed watch in every road leading to and from the residence of Tui-kanokubolu; that none might be allowed to pass or repass to excite any alarm. Having placed everything in a state of preparation, a chosen band proceeded in search of the spot where Tui-kanokubolu slept. They found all his attendants asleep, but were afraid to slay any one, lest they should mistake the person of the chief and give the alarm. At length he was betrayed by the perfumed oil on his head. This oil is scented with wood (sandal wood) brought from the Fiji Islands, not far distant from Tonga. The wood is rubbed or scraped with a rough fish-skin into a kind of saw-dust; with this the oil is mixed and strained, and then it possesses a strong

The meeting referred to above must have been a lesser meeting for presenting food and produce. The people may have called it an Inaji; but it certainly could not have been the great Inaji.

perfume. This is used only by the principal chief. Discovering him by this distinction, they murdered him, and seven or eight of his attendants. This gave the alarm, and the rest fled; but as every road was beset, many of them were killed also. The conspirators then proceeded down to the water, and seizing as many canoes as they needed, broke all the rest, to secure themselves from being pursued during the night.

"By the next morning, the alarm was spread through great part of the Island, and multitudes flocked to Mulikehama with the particular friends of Tui-kanukabolu, to enquire into the cause of the outrage, and to rouse him to revenge the death of the chief on Ukalala. Tha people of Hihifo, which was the particular district of Tui-kanokubolu, warmly took up the cause of their chief; and hastily repaired to Mulikehama, to fight for it under his standard.

"Ukalala, meantime, with his forces continued at Ahoke, to prepare for battle in the place of the greatest hostility. The enemy, from Hihifo, dared not follow him by sea, on account of the inferiority of their fleet in number and skill. They hastened therefore by land, and met him, just as he had disembarked with his men. Ukalala and his party, all young, unfatigued, and elated with the spirit of enterprise, attacked them with a vigour which they could not withstand. They fled, and Ukalala returned to the canoes, and sailed off for Haabai, to strengthen his cause by an addition of troops.

"In three days he returned with ten sail of canoes,

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and a considerable number of men; many of whom expected that they had come to fight for the cause of the murdered king. By this time all the districts were in arms, and thousands were ranged under the standard of Mulikehama;" but to the astonishment of all, a coalition was formed between Mulikehama and Ukalala, to fight for their own cause, against that of the murdered Tui-kanokubolu. His friends instantly deserted and fled to Hihifo. Meanwhile, Mulikehama was joined by the three districts of Ahoke, Mua, and Ardeo."*

You will remember that each of these three districts was the residence of one or more Missionaries. Messrs. Kelso, Wilkinson, and Shelley were at Hihifo, with the loyalists; while the others were living among chiefs who sided with the rebels. It seemed very desirable that the Missionaries should quit their outposts and meet together at Hihifo, where they would be exposed in common to one danger instead of to many dangers: but another difficulty occurred. As soon as the news of Finau's rebellion reached the Missionaries, they were told by the most friendly chiefs that their power to protect them was at an end; and they soon saw that all restraint was taken off the people.

"The first that felt the effects of their liberty were the hogs, fowls, and other articles of food, of which in

* Authentic Narrative, page 158.

general they receive but a small share: these were destroyed in the most extravagant manner."*

The Missionaries did not like, at the first note of alarm, to abandon their houses, and to leave all their goods at the mercy of reckless savages; so they "abode by the stuff" as long as they could, watching by turns every night.

Meanwhile they had enough cause for fear. It must have tried strong nerves to hear, through the dark night, the horrid din of conchs, log-drums, and war-songs. Then news came of a "slight skirmish, in which one of Finau's party had been taken prisoner, who was immediately cut up alive and eaten raw." This was followed by a story of Ata's inhuman conduct. This chief had been in ill-health for a long time: but on hearing of the murder of his king, he had roused himself and gone forth to battle. His services were declined, and he was sent home to guard the sacred houses. Bent on doing something, he caused the body of the murderer's father to be dug up and fastened to a tree at Bangimotu. This was the greatest indignity that could be offered to a family, and it served as a pretext to several chiefs for declaring themselves in favour of the rebels.

On the 29th, the brethren met, as it afterwards proved, for the last time. They engaged in prayer together, and it was noted that Messrs. Gaulton and

* Missionary Transactions. Vol. I, p. 282.

Harper, from Ardeo, appeared to have much confidence while committing themselves and their brethren into the hands of their heavenly Father; so that this meeting cheered drooping spirits, and left all better prepared to go through the yet severer trials that awaited them.

It now struck them that it might be well to launch their boat, ready for removal to a neighbouring island in case a place of temporary refuge should become desirable. She had been built, however, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the beach; more hands than their own were required to move her; and when they asked for help even their friendly chief, Ata, would not, or could not, grant it. So they found themselves hemmed in on every hand. That island must be the limit of their range in case of pursuit. It might not unlikely be their grave.

On the 9th of May, it became certain that Mr. Buchanan must quit his residence at Moko. Tuivakano and a strong party threatened to seize on everything. A friendly and loyal chief, Mafi, loaded several men with the best of the clothes and iron, and sent them off to Hihifo, where they placed their burden in safety for the present moment. Beak and an old man remained behind to guard the rest of the goods: but when Mr. Buchanan returned with his men he found them in the midst of distress and ruin. Tuivakano's party had been there, had torn the house to pieces, carried off everything that they fancied, and had taken Beak with them into a field, where he fully expected to be murdered. The gang who had accompanied

Buchanan, seeing things so, rushed in to secure whatever might be left: but finding only books, they tore them up in a rage. Buchanan and Beak hastened to Hihifo, where they had the sorrow of finding that the goods carried there for safety in the morning had been already stolen. They were kindly received by the brethren, now united in one party at Hihifo, excepting the three at Ardeo, Messrs. Bowell, Harper, and Gaulton, with an Englishman, named Burham.

On the 10th of May the first important engagement took place. Up to this time the Missionaries, though often requested by their chiefs to go with them to war, had refused to do so; but now they saw that their only hope of safety was in following the army. Mulikehama was advancing with a large force, and had come as far as Teikiu, while Ukalala's fleet of fifteen large canoes lay near the coast. It seemed to be the aim of the enemy to shut up the people of Hihifo in a corner, and to destroy them utterly.

"We accordingly fell in with Ata," (say the Missionaries) "who was carried in a sort of litter in the rear, about four o'clock. The march was conducted under the command of Veaji, with a tolerable degree of order and regularity, and about day-break, we fell in with the enemy's van. The Hihifans after three shouts, began the onset with great bravery, and in a short time the enemy gave way on all hands, leaving their killed and wounded to the mercy, or rather cruelty of

the victors, who at the first gave no quarter. A little way from the spot where the fight began, we found one old man roasting a part of one of the dead bodies, apparently with a design to eat it; at a little distance we found the body of a chief, who had signalised himself by his ill-offices to our brethren, which afforded a scene as shocking as the former. A fellow who had severed his head and body asunder, was exhibiting them as a sign of his prowess; and even some of the women as they went by, dipped their hands into his blood and licked them. The enemy made several stands, but were as often worsted and driven back with a considerable loss: in their flight they divided themselves into two parties, that of Tui-tonga taking one road and Mulikehama another; the latter of which having gained a rising ground, maintained it some time; expecting the other party to flank the Hihifans which, if they at all attempted, they were not able to effect. At length Mulikehama being killed, they were entirely routed . . . . . Nothing could be more pleasing to the Hihifans than to see us on the march with them, when it first began, as they were persuaded we had got fire-arms and would make use of them. Accordingly on every little advantage they obtained, we came in with their imaginary deities for our share of the warmest acknowledgments; even the dog which brother Kelso led in his hand had abundance of kava presented to him; but as soon as they found we took no active part in the business, we became almost as obnoxious to them as any of their adversaries;

which occasioned us to leave them about eight o'clock, thinking we could not be in a more dangerous place, though we knew not where to go. It seemed the most desirable to have proceeded to Ardeo, where we expected that the brethren would have been perfectly safe, but this was quite impracticable; and if we returned to Hihifo it seemed very improbable we should escape the canoes; however, after some deliberation we determined to return thither."

When the Missionaries arrived at home, they found that their beds had been carried off, and that all their goods were in the hands of spoilers. They sent out to reconnoitre and soon espied a party from the enemy's canoes making towards them. They immediately fled to the back of the island, (Liku) where the high coral reef and the rough breakers sheltered them from an attack by sea. There we will leave them for the present; resting after their toils and anxieties, and more at ease than they would have been had they known all that had that day taken place in another part of the island.

Just about the time that the Missionaries made up their mind to leave the army of the loyalists, Veeson, their former companion, quitted the army of the rebels. When, in the morning, the conchshells had blown the alarm of war, and thousands had obeyed the summons, Veeson joined them, as eager for the battle as the most blood-thirsty of the savages; he partook with them in all the horrors of the morning; but when

towards night he found that the enemy were pushing on, and that his friends were likely to be worsted, "he pressed through to the rear, and took to "his heels, with all the speed that fear administered." Boldness in sin does not make a man courageous in danger; indeed, the worst men are often the greatest cowards. After a time, the rebels rallied and Veeson again fought amongst them. He says:—

"While we continued fighting, with loss of little ground but many men, another division of the enemy kept pouring in their forces to increase the main body; which so alarmed the party of Mulikehama that their spirits sank, and they took to flight in great disorder. . . . . The enemy pursued Mulikehama's army till they came to Ardeo. When they approached the habitation of the Missionaries, the brethren came out to look at them, not expecting that they, who had taken no part in the war, would be molested. But amongst the enemy arrived one, who had formerly requested some presents of the brethren and been refused; this opportunity he barbarously improved to revenge himself, and directly running to attack them, others readily joined him. They knocked down Harper and Bowell, and an European who was with them, and immediately murdered them. James Gaulton fled; but looking back and seeing his companions fall, to whom he was strongly attached, he returned and immediately shared their cruel fate. Gaulton always resided with the brethren whom he loved as his own soul; and so

pleasant had his life been with them that even 'in death' he chose not to be 'divided' from them."

The next day an obstinate and bloody battle was fought; and this time the rebels were the victors. Veeson says:—

"After our engagement, our victorious troops took the bodies of their slain enemies, dragged them to the sea-shore, and after inflicting every brutal insult of savage cruelty, roasted and ate them; thinking it a just revenge on their enemies to devour them. In the midst of their savage repast they were surprised by the appearance of the enemy; but they were so voraciously hungry, that their own safety did not avail to make them stand on their defence in time to resist them. The enemy therefore threw us into confusion. We fled to the canoes with precipitation; some of which were nearly sank by numbers. Many did not reach them ere they had put off from the shore, and fell a sacrifice to the foe. One canoe filled with men and women was stranded. The chief of it determined to defend it to the last; and menaced and defied the enemy. But one of them stole behind the canoe, and, with his club, knocked him down, and taking possession of the canoe, all that were in it were massacred."

News of the victory won by the rebels reached the Missionaries in their place of shelter. They were

told that many of their friends were killed, but that Mafi survived, and wished to speak with them. They hastened to do his bidding; but they soon lost their guide, and, without his aid, they were unable to find the chief. Having spent some time in the search, they gave it up as hopeless. Falling in with a party of armed men, they were stripped of their clothes; but this misfortune was lessened by their having at hand garments of country cloth, got ready in case of such an emergency. At last they found a hiding-place among some thick trees. In the evening, Shelley and Cooper went in search of food, and happily fell in with some friendly natives, who gave them a bread-fruit and some green bananas; a gift of great value to the tired and hungry men. A day or two after, we find them hiding in a cave so small that they could not turn in it. But small as it was, it sheltered them from rain then falling.

Such is a specimen of their fugitive life. War all around them; victory sometimes with their friends, sometimes with the rebel party; the final issue doubtful; all that they valued a prey; their brethren slain; their lives sustained by stray gifts of food, and by water found in holes of the rocks;—we can scarcely imagine a more troubled existence than theirs. Yet stripped of all earthly good, and daily anticipating some greater calamity, these men rejoiced in the thought of a heavenly inheritance that no heathen could wrest from them; and the nearer death came, the more were their hearts cheered by the hope of

soon being with their Father above, whose grace and love now sustained them. Their books, including their Bibles, were gone; but portions of the holy book were graven on their memory, and they could yet pray. When Sunday came they spent it chiefly in conversation and prayer, holding a conference in the morning on Psalm cxlvi. 5. "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God;" and in the afternoon on Isaiah xxvi. 4. "Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

Before the Sabbath day closed, their retreat was discovered. They consulted together, and agreed to go to some of the chiefs whom they had known formerly, and to place themselves under their protection. They were pretty well received by one or two of their old friends, and at last took refuge at Mafanga, a kind of privileged district, having been neutral during the war. On their way there, they passed through a desolate country. The crops had been destroyed; the gardens were now a wilderness; and along the road were scattered the dead and decaying bodies of men, women, and children.

On the 29th, another battle took place. The loyal party were entirely routed, and Finau Ukalala became master of the country. On the 3rd of June he summoned the chiefs of Hihifo, that he might tell them their fate. The poor prisoners were cruelly insulted; but at last all were allowed to go in peace, "except Mafi and ten others, who received sentence

of banishment to a solitary and unfrequented island near Haabai; which, yielding nothing for their subsistence, was much the same as condemning them to utter starvation; they were immediately put on board a canoe, and sent off amidst the bitterest lamentations of wives, children, and other relatives. We have since heard various accounts of their death," (say the Missionaries) "the most favourable of which was, that after taking them to such a distance from land as to render their return impossible, they were all thrown overboard."

Two days after the Missionaries had an opportunity of visiting Ardeo. The chief with whom they were staying, Fakafanua, desired them to go to search for some things, that he heard had been hidden there by the brethren; and he sent an acquaintance of the murdered Missionaries, Mangunu, and about a dozen other men, on the same expedition. "Though we were no way solicitous for the success of the business upon which we were sent, we hoped, before we returned, to be able to render the last offices of friendship to our deceased brethren, who still lay upon the road, exposed to the insults of all that passed by. We accordingly set forward upon our journey, and soon found Mangunu, who had already searched the place, and made a pretty good booty for himself. On our arrival at Ardeo, we found it a perfect desolation; the fences were all torn in pieces, the houses either burnt or laid in ruinous heaps, and the fruits mostly

destroyed. After taking a short survey of the premises, we were conducted to the place where our brethren lay, which afforded a still more melancholy and distressing scene; we found brothers Bowell and Gaulton upon the road, very near to each other; brother Harper lay in the adjoining field about fifty yards nearer home; they were all so much disfigured, that we could not have known any of them, but for the natives, who had often seen them since their death. Burham was at a considerable distance from them, and being in a kind of ditch, seemingly in such a state that he could not be moved without falling in pieces, we covered him with earth where he lay, and afterwards with the assistance of the natives, digging a grave large enough to contain the brethren, we with some difficulty moved them into it; and thus buried them, without either coffin or shroud, not having so much as a change of country cloth for our own use."*

A short time after this, the Missionaries were glad to receive from friendly chiefs, several articles that had belonged to their deceased brethren. They found among these, clothes, paper, pens, ink, a watch, a mariner's compass, four razors, with a few other instruments, books, and above all, two Bibles.

They were soon again separated from one another, being claimed by several chiefs who were glad of their help in making useful articles. The forge was set to work again, and they received the necessaries of life

* Missionary Transactions. Vol. I.; p. 299.

in exchange for their labour and its produce. But they had no assurance of personal safety. Their worship, in particular, seemed to provoke the anger of the natives, who would throw sticks and stones at the house where they met to sing and pray. Mr. Mariner, in his "Account of the Tonga Islands," blames the Missionaries for closing their doors, and shutting the natives out during their hours of worship: but he does not say under what circumstances they had recourse to this measure. We have seen that in the earlier and better days of their mission, they invited the natives to attend at such times.

The conduct of the natives was such as often to alarm the Missionaries; and during Finau's absence at Haabai and Vavau, when he went there hoping to reduce those Islands to submission to his usurped authority, their lives were often in great danger. One night Mr. Wilkinson heard his own death proposed by an inhuman method. A broken cocoa-nut shell, jagged for the purpose, was to be beaten into the crown of his head with a club. All night he lay under the dread of being taken out in the morning to be thus cruelly slain; but the threat was not fulfilled. A short time after this, Messrs. Wilkinson and Beak were shamefully treated by the chief with whom they were staying, Fakafanua. He beat them with a cudgel, turned them out of doors, and stripped Beak of his clothes, all for the sake of a little property that they had gained by hard toil; consisting of four hundred yams, ten or twelve fowls, cloth, knives, a grindstone,

and a few other things. After this an Englishman, named Knight, and their old foe, Ambler, took possession of their forge and house, and undertook to carry on their trade. Very likely they were at the bottom of this mischief.

In the midst of their troubles they were affected by the kind thoughtfulness of Veaji, the chief under whose care the murdered Missionaries had resided. He sent for Mr. Wilkinson that he might see the remains of his brethren removed with care to a more suitable resting-place, and he promised to built a Faitoka over them.

In the month of December, news came that Finau Ukalala had reached Haabai on his way back to Tonga, and that he meant certainly to kill some, perhaps all, of the Missionaries. Fresh stories to their disparagement were every day spread abroad, every sudden death being attributed to the working of their charms.

Nine weary months of suspense and alarm rolled by. There seemed to be no prospect of a speedy close of the war; for the loyal party, though quieted for the present, were ready to rise again whenever they should have strength for the contest. With them it was death or victory. The Missionaries were wholly in the power of the people, and as one result, were often without food and clothing; while all hope of doing the work on which they were sent seemed to be at an end. They had busied themselves in repairing their small boat, and sometimes they talked of

venturing to sea in it and trying to reach New Holland; but the want of suitable provisions for so long a voyage deterred them. Better stay with a chance of life at Tonga, than incur so great a risk.

While thus shut in, with more of fear than hope, they heard on the evening of the 21st January, 1800, the report of two guns; and the next day they set out in their canoe and reached an English ship. The captain pitied their circumstances, and kindly offered them a passage to Port Jackson, granting them the use of his own cabin and promoting their comfort in every possible way. On the 24th, they put to sea, and as they came near to the north point of the Island, their old friend Ata, and several others came off with cocoa nuts for the captain. They took an affectionate leave of the Missionaries, Ata shedding tears at parting. Hitherto the joy of deliverance from such great dangers seems to have filled the hearts of the Missionaries; but now, when the last words were spoken, and the kindliest of the heathen were seen paddling back to the lessening shores of Tonga, thoughts of the past three years; of their hallowed mission enterprise; of its disastrous close; and of the thousands whom they were leaving behind them as dark as ever, rushed on their minds with overwhelming force. Was their any relief for their oppressed spirits? Any bright spot for their eye to rest on? Yes; but it was in the future, not in the past. God's promises to a perishing world, the promises on which they relied at first starting, came to their aid. They

were sure as ever; and the day would yet come when "the name of the Lord God of Israel" should be glorified in these "isles of the sea."

In the course of a few weeks the Missionaries were landed safely at Port Jackson. Messrs. Shelley and Cooper remained there, with Beak, who had accompanied them in their escape. The other brethren returned to England.

Thus the story of a mission began under singularly favourable auspices, ends in failure and flight. First attempts in a great and good cause are often unsuccessful. We need to learn the lesson of patient and energetic persistence; one of the lessons given by Elisha to Joash. "And he said unto the King of Israel, smite upon the ground, and he smote thrice and stayed. And the man of God was wroth with him, and said, Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it; whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice." 2 Kings, xiii. 18, 19.

"Hast thou been long and often foiled,
And vainly striven, vainly toiled
For what some gain with ease?
Yet bear up heart, and hope, and will,
Nobly resolved to struggle still;
With patience persevere;
Knowing when darkest seems the night,
The dawning of morn's glorious light
Is swiftly drawing near."

The Christians of England can scarcely be com-

mended for leaving the Friendly Islands alone from this time for twenty-two long years. Why did they not try again? Was there no new voice to be heard mingling with the crying needs of the people, and inviting their return? There was. It came from the graves of brethren whose lives had been "offered upon the sacrifice and service of" the Church's "faith," and who fell in attempting to claim the land for Christ. Yet for nearly a quarter of a century, Christian dust was left to be trampled on by heathen feet; and the unhappy murderers were permitted to "eat of the fruit of their own way, and to be filled with their own devices."

Veeson remained in the Islands one year after his former companions. The civil war continued to rage. The Hihifans sent a message to Ukalala that they "would die rather than be his slaves;" and rising in a body, during his absence, they set fire to the dwellings of their enemies, and killed all whom they could seize. They raised a fearful trophy of their victory by piling up large stacks of human bodies, laid transversely upon one another. Finau, bent upon revenge, returned with his warriors, laid a plan by which the principal roads were guarded by his followers, and then, suddenly alarming the inhabitants, drove them all towards one spot, where they were cruelly massacred. Flourishing plantations were cut down, and the once fertile island made so desolate that the remaining inhabitants were starved into submission.

It was not long before the people of Tonga were

again ready to resist the usurper, and he found himself obliged to be contented with the government of the Haabai and Vavau Islands, only making an annual descent on Tonga, in the vain hope of final conquest. All this time there was no king there; but several petty chiefs contended for the headship, whose feuds added to the distress of the inhabitants.

In the year 1806, an event occurred that greatly increased Finau's power of doing harm. This was the capture of the *Port au Prince*, off Lifuka, one of the Haabai islands. As usual, many of the natives were admitted on board this vessel. Something in their conduct alarmed the fears of a Sandwich Islander present, who gave instant warning to the Captain. Unfortunately, that warning was not heeded. The next day, nineteen of the sailors left the ship, contrary to orders, that they might spend their Sunday in their own fashion, on the island. Meantime, a large number of natives, armed with clubs and spears, assembled between decks. On the following day, as many as three hundred were received on board. Deaf to all hints from his men, Mr. Brown, the whaling master, went on shore, unarmed, to view the country. Scarcely had he left the ship, when the natives set up a shout and fell upon the crew. A youth, named Mariner, was below; but when, hearing the noise, he came on deck he "saw enough to thrill the stoutest heart. There sat upon the companion a short, squab, naked figure, of about fifty years of age, with a seaman's jacket, soaked with blood, thrown over one

shoulder; on the other rested his iron-wood club, spattered with blood and brains. . . . . On another part of the deck there lay twenty-two bodies, perfectly naked, and arranged side by side in even order. They were so dreadfully bruised and battered about the head, that only two or three of them could be recognised. At this time a man had just counted them, and was reporting the number to the chief, who sat in the hammock-nettings; immediately after which they began to throw them overboard."*

Mr. Brown, and several of the men who had landed on the Sunday, were also slain. Mariner, and about fourteen other Englishmen, were all that remained. They were made to cut the cables, and work the ship in shore, through a narrow and dangerous passage. The iron-work of the vessel was secured by the natives. Eight barrels of gunpowder were brought on shore, with seven of the carronades and four long guns. They then set fire to the ship.

Mariner became a great favourite with Finau, and was his constant companion during the four years of his residence in the island. Not long after his capture he was employed, with four other Englishmen, to assist the chief in his annual attack on Tonga. From his narrative I shall now make a few extracts, as nothing can give a better idea of the kind of lessons that our countrymen taught the natives.

* Mariner's Tonga. Vol. I.; p. 45.

"Mr. Mariner, and those of his companions who were with him at the Island of Lifuka, received orders from the king to prepare for the usual annual attack upon the Island of Tonga, and to get ready four twelve pound carronades. They immediately set to work to mount them upon new carriages with high wheels, made by the native carpenters under their directions. . . . Mr. Mariner and his companious promised that they and their countrymen (who were dispersed upon other islands) would remain in the front of the battle with their four guns, provided the Tonga people would agree to stand fast and support them. . . . In the meantime, the Englishmen employed themselves in collecting the shot which the natives had brought from on board, but which they had thrown aside, not being able to shape them for any common purpose. They also cut up a quantity of sheet lead, and made it up in rolls to be used as shot. During this time every preparation was making by the natives for the approaching war: they repaired the sails of their canoes, collected their arrows, spears, and clubs; and the women employed themselves in packing up bales of native cloth, mats, &c."

After calling at one or two islands, they sailed from Nomuka "with all the forces of the confederate islands, amounting in all to about one hundred and seventy canoes, direct for the Island of Tonga. . . . Finau being arrived with the whole of his fleet off Nukualofa, and having with him, besides Mr. Mariner, fifteen other Englishmen, eight of whom were

armed with muskets, he proceeded to land his troops under cover of a fire of musketry, which speedily drove almost all the enemy, who had sallied forth, back into the garrison. The first fire killed three, and wounded several; and a repetition of it threw them into such dismay, that in five minutes only forty of the bravest remained to molest them; and these began to retire as the forces of Finau increased on the beach. In the meanwhile the carronades were dismounted from their carriages, slung on poles, and conveyed over a shallow reef to the shore. The whole army being landed, and the guns again mounted, the latter were drawn up before the garrison, and a regular fire was commenced. Finau took his station on the reef, seated in an English chair, for his chiefs would not allow him to expose his person on shore. The fire of the carronades was kept up for about an hour. . . . . It was then resolved to set fire to the place; for which purpose a number of torches being prepared and lighted, an attack was made upon the outer fencing; it was found, however, but weakly defended, and was soon taken: for the door-posts being shot away, an easy entrance was obtained. A considerable portion of the inner fencing was now found undefended, and towards this place a party rushed with lighted torches, whilst the enemy were kept in play elsewhere: the conflagration spread rapidly on every side; and as the besieged endeavoured to make their escape, they were clubbed by a party of the besiegers, stationed at the back of the fort for

that purpose. During this time the guns kept up a regular fire with blank cartridges, merely to intimidate the enemy. The conquerors, club in hand, entered the place in several quarters, and slew all they met, men, women, and children. The scene was truly horrible. The war-whoop shouted by the combatants; the heart-rending screams of the women and children; the groans of the wounded; the number of the dead; and the fierceness of the conflagration, formed a picture almost too distracting and awful for the mind to contemplate. Some, with a kind of sullen resignation, offered no resistance, but waited for the hand of fate to dispatch them, no matter in what mode: others that were already lying on the ground wounded, were struck with spears, and beaten about with clubs by boys, who followed the expedition to be trained to the horrors of war, and who delighted in the opportunity of gratifying their ferocious and cruel disposition. Every house that was set on fire was plundered of its contents. . . . . In a few hours the fortress of Nukualofa, which had obstinately and bravely defended every attack for eleven years, or more, was thus completely destroyed. When Finau arrived upon the place, and saw several canoes which had been hauled up in the garrison, shattered to pieces by shot, and discovered a number of legs and arms lying around, and about three hundred and fifty bodies stretched upon the ground, he expressed his wonder and astonishment at the dreadful effect of the guns. He thanked his men for their bravery, and Mr. Mariner and his companions,

in particular, for the great assistance rendered by them."

This attack with fire-arms upon men who had only clubs, and spears, and arrows for defence, cannot be called a fight. It was a massacre. Some of the prisoners who were taken, gave a curious description of the effect of the guns. They said that when a ball entered a house, "it did not proceed straight forward, but went all round the place, seeking for some one to kill; it then passed out of the house, and entered another, still in search of food for its vengeance." Sometime after this, an old Vavau warrior declared his utter contempt for the guns, having never seen them at work. It is customary for every professed warrior before he goes to battle to give himself the name of some particular person whom he means to single out and fight. This warrior, however, instead of assuming the name of one of the enemy, proudly called himself Fana Fanua, a great gun, declaring that he would run boldly up to a cannon, and throw his spear into the mouth of it.

He had soon an opportunity of fulfilling his threat, much to the surprise of the Englishmen who were with his enemies. The circumstance is thus named in "Mariner's Tonga." "One of the advanced party of the enemy came up to within fifteen or sixteen yards of the carronade of which Mariner had the charge, and there stood brandishing his spear in a threatening attitude. Mr. Mariner immediately fired the gun at

him, but the moment the match was applied, the man fell on his face, and the shot missed him: the moment after he sprung up again and advanced forward to within ten paces of the gun, dancing and making sundry war-like gesticulations; he then brandished and threw his spear, intending it to enter the gun, but it struck against the muzzle. Mr. Mariner, astonished at the boldness and presumption of this warrior, was determined to punish him for his rashness, and accordingly levelled his musket: but just as he was pulling the trigger, an arrow struck the barrel of the piece and caused him to miss his aim. The warrior then shouted aloud, and returned with all speed to the fortress."

After the siege of Nukualofa, Finau returned to Haabai, contrary to Mr. Mariner's advice, who wished him to follow up the blow and completely subdue Tonga. He does not seem ever to have renewed his attack. The remaining years of his life were occupied chiefly in endeavours to reduce the Vavau Islands to submission: for they had risen against him, and their resistance to his tyranny was energetic.

He died before Mr. Mariner left the Islands, and was succeeded by his son, a man of a milder mood.

Tonga remained in an unsettled state for some years. At last Tubou-malohi, brother of the murdered king, was chosen in his place, the government being thus restored to the rightful family. His name signifies strong, or powerful. He was the uncle of the present King George. He resigned his office to

his brother, Tubou-toa, George's father, in the year 1812. After the death of Tubou-toa, in 1820, there was no king for seven years, or more. In 1827, Josiah Tubou was elected king; George being at the same time head chief or king of Haabai, and Finau-fiji, chief of Vavau. In 1845, George Tubou was chosen as the successor of Josiah, his father's uncle. He was placed on the throne of his fathers with great ceremony, and now reigns over the whole of the Friendly Islands.

Chapter VIII.

RELIGION, SOCIAL STATE, GOVERNMENT, AND LANGUAGE OF TONGA.

WE have come to a break in the mission history of these islands, and perhaps it may be as well to devote this chapter to somewhat fuller details than those already given respecting the religion, government, and social state of the people, before they embraced Christianity. The mythology of the heathen Tonguese is more than commonly obscure. Different stories are told by different parties, and it is hard to come at truth. The particulars that follow have been obtained chiefly in conversation with the Rev. John Thomas, who is considered an authority on these subjects.

The gods of Tonga were many. It would be easy to number seventy, with distinct names and attributes. They were not all the objects of worship. There were two especially, whom the people regarded as uncreated beings, living in the sky. These they did not worship, though they held them in profound reverence. Their names were thought too sacred for

utterance, and indeed only a few persons of the highest rank knew what their names were.

There was an order of *created* gods of different ranks. Among these were the three Mauis; Maui Motua, Maui Atalonga, and Maui Kijikiji, (pronounced Kitzikitzi). These were related to each other, father, son, and nephew; or as others say, father, son, and grandson. They live under the earth.

There were also three Tangaloas, living in the sky; and one Hikuleo, whose residence was in Bulotu, or the invisible world.

The Mauis were human beings of extraordinary size and strength. The Tangaloas and Hikuleo were spiritual creatures. The people never presented offerings to the Mauis, or the Tangaloas, and rarely to Hikuleo.

Bulotu was peopled with the spirits of departed chiefs and great persons of both sexes; and it was to these chiefly that worship was paid and that sacrifices were offered. These spirits in Bulotu were supposed to act as intercessors with the superior gods, who were too highly exalted to be approached by men except in this way.

The spirits were in the habit of re-visiting earth. They would come in birds, or in fish as their shrines. The tropic-bird, king-fisher, and sea-gull, the sea-eel, shark, whale and many other animals were considered sacred, because they were favourite shrines of these spirit-gods. The heathen never killed any of these creatures; and if, in sailing, they chanced to find them-

selves in the neighbourhood of a whale, they would offer scented oil, or kava to him. To some among the natives the cuttle-fish and the lizard were gods; while others would lay offerings at the foot of certain trees, with the same idea of their being inhabited by spirits. A rainbow or a shooting star would also command worship.

I have said that the people in their heathen state, would not venture out after night-fall. It was this notion of the presence of invisible beings that kept them at home during the dark hours. They said the day was for them, the night for their gods. After the sun went down, the ground was too sacred for them to stroll over it; nor would they go to work in the morning till the sun was up.

There were certain priests and priestesses into whom the spirits entered; and houses were built from which these sacred persons might utter their oracles. When a great blessing was desired, or a serious evil deprecated; if they wished to have health, or children, or success in voyaging, or in war, they would go to the burying grounds of their great chiefs, clean them up thoroughly, sprinkle the floor with sand, and lay down their offerings. Such houses were once numerous. Five stood in Nukualofa alone.

In case of the sickness of one whose cure was earnestly desired, they used to proceed on this wise:— They would approach the god's house with every sign of deep sorrow, their dress consisting of old mats, rough

and torn, and a circlet of green leaves round their neck, expressive of humility. They brought offerings of natural produce, and sometimes their young children too; the first joint of whose little finger they proceeded to cut off. If that had been already presented, they cut off the second joint, and then the third; or if all the joints had been sacrificed on one hand they began with the other; and then they held up the bleeding hands in hope of softening an angry god. This done, they bowed their heads to the ground, weeping freely, but in silence. The priest or priestess, (the god's shrine remember) received the offerings, heard the case and gave the answer. But there was another person present, *the friend of the god*, who addressed the priest in behalf of the offerers. He spoke of them as a company of rebels, who had behaved very badly and who deserved all their sufferings; he exculpated the god, maintaining that he had acted quite properly in punishing them: but then he proceeded to say how very sorry the people were for their bad conduct, and what proof they had brought of their true mourning.

The Feaa, as the priest was called, was sometimes sullen and gave no answer. Sometimes he would ask, "Do you think that I am going to take any notice of such paltry things as you have brought?" The poor people on hearing this, would go off to fetch more costly gifts, and sometimes, not finding help from the first being to whom they applied, they would visit five or six of their gods in succession. When these second-

ary gods were pleased, it was imagined that they pleaded with the venerable deities in Bulotu, who dispensed the benefit.

For these spirit-gods, the Tonguese did not entertain sentiments of love, or of true reverence. The name by which they called them expressed a mixed emotion of fear and contempt. It answers nearly to our term hobgoblin.

Once a year there was a general religious gathering in honour of the god Hikuleo. It was called an *Inaji.* The sacred conch shell was blown, and a person in each district had to go along very leisurely, holding a walking-stick in his hand, and crying with a slow and solemn voice,

"*Nofe-ki-lalo, tabu-gane,*
Nofe-ki-lalo, tabu-gane,"
"All sit down, cease from labour."

The road was then cleared. People from every part went towards the meeting-place at Mua, all chanting as they went. None might walk in a contrary direction; none might stand in the way. The object of this gathering was to secure fruitful crops. It took place just before the planting season. The people carried young yams fastened to long poles and offered them to Hikuleo, or rather to the Tui-tonga, the high priest of the god, who represented him. At Mua, acts of worship were performed, and when these were over the people amused themselves with a variety of sports. Wrestling, boxing, dancing, and club fighting were their chief pastimes. The Inaji lasted

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for a fortnight. During that time, all common business was laid aside, so that even the corpses of any who might die were left unburied. It did occasionally happen, in times of confusion and disorder, that the office of Tui-tonga was vacant. It that case his dress of native cloth, called Vakai, was brought and placed on the spot where he should have sat, and the people bowed down before that dress as though he were actually wearing it. Valuable gifts too were presented to this "shadow of a shade."

A great many strange stories were told by the natives respecting Bulotu and their gods. To us they seem at first sight only foolish. But we do find here and there a slight trace of knowledge derived from a higher source than man's own. "many inventions;" knowledge that the hand of heathenism has never entirely blotted out from man's memory, though its lines have become fainter, age by age, since he first began to walk frowardly in the way of his own heart. Cannot we see in the friend of the god who yet pleads for sinning man, a broken shadow of the "One Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus?"

The souls of chiefs were all supposed to go straight to Bulotu after the death of the body. Of the fate of the common people there was no certainty. They were scarcely thought to have souls. There is an interesting passage in the "Authentic Narrative," confirming these statements.

"There were times, when ideas were thrown out by the natives, respecting the immortality of the soul, which much surprised and abashed me. One day they were conversing about a person that was lately dead; they said to each other, 'He goes to the island through the sky.' Wishing to know their sentiments upon this subject, I pretended ignorance and unbelief. 'How can he be," said I, 'in that place, when he is dead, and his body is here? Did you not bury him some moons ago?' But all they answered was, 'But he is still alive.' And one, endeavouring to make me understand what he meant, took hold of my hand, and squeezing it, said, 'This will die, but the life that is within you will never die;' with his other hand pointing to my heart. This sentiment, expressed on such an occasion, so unexpectedly, with such animation, and by a young man with whom I was particularly intimate, deeply impressed me." Veeson afterwards heard the chiefs speak much of Bulotu. "Into this region, however, they believed none were admitted but themselves. The Tuas, or lower class, having no hope of sharing such bliss, seldom speculate upon a futurity, which to them appears a subject lost in shadows, clouds, and darkness."

The higher orders spoke of them as "low, common people, who eat earth," or "insects;" and thought that they ran no risk if they killed them when it suited their purpose. On one occasion a woman having offended a chief, he ordered her to be cut in

pieces lengthwise. By the way, you will remember that this mode of punishment was common in Eastern countries, and that Scripture contains references to it. See Dan. ii. 5; iii. 29. Matt. xxiv. 51. Luke xii. 46; and Dr. A. Clarke's Commentary on Gen. xv. 9, 10.

Bulotu was said to lie in a westerly direction. It was approached either through the earth, or by the sea. Within its sphere enjoyments abounded. The inhabitants had health without sickness, plenty without scarcity, life without death. Yet in spite of these blessings, Bulotu had few attractions for the heathen Tonguese. None said, "It is better to depart."

On one occasion, some of the people of Tonga are said to have filled a canoe and taken a trip to Bulotu, for the purpose of trying their skill in some of their country's games, and thinking to rival, if not surpass, the spirit-tenants of the other world. Their hope was vain. They did indeed take a part in many amusements; but the spirits were far too strong for them. At length some of the mightiest spirits laid hold of the trunk of a Vi-apple tree, and shook it so lustily that the apples flew off in all directions. Some went straight to Tonga; some to the Navigators' Islands; and some all the way to England, or as they call it, Papalangi.

The god Hikuleo was in the habit of carrying off the first-born sons of chiefs and other great men in order to people Bulotu. He went such lengths in this system of abduction that the men on earth grew very uneasy. Their ranks became thinner and thinner.

How was all this to end? At last the other gods were moved to compassion. Tangaloa and Maui seized hold of Hikuleo. They passed a strong chain round his waist and between his legs, and then taking the two ends of the chain they fastened one end to the sky and the other to the earth. Even this confinement did not hinder Hikuleo from making many attempts to seize upon first-born sons; but whenever he approached within a short distance of his prey he was pulled in one or the other of two contrary directions.

Hikuleo has a very long and intelligent tail. In all the journeys made by the body of the god, the long tail remains in Bulotu watching. He is thus aware of what goes on in more places than one. Is not here a distant hint of that Omnipresence which makes the true and living God to be so much feared by His enemies, so fully trusted by His own people?

The Tonguese had curious notions of the origin of the earth and the dwellers in it. They thought that slime and sea-weed gave birth to rock. From the rock thus produced sprang many gods of various natures; among others, the serpent and the wood-pigeon. The low islands were said to have been fished up from the sea by Maui; the high islands thrown down from the sky by Hikuleo. They said that after the earth was fished up and levelled, the god reported his proceedings to the sky. Soil was then sent down to cover the bare rock. Seed was next given, and there sprang up a beautiful, broad-leaved, creeping

plant. This creeper spread rapidly and soon the land was covered with its green leaves and bright flowers. The god then pulled up a part of this plant and left it on the sea-beach. There it lay till it withered and rotted. From its decayed substance a maggot was born. Kiji-kiji came again to earth in the form of a sea-lark, and with a stroke of his beak divided the maggot into two parts. From these, two men sprang into being. But there was a small piece of the maggot sticking to Kijikiji's beak that, unnoticed by him, fell at a short distance. This also became a man, and he was called Momo. A canoe from Bulotu brought wives for the two men first-formed, and their children became great chiefs.

Does this tradition of the superiority of the first women to their earth-born lords account for the unusual respect shown to women generally by the Friendly Islanders? Or, does this respect account for the tradition?

Momo, of whose existence Kijikiji thought so little, grew up into a wonderful man; indeed he was a kind of demigod. He never became old, and outlived many generations. Now, when any thing is spoken of as having happened long since, the people will say, "It happened in the time of Momo."

After the peopleing of the earth it was long before fire was known. Of course no food could be cooked. This want was at last supplied in the following way. Maui Atalonga and Maui Kijikiji lived at Koloa in Hafaa. Every morning Maui Atalonga left his home

to visit Bulotu; every afternoon he returned bringing with him cooked food. He never took Kijikiji with him, nor did he allow his son to know the mode by which he made the journey; for Kijikiji was young, full of fun, and fond of practical jokes. Kijikiji's curiosity was awakened however, and he determined to find out his father's path and to follow him to Bulotu. He traced him to the mouth of a cave, over which grew a large reed bush, so as to hide it from the observation of passers by. But young Maui made a prying search, found the entrance, and descended. Arrived at Bulotu, he saw his father at work with his back towards him; he was busy with a plot of ground that he kept under cultivation. Young Maui plucked a fruit from the nonu-tree, (this fruit is somewhat larger than an apple) bit a piece off, and in his mischievous way, threw the remainder at his father. The father picked it up, saw the marks of his son's teeth, turned and said, "what brings you here? Mind what you are doing? This Bulotu is a dreadful place." He then proceeded to warn him against the dangers attending bad conduct. Maui set Kijikiji to help him in clearing a piece of ground, and above all, he begged him not to look behind him. Instead of minding his father's advice, Kijikiji did his work very badly. He would pull up a few weeds and then look behind him. All the morning it was weed and look round, weed and look round, so that very little good was done. The weeds grew apace, much faster than father and son could pull up. Afternoon came, and Maui Atalonga wished to cook

his food. "Go," said he to his son, "and get a little fire." This was just what Kijikiji wanted. "Where shall I go?" "To the Modua." Off he went, and found the oldest Maui lying on a mat by the fire-side for warmth. His fire was a large iron-wood tree, heated at one end. Young Maui appeared. The old man was much surprised at the intrusion, but did not know his grandson. "What do you want?" he asked. "Some fire." "Take some." Young Maui put a little into a cocoa-nut shell and carried it a short way. But his love of mischief springing up, he blew it out, and went back to the old man with an empty shell. The same questions and answers followed. Again young Maui obtained the precious gift, and again he made away with it. A third time he appeared before his grandfather. The old man was nettled. "Take the whole of it," said he. Young Maui, without more ado, took up the immense iron-wood tree and walked off with it. Now the old man knew him to be something more than mortal, and shouted after him, "*Helo, he, he, Ke-ta-fai*," a challenge to wrestle. Quite ready for this also, the youth turned. They closed and wrestled. Old Maui seized his opponent by the dress that was tightly girded round his waist, swung him round, his feet clearing the ground, and dashed him towards earth. Kijikiji, catlike, lighted on his feet. It was now his turn; and seizing his grandfather in the same way, he swung him round, flung him on the ground, and broke every bone in his body. Old Maui has been in a decrepid state ever since. He lies, feeble and sleepy,

underneath the earth. When an earthquake threatens, the Tonguese shout the war-whoop in order to awaken old Maui, whom they suppose to be turning round. They fear lest he should get up, and in rising, overturn the world.

On the return of Kijikiji to his father, he was asked what had detained him so long. The youth was silent; and as he refused to answer any questions about the old man, Maui-Atalonga suspected that something was wrong. He went to see, found old Maui bruised and disabled, and hastened back to punish his son. The son ran off, and the father chased him vigorously, but without success. Evening came on, and the two prepared to return to earth. Maui cautioned his son against taking any fire with him; but again the sober spirit of the elder was no match for the tricksiness of the younger god. He wrapped up a little fire in the end of the long garment that he wore, and trailed it after him. The father went on first. As he was nearing the summit he began to sniff. "I smell fire," said he. Young Maui was close behind. He hurried on, hastily drew up his sash, and scattered its contents all around. The neighbouring trees were soon on fire, and for a time the earth seemed to be in great peril. However the evil was soon checked, while the good remained. A lasting benefit was conferred on the islanders who have, ever since, been able to light a fire, and cook their food. There is something in this legend of the rude Tonguese that reminds one of the Prometheus of the classic Greeks.

Coming from the region of fancy to the sober world of fact, I may here name the way in which fire is actually obtained when needed by the Friendly Islanders. We are told that it is done "by rubbing two sticks together." Perhaps you may think as I used to do, that all that is required is to pick up any two sticks that one may happen to meet with, and to rub till they begin to burn. Not exactly so. The natives choose hard wood. They take one piece and cut a short groove in it; they then take a second piece and work it up and down the groove, always pushing it to the end. A little fine dust is soon rubbed off; and by-and-by this dust at the end of the groove begins to smoke; and where there is smoke, according to our English proverb, we expect to find fire.

The people in their heathen state not only had a dread of spirits, but often went to them for help. "They used divinations." If a man were robbed of his property, or otherwise ill-used by another, he would go to those who knew the mind of the spirits, and state his wrong. And, strange as it may seem, the wrong-doer either brought back the stolen property, or died in the course of a short time. Perhaps the strength of fear is sufficient to account for death. They were very superstitous. Flights of birds across their path would alarm them. Sneezing was noticed as a bad omen. Dreams were much observed, as they imagined that the spirits often spoke to them thus.

All the shrines of gods were *tabu*, forbidden. A

piece of land in Tonga was left uncultivated for the sake of the wild pigeon. It was *tabu* to the natives: and these birds were its undisturbed tenants. Things belonging to the chiefs were often forbidden to the common people, and some sign of its being *tabu* was placed upon it. Thus a chief wishing to preserve the fruit of a certain tree, would hang up in its branches a piece of white cloth. It was then *tabu* to the people, none of whom dare touch it.

Several distinct orders of people are recognised in the Friendly Islands. The common people are called *Tuas*. Above them rank the *Matabulis*. Their name is taken from two words meaning face and govern. They represent the king, and fill offices of trust, as heads of villages. Next come the *Muas*, occupying an intermediate place between the Matabulis and the chiefs. They may be called gentlemen, and are companions of the chiefs, associating freely with them, and helping them with advice when consulted. The *Eikes*, or chiefs, are a large class, differing from one another in degree of dignity. The term "Eike" answers well to our term "Lord," and is so used in Scripture translations. It was at one time only applied to the royal family; but after a while all the great chiefs were honoured with this title, and now it is often used to masters of canoes and other vessels. Like our "Esquire" it has become a term of compliment. From among the chiefs are chosen governors of districts, or of groups of islands. One is sent out as head governor,

and others are around him to lighten his toil. They have also the charge of expeditions. The chiefs are distinguished by the comeliness of their persons, and by an air of superiority; so that it is not very easy to mistake a Tonguese aristocrat. This superiority may be accounted for in part by the careful manner in which the children of chiefs are brought up. They are always well fed, and nicely clothed; and, like wild flowers planted in a garden, they soon improve in size and beauty.

There is a royal family among the chiefs, and the king must be chosen from its members. Royalty is not hereditary. The king's son, if a very promising person, may be chosen as his successor: but all the male members of the royal family are eligible; and very often the king's brother, or nephew, is preferred to his son. A very young person, or a foolish person, stands no chance of election. They wish their king to be the father and friend of his people; and for this they need a man of some sense and experience. In Tonga, if war is declared, the king must declare it: if peace is made, the king is the maker of it.

There used to be in Tonga a lower order of people than any that I have named,—*Bobulas*, or slaves. They had been either taken in war, or presented by one chief to another. This was a frequent mode of punishing offenders. Their own chief, when greatly displeased, would send them away to be the slaves of another. There was one family, the servants of a great chief, the members of which were always liable to be

offered in sacrifice. Was a human sacrifice needed, this devoted family knew that one among their number must soon bleed and die, and the only question was upon which the stroke would fall. To that family the message of the gospel must have been good tidings indeed!

Slavery in Tonga is at an end. George, the present King of Tonga, heard what England had done for her West Indian slaves, and calling his own together, he gave them their freedom. Some begged to remain with him, and are now his willing and active servants, glad to stay, though free to go. The word "Bobula" is still used as an expression of contempt.

In their heathen state the chiefs did nothing but amuse themselves. It was a pleasant pastime to go out in their canoes to fish, and at home they had many games to assist them in filling up the hours of the long day. One game was called *Lafa*. A mat was spread before them and some seeds placed upon it. To strike these seeds from one to another formed a sufficient entertainment for their vacant minds. There was a little more ingenuity and excitement in another of their sports. To take the wild-pigeon, *Hea-lube*, they made a large cage and covered it with leaves and small branches; then creeping inside they set a decoy-bird on the top of the cage to call others down. When the pigeons came at his bidding they were suddenly seized by the lier-in-wait.

Marriages in Tonga are more frequently the result

of arrangements made by friends than the choice of the young people themselves. Betrothals are common in early life. The parents consult together and when the marriage is agreed upon the parents of the young man take presents to the intended bride. Visits are exchanged; food is eaten, and kava drunk. In due time the young woman is taken to her future home, and from that day preparations are begun for the bridal feast, which does not take place till eight months have gone by. It sometimes happens that the parties do not like each other; they separate, and the feast is never given. But such a case does not often occur. The preparations for a grand wedding are very extensive. Whole fields of yams are set apart, and numberless articles of native manufacture, cloth, baskets, &c., are provided. Sometimes 4,000 or 5,000 will meet and feast together on such an occasion. You may imagine how many friendly visits are exchanged, and how busy the Tonguese cooks are.

Children are much desired and greatly prized. Infanticide, so common in the Society Islands, was not known in Tonga, even in her worst days. On the contrary, a large family was always a subject of rejoicing. The natives show their love to their children by tending them carefully. The first food of infants after their weaning is the kernel of very young cocoanuts. On this the Tongan babies live and thrive. They are not squeezed out of shape with tight bandages. Their parents dress them in scanty clothing. They are kept very clean by frequent bathing. Cleanliness

seems to be a point of anxiety with the parents, and to secure it they are in the habit of shaving off much of an infant's hair, and anointing the head with a kind of clay, moistened and mixed, till it becomes quite soft. It is allowed to lie for a short time on the head, and then gently washed off.

Much time is spent by the natives in cleaning and dressing their own hair. Oil is in constant use. They make it from the cocoa-nut, and sweeten it with pleasant scents of flowers, and fruits, and sandal-wood. This is applied freely to their heads and persons. Some of the young men, Tongan exquisites, use it with more profusion than good sense. They have not yet learnt that admirable lesson, "To overdo is to undo."

To give you an idea of the various kinds of native dress, I will borrow a passage from the "Authentic Narrative." "The dress principally consisted of a piece of cloth, several yards in extent, wrapped round the body, and fastened by a peculiar kind of knot, below the bosom, whence it hung down loose below the knee. This dress, by being tied close with a belt, was sufficiently long to throw the upper part on the shoulders. But however this was done at other times, it was always thrown off the shoulders whenever a chief came in sight. A person who should neglect this would be instantly struck to the ground, as guilty of the greatest disrespect. This full dress, however, was too costly for the generality to procure, nor do the chiefs always wear it. The general dress

is made of the Gee leaves, which spring up from a large root and are very broad and strong. These are shredded fine: and being thickly entwined in a belt of the same kind, and fastened round the waist, they hang down to the mid-thigh like a full fringe. On festive occasions this is a very common dress with the women as well as the men, especially in their public dances, when encircling strings of flowers are the only addition to this dress. There are none but can obtain this dress. The inferior classes, however, often wear only the maro, which is a belt about four or five inches broad, crossed and fastened round the waist. And, indeed, when they are employed in fishing, or any other active business, or when they go to war, this covering generally composes the whole of their dress."

There are a few official titles, *Tui-tonga*, *Tui-kanokubolu*, *Tamaha*, &c., that always used to puzzle me when I met with them in the narratives of English visitors to the islands. I shall try to make them plain to you.

It appears that in former times the whole control in civil and religious matters was in the hands of one person. He was called the *Tui*, or king of Tonga. But he was as much a priest as a king. Thus things continued for many years. But at last one of the Tui-tongas found his double office more than he could well sustain. So keeping the priestly duties and honours in his own hands, he placed the civil govern-

ment in the hands of his brother, who became *Tui-kanokubolu*, or King of all the Islands. The interests of the Tui-tonga have ever since been cared for by the Tui-kanokubolu. He is watched over so well that he has no choice in anything; all his business is to take the pleasures provided for him. So he eats, and sleeps, and enjoys himself as well as a man can who is so lazy, and who never has the stimulus of contradiction. The Tui-tonga must marry the daughter of the Tui-kanokubolu; and that young lady must be handed to him by her father. She is usually taken away again when she has become the mother of one or two children; being considered too great a lady to be subjected to the cares of a large family. If she have a son, he becomes the next Tui-tonga. He is, you will observe, the grandson of the reigning king; but he is called his *sacred son*, Foha-tabu. Her daughter, if she have one, is called the *Tui-tonga Fefine*, the lady Tui-tonga. Her dignity is very great. She is treated as a kind of divinity. Her rank is too high to allow of her uniting herself in marriage with any mortal: but it is not thought wrong or degrading for her to have a family, and in case of the birth of a daughter the child becomes the *Tamaha*. This lady rises higher than her mother in rank, and is nearer the gods. Every one approaches her with gifts and homage. Her grandfather will bring his offerings and sit down before her, with all humility, like any of the common people. Sick people come to her for cure. Shortly after Mr. Thomas's arrival at Tonga, he began to dispense

medicines to those who needed them, and the fame of his success reached the Tamaha. One day a sick person was brought to her. "Why do you bring him to me?" she said; "Take him to Mr. Thomas."

Mr. Thomas was sent for, and explained that though he gave the medicine, God gave the cure; and that it was his practice to pray for a blessing upon the means he used for the recovery of the sick. The Tamaha did not object; but some of her attendants thought it would be an infringement upon her dignity to allow prayer to be made to another in her presence. The man was taken to a short distance, and then prayer was offered and medicine given. You will feel glad to hear that the man recovered speedily. This Tamaha became a true Christian. She died in 1852, after a long life of more than eighty years. She well remembered Captain Cook's visit—the starting point in Tonguese chronology. No one has been appointed to succeed her.

From what has been said you will not fail to perceive that as Christianity prevails, these heathen titles must drop. The present Tui-tonga, long a resolute heathen, and now a Roman Catholic, is likely to be the last man who will hold that office. King George has no daughter to give; but had he many he would not think of handing one of them over to the Tui-tonga. Besides the uselessness of the office is now generally acknowledged.

The language of the chain of islands known as

Polynesia Proper, extending from the Friendly Islands in the South, to the Sandwich Islands in the North Pacific, is radically the same. Many dialects are spoken: but these are very similar in structure and idiom. The language of the Friendly Islands is one branch of this fruitful parent stock. Its leading characteristics are softness and harmony; but it is not deficient in fullness and force. Vowel sounds predominate; indeed every word and every syllable in the language ends in a vowel. Double consonants never occur. This, of course, renders the language sweet and flowing; but, when foreign words are introduced, which is frequently the case, they have to be so much altered that it is often difficult to recognise them. The names of some of the Missionaries, if written according to the native mode of spelling, would be a complete puzzle to their friends at home. Mr. Waterhouse, for instance, they call *Uatehousi*. One of the Missionaries, in learning the language, came to a new and hard word, and asked its meaning of a native. "Why, don't you know your own language?" said the man. It was an English word rendered unintelligible by the introduction of vowels.

The Tonguese alphabet consists of seventeen letters. In arranging the alphabet, the vowels are always placed first.

The sounds of the letters are as under:—

a, sounded as in *father*.
e, sounded as *a* in *day*.

i,	sounded as	*i*	in	*machine.*
o,	„	*o*	in	*mole.*
u,	„	*oo*	in	*cool.*
b,	„	*ba*	in	*bark.*
f,	„	*fa*	in	*father.*
g,	„	*gn*	in	*signal*, divided thus, si-gnal.
h,	„	*ha*	in	*hand.*
j,	„	*ch*	in	*cheese.*
k,	„	*ka*	in	*kalendar*, and sometimes almost like the hard *g*.
l,	„	*la*	in	*lard.*
m,	„	*ma*	in	*mark.*
n,	„	*na*	in	*nag.*
s,	„	*sa*	in	*sand.*
t,	„	*ta*	in	*tar.*
v,	„	*va*	in	*varnish.*

There are slight variations of sound, such as are fully known only to those who learn the language. You will observe that there is no *p* in the language. The *b* sound is something between that of *b* and *p*, sometimes approaching more nearly to the one and sometimes to the other sound. Thus we see the name of the centre group of Islands sometimes spelt *Haapai* and sometimes *Haabai*. If you make yourself familiar with the Tongan alphabet as given above, you will not find much difficulty in pronuncing correctly the many Tonguese names that occur in these pages. It will, I think, enable you to form some idea of the structure of the language, to give the Lord's prayer, with as literal a translation as can be made. It is not possible to render into English, all the Tonguese particles. For this prayer and its translation, and for the substance of the foregoing remarks on the lan-

guage, I am indebted to the Rev. George Kevern, for eight years a Missionary in the Islands.

Ko e mau tamai oku i he lagi. Ke tabuha
Our Father (which) art in the heaven. Be blessed
ho huafa. Ke hoko mai hoo bule. Ke fai
thy name. Let come thy reign. Be done
ho finagalo i mamani o hage i he lagi
thy will in earth even as in the heaven.
Ke foaki mai he aho ni haa mau mea kai.
Be given the day this our food.
Bea fakamolemole e mau agahala o hage ko e mau
And forgive our sins even as we
fakamolemolea akiuautolu kuo fai agahala kiate
forgive them (who) commit sin against
kimautolu. Bea oua naa tuku akimautolu ki
us. And do not deliver us to
he ahiahi, kae fakamoui akimautolu mei he
the temptation but save us from the
kovi: He oku oou ae bule, moe malohi moe naunau,
evil: For is thine the reign, and power, and glory,
o taegata bea taegata. Emeni.
for ever and ever. Amen.

"*Ko e* at the commencement of the Lord's prayer is construed with the following word *mau*, which is a pronoun of the first person plural; *e* is a particle used as a sign of the possessive case; *ko*, an idiomatic prefix used at the commencement of a sentence in this connection. *Koe*, as one word, is either the

definite article, or a pronoun of the second person singular, according to its relation to other words preceding or following."

The Tonguese in their native state, might be called a polite people; that is, they were observant of many kinds of etiquette. If two friends met in the public road, they would accost one another; "Whence comest thou? Whither art thou going?" or, more slightly, "My love to you." Should a visitor enter a house during a repast, etiquette requires that a portion be handed to the stranger; and if other visitors should follow, the first would divide his small piece into still smaller portions, and hand them to the new-comers. Were this rule neglected, it would be called, *kai vale*, or foolish eating. If one in a family were to receive a nice present of food and eat it alone, without telling the rest, it would be called *kai bo*, or, eating in the dark.

Chiefs alone may use a mosquito brush. The common people must rid themselves of their annoyers by a small branch of a tree.

But the most striking instance of the national politeness occurs in their use of language. The words used when the chiefs of the highest rank are addressed, differ from those in common use. While the head of a common man would be called *ulu*, the head of a chief would be *Fofoga*. This is called reverential language. The Missionaries have availed themselves of such distinctions in teaching sacred truths. Speak-

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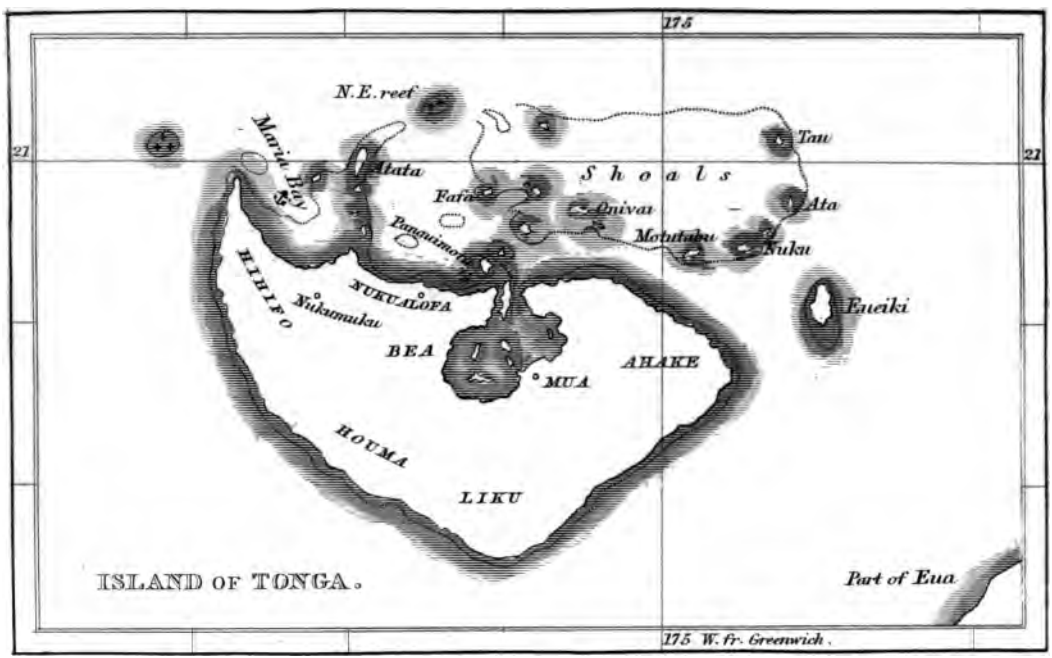

ISLAND OF TONGA.

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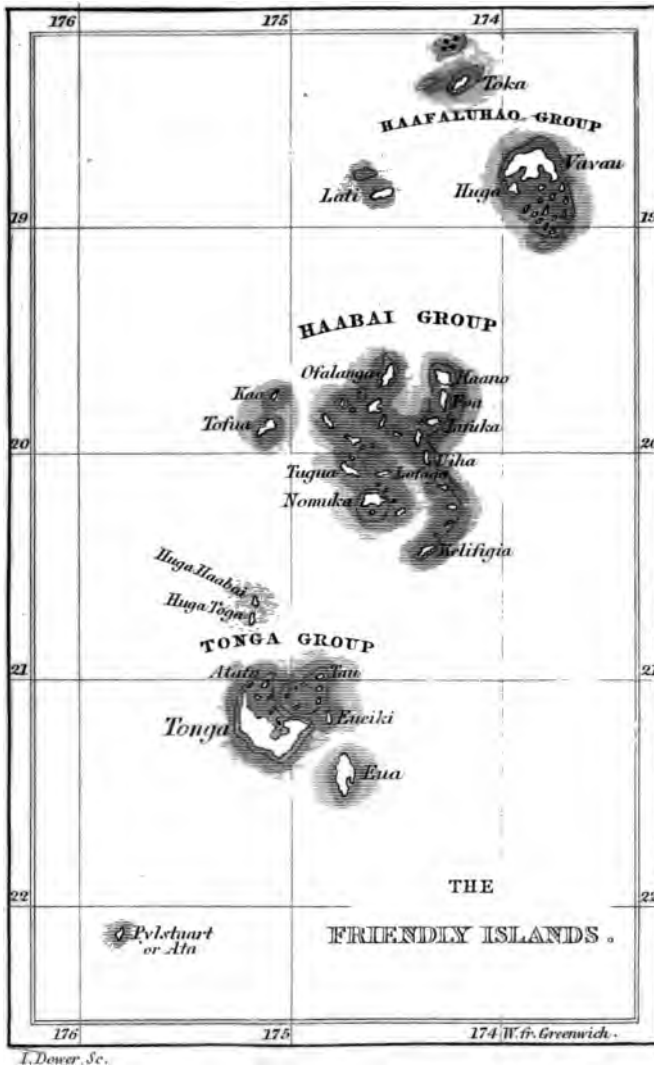
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175
174
Toka
HAAFALUHAO GROUP
Vavau
Lati
Huga
19
HAABAI GROUP
Ofalanga
Kao
Tofua
Kaano
Fea
Lifuka
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Uiha
Tugua
Lofaga
Nomuka
Kelifigia
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TONGA GROUP
21
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ing of the blood of an ordinary person, they would say, *toto;* but when they speak of the blood of Christ, they say, *taataa.*

The Friendly Islands consist of three groups in one large cluster.

1. Tonga group. Tonga, Eua, Vueiki, Atata, Fafa, &c.

2. Haabai group. Lifuka, Foa, Haauo, Uiha, Lofuga, Oua, Nomuka, &c.

3. Haafuluhao group. Vavau, Otea, Huga, Ovaka, Fuaamotu, Koloa, Oloua, Ofu, Bagimotu, Lati, Toku, &c.

Keppel's Island, one hundred and sixty miles to the north of Vavau, the Samoan or Navigators' Islands lying still farther north, and the Fijis in a north westerly direction, are all, more or less, connected with Tonga, either by the common origin of the inhabitants, or by political interest, or by the associations of trade. When first the Wesleyan Missionaries began their work at Tonga, many chiefs and others from the Samoas and Fijis were in the habit of visiting that Island. They heard the truth preached, and carried away with them fragments to make glad their friends at home. It was from Tonga, as a centre, that the word of life was first conveyed to all the Islands that I have named, and such a desire for European teachers excited, as led in after years to their hailing Missionaries as the most welcome guests.

Chapter IX.

METHODIST MISSION.

SOME of our brethren of other names, have said, that one of the chief features of Methodist Christianity is its psalm-singing joyousness. We do not, I suppose, object to their having it so. But there are certain qualities that we always expect to find together. Courage is a fit companion for joy. In the Christian life, the secret of "strength" is "the joy of the Lord." Then if we really have an abundant gift of joyfulness, we ought to have surpassing courage. The world will expect, and our God will demand of us, the fortitude that endures continual reproach—the dauntlessness that meets danger face to face. Occasions are not wanting for the exercise of these qualities. Though in our days men are not dragged through ponds, or horsewhipped, or set in the stocks, for the offence of preaching the gospel, yet the reproach of Methodism has not ceased at home, and abroad its agents are acquainted with perils. Thus thirty years ago the Friendly Islands,

of disastrous mission history, were opened to their labours; and more recently they have accepted the task of trying to turn Fiji, that "field of blood," into "the garden of the Lord." Our calling remains the same as ever. It is for us to be true to its responsibilities.

About sixteen years after the agents of the London Missionary Society had entered upon their work in the Society Islands, the tardy fruit began to appear. Interesting accounts reached New South Wales and England, of the change of many of the islanders from heathen idolatry to the worship of the true God. A few years later, in 1820, news came that the king had become a convert, had been received into the Christian church by baptism, and had issued a code of laws for the moral government of his people.

With the happy and grateful thoughts that such news excited in the minds of British Christians, came thoughts of sympathy and sorrow for the forsaken Friendly Islanders, and a desire to revive that mission. And this time it was the Wesleyan Missionary Society that addressed itself to the task. Before arrangements had been fully made by the committee in London, the Rev. Walter Lawry, then residing in New South Wales, determined on a visit of experiment. He had heard much of the people from Mrs. Shelley, the widow of one of the first Missionaries. Mr. Shelley was more reluctant than his brethren to quit Tonga, and he retained till death a lively interest in the people. "Out of the abundance of the heart"

his mouth had often spoken, and the time came at last when his words influenced another heart, and led to a new attempt for the good of the islands.

In the month of June, 1822, Mr. Lawry, and his family sailed from Sydney cove, in the ship *St. Michael*, for Tonga. His party consisted of Mrs. Lawry and her child; an old English Methodist, who had lived with Mr. Lawry in New South Wales; George Lilley, a carpenter, and Charles Tindall, a blacksmith—both pious and useful young men; and a boy from the Marquesas, named Macanoe. Mr. Lawry hoped that he would have been of use as an interpreter, but the language of the Marquesas differs so much from the Friendly Islands, that this hope was disappointed. However the boy's hands proved more useful than his tongue. He acted as a cook when large parties of heathen called at Mr. Lawry's house.

The Governor of New South Wales favoured the experiment, and furnished the Missionary with cattle and sheep from the government stock of the colony. The owners of the *St. Michael* purposed to remain some months among the islands to trade there; and it was thought that this would give Mr. Lawry time to form an opinion as to the disposition of the natives, and as to the probability of forming a permanent station. On the 16th August, the vessel anchored before Tonga. Among the hundreds of natives that, as usual, came off from shore, was William Singleton, an Englishman who had lived

sixteen years in the island, ever since the cutting off of the *Port-au-Prince*. He was a thorough Tongaman in his manners and language; but his conduct was not so abandoned and violent as that of Ambler and his companions had been; and he became very useful to Mr. Lawry as an interpreter. Ultimately he embraced Christianity.

A few days after Mr. Lawry landed, he requested an interview with the principal chiefs. He was taken into a house of respectable appearance; its lofty roof was supported by pillars, and the floor was covered with mats. Seven chiefs met him, and a vast crowd of the people formed themselves into a circle outside. He spoke of the goodwill of the English people, explained his own design in coming, and asked many questions. The answers of the chiefs were generally satisfactory. They promised to treat Mr. Lawry and his companions very kindly, and to send "thousands" of their children to school. They gave presents to Mr. Lawry, even stripping off their best garments and handing them to him, one of the highest marks of Tongan courtesy. The principal chief of the island, named Palau, was very desirous that Mr. Lawry should settle near him. For two or three months the kindness of the natives, and their readiness to receive instruction, raised Mr. Lawry's hopes; and he wrote home for more Missionaries, a surgeon, a printer, teachers, books, and articles of barter. In the month of November, shortly after the departure of the *St. Michael*, things began to wear a

different aspect. At the kava-ring, speeches were made against the new comers. It was suggested that they were spies, intending to conquer the island. "See," said one, "these people are always praying to their gods as the other Missionaries were, and what was the consequence of their praying? Why, the war broke out, and all the old chiefs were killed." Another told his dream—how in the night the spirit of an old chief had returned to earth, seen the fencing of the new mission house, and said in great wrath, "The Papalangi will pray you all dead." These conferences influenced the conduct of the natives. They became boisterous; and sometimes seized on articles of property belonging to the mission party. On Mr. Lawry's remonstrating with them, they made signs which Singleton interpreted to mean, "Make ready; let us put an end to these Papalangi."

Palau was away, carrying on a war with the natives of Eua. On his return he punished the offenders severely, and thus allayed the fears of his visitors. But the friendship of the people was not always shown in a pleasant manner. They would push their way into the house, and even into Mr. Lawry's bed-room, as early as six o'clock in the morning. He remarks on their untimely visit, "This is only one of the 'all things' that love beareth.'"

Every day Mr. Lawry sought occasions for conversing with the natives on the subject of religion. It was very hard work to convey to their minds any distinct ideas of sacred truth. Their entire ignorance

of such things, and his own imperfect acquaintance with the language, stood in his way. Their general answer to him was, "Your religion is very good for you, and ours is very good for us." One day, when telling Palau that the eye of Jehovah was upon him, and upon all men, in all places, and at all times, the chief seemed greatly astonished. Mr. Lawry took advantage of the momentary impression to say, "When I can speak more of your language, I will tell you greater things than these;" and the promise was received with evident pleasure.

On another occasion Mr. Lawry walked into a native village, where he met with several of the more intelligent natives. He spoke to them "of the true God, and his wonderful works in the days of old; how he healed the sick, and raised the dead; and that he loved all men in every land, even the people of Tonga; and that we were come to the islands on purpose to tell them these things." The natives seemed to be much interested in the truths thus spoken to them.

During Mr. Lawry's stay, a mission house, and other buildings, including a blacksmith's shop, were erected; a large piece of ground was fenced in, and a garden brought under cultivation; fruit-trees and vegetables from New South Wales were planted; and cattle and poultry introduced. A visit was paid to Hihifo, when Ata, (son of the former chief of that name) received Mr. Lawry kindly, and desired him to "make marks," that is, write "to Beritani," so they

call Britain, "for more Missionaries to come and live with him at Hihifo."

Towards the close of the year 1823, the *St. Michael* returned. On board was a young chief named Futakava, who had been on a visit to New South Wales. He gave an account of what he had seen to his countrymen; and his narrative was likely to dispose their minds to a favourable reception of English teaching.

"He related, in a most orderly and impressive manner, the particulars of his voyage from Tonga to New Zealand, and from New Zealand to Sydney; of the former place, he said nothing favourable, only that there were some white men there, endeavouring to make the natives wise; upon the mention of which he added this remark: that Missionaries were now sent out from England to all the lands, and they were striving with each other in their several stations, which should first succeed. His remarks upon the stone walls, large houses, articles of barter in the shops, number of ships in the harbour, exercising of the soldiers, variety of fruits, enormous size of the horses and horned cattle, extent of the country, and above all, the unbounded liberality and kindness of our friends, produced an electrifying effect upon the chiefs; who sat amazed, and overwhelmed to hear such reports from their own relations, whose veracity they never questioned. The young man also informed them of our schools, especially Sunday

schools, and the sacred attention which the people at Port Jackson pay to the Sabbath day; and he said the people of Tonga would never be wise till they adopted the same measures. The chiefs unanimously replied, that they thought so too. The condescending attention, liberality, and advices of his Excellency Sir Thomas Brisbane, were detailed with uncommon eloquence and effect."

On the 3rd October, Mr. Lawry and his family embarked for New South Wales, after a brief stay in the Islands of fourteen months. Mrs. Lawry's health required a temporary absence, and her husband was appointed to another station. The conduct of the chiefs and people had been fickle. Sometimes they showed the greatest kindness; at other times by thefts and menaces they excited Mr. Lawry's fears lest he should by-and-by share the fate of those "whose graves were before his eyes." Twice indeed, they seem to have plotted the destruction of himself and his family. Mr. Lawry's opinion of the morals of the Tonguese is thus expressed:—

"The navigators who first visited these islands, and the cast-away mariners, who have resided among them for several years, have attempted to wash these Ethiops white, by representing their morals as equal, if not superior, to those of any civilized nation; the fact however, is, they follow their natural inclinations, and are 'earthly, sensual, devilish.' It is not con-

sidered a disgrace to lie or steal, unless detection follow; and then it is very rarely punished. Treachery is the peculiar characteristic of these islanders; and as to chastity, it is little regarded. Their whole lives are a scene of corruption."

Vast crowds collected to see Mr. Lawry off. The natives conveyed his luggage by canoes to the ship, a distance of seven or eight miles; and, just as he was ready to step into the boat, one of the chief speakers expressed the thanks of the people for his visit, and their hope that he would return.

We once more find the mission to the Friendly Islands broken up. It is true that the young men, Lilley and Tindall, stayed at Tonga; but soon after Mr. Lawry's departure, Palau broke all his promises, ill-treated them, and threatened to kill them if they did not go away. Meantime, three native teachers, from Tahiti, were sent by the Missionaries of the London Missionary Society to Vavau. Unhappily, the heathen influences surrounding them there, proved too strong for these new converts. They had been sent to instruct others, in a scene of peculiar temptation, while they themselves needed to be more firmly grounded in the truth; and instead of leading the heathen of Vavau to Christianity, they returned to heathenism.*

* It is satisfactory to know that, in after years, two of these men became truly penitent, and were again united to the church. One died hopefully, and the other is still a consistent member of the Wesleyan Society. The third clung to heathenism during life, and died an awful death.

So far there has been little to cheer us in the mission of these islands. But we open a brighter page in their history. "The time to favour," these isles was "come." God's thoughts towards them were "thoughts of peace and not of evil."

In the month of June, 1826, a young Missionary, sent by the Wesleyan Missionary Committee in London, landed at Tonga. He was endued with the trust and foresight of faith; with strength to endure; patience to wait; and courage to go forward in the face of danger. D. M. Moir has sung,

> "He, from duty never altering,
> Who, with faith's heroic ken,
> Forward treads with step unfaltering,
> Is the man of men!"

Such a man has often been given to the churches in their time of need. For such a man King George and his whole people have abundant reason to bless God, "from whom all good gifts do proceed." The Rev. John Thomas went in and out among the Friendly Islanders for twenty-five years, teaching and living as became a Christian minister. When he reached the islands, not one of all their inhabitants had forsaken his father's gods. When he left in 1850, except a small heathen party in Tonga, the inhabitants of the whole group were nominal Christians, and a large number of these were witnessing to the truth and power of religion, by a life of consistent piety. In the course of those twenty-five years, Mr. Thomas

had many devoted fellow-helpers: but it was his peculiar privilege to begin and to carry through its early difficulties the work whose issue has been so glorious.* The spirit in which Mr. Thomas entered upon his labours may be seen in the following lines, written towards the end of his outward voyage. "We have been, and still are led to expect much from God. We have seen His hand in our appointment, in our preservation, and in our support; and from his past favours we are encouraged to trust in Him. We do not go to Tonga, expecting the wilderness to become a fruitful field without care and labour; but we go desiring and praying to become the honoured instruments in the hand of God, of clearing away the rubbish, breaking up the ground, and casting in the precious seed of divine truth, which shall spring up, bear fruit, and yield an abundant harvest of immortal souls."

The vessel that conveyed Mr. Thomas and his companion, Mr. Hutchinson, neared Tonga in the midst of a heavy storm, and it was found impossible to land at the old mission station. A few days of uncertainty passed by, and then good anchorage was found in Maria bay. Before this, however, the Missionaries had gone ashore in a boat, had obtained an interview with Charles Tindall, and learned from

* After spending three years among friends in his native land, Mr. Thomas is about to return to the country of his adoption, accompanied by his excellent wife, the sharer of all his past toils and successes.

him that it would not be safe to place themselves under the protection of Mr. Lawry's chief, as he had broken faith with him, and ill-used the young men left on the island. They then sought a meeting with the great chief, Ata, living at Hihifo. He showed much friendliness, led them into his house, and placed them on a mat. Scores of the natives gathered around. Mr. Thomas explained the reason of their coming; not because Tonga was better than England; not because they wished to join in the native wars; but because they desired to teach the people the law of God, and other good things. He asked whether the chief was willing for them to settle in the country; whether he would permit them to carry on their own religious worship; whether they would send their children to be taught, give land for mission premises, and protect the persons and property of the Missionaries. Much pleasure was expressed by the chief and his people. Full promises were made; and a beautiful plot of ground, with a fine sea breeze sweeping over it, was allotted to their use.

As on former occasions, the way seemed open; but by this time the fickleness and treachery of the people were well known, and the new Missionaries' hopes were tempered by the remembrance of past disappointments. Within a week or two they had proof that their property was more coveted than their teaching. Their chief, Ata, in particular, was very difficult to deal with. There was no knowing when he was pleased, or how to please him. On the 13th July

he was present at morning worship, and behaved with the utmost seriousness; within a month of that time he withdrew his protection from the Missionaries, allowed men, and even boys, to rob and to insult them, and declared that he would burn down their house. Like their predecessors, they began to fear for their personal safety. At the kava-ring there was much talk about the designs of the Missionaries. It was reported that each kept a box of spirits (spiritual beings) brought "on purpose to eat up the Tonga people." The chief had the good sense to object, that the spirits were hardly likely to eat up *all* the people, and that if any survived, there would be no chance of escape for the Missionaries; he scarcely thought that they would be foolish enough to run so great a risk. A short time after, the chief expressed dissatisfaction with the articles given in payment for thatching the Mission-house; he threw them into the air, drove the Missionaries out of their own premises, and again threatened to kill them. An old Matabuli befriended them, and his pleading proved effectual.

Every hinderance was thrown in the way of their chief design. Ata called all his people together, rebuked those who had attended public worship, and commanded them to leave the district. He spoke contemptuously of the God of the Christians, and forbade his people to go to His worship, on pain of death. In spite of these threats, the worship was continued as usual, and many of the natives ventured to attend it. The chief then set men to watch the

gates and even watched them himself, on the Lord's day, to prevent the people from going in; and some poor children were run after and driven away. The wife of the chief, of the same mind as her husband, took away from Mrs. Hutchinson a few young women, whom she was teaching to sew and read. Ata also deprived the Missionaries of the privilege of buying anything of the natives; yet he still called himself their friend, and ate with them almost every day.

In the month of November, the people began to fear famine, because of the long and unwonted continuance of dry weather. This misfortune was, of course, referred to the English. They said that the Tonga gods were angry with the people, for allowing the Missionaries to settle among them; that the Tonga and English gods had had a quarrel on the subject; and that the Tonga gods, being the stronger, were now punishing them for their sins. It was "a day of rebuke."

The next year opened more peacefully. There was a lull in the storm. In February, 1827, a great number of natives from Nukualofa attended the preaching at Hihifo, having walked twelve miles for that purpose. In April of that year, Mr. Thomas wrote home; and from his letter, I shall make a few extracts.

"Most of the chiefs upon this island will say, how glad they would be to have Missionaries; but the truth is they only want our property, and many of

them cannot protect us from other chiefs; neither do they wish to change their religion; but whatever chief first receives a Missionary or an Englishman, all the property he has is considered as belonging to that chief; and Englishmen that come here from vessels are in general stripped of every thing they have, and then clothed in tapa, and permitted to live amongst them. There is a great deal of cunning and artifice in these people. The Apostle's description of the natural man in Romans iii., is here exhibited. This is a true picture and an awful one, too. . . . The London Missionaries had a correct view of this people's character, and we do not think that the natives have improved since their hands were imbrued in the blood of those men of God. . . . The place we occupy may be as proper for us as any, though we conclude that the gospel will be opposed here to a considerable extent. I do not, however, think the field should be left because the battle is likely to be hot; for the battle is the Lord's."

Though all was so distressing at Hihifo, good news came from Nukualofa. About two months before Mr. Thomas's landing, two native converts from Tahiti, on their way to Fiji as teachers, stopped at Tonga, and took up their residence at Nukualofa. Mr. Davis, a Missionary of the London Society, residing at Tahiti, who had sent them, on hearing of this change in their plan, wrote to Mr. Thomas in a spirit of brotherly kindness, and explained

that he had no wish to interfere with his mission, and that if he had any objection to their remaining at Tonga, he had only to send them back to Tahiti. Mr. Thomas was quite willing that the teachers should remain. These men were faithful to their mission. The Tongans did not understand Tahitian; neither did the Tahitian teachers understand Tonguese: but even with these disadvantages, they had not laboured long before a spirit of enquiry was awakened; and as we have seen, the people of Nukualofa would travel to Hihifo, in order to hear the gospel preached in their own tongue.

In 1827, the chief of the place, Tubou, gave up his gods and built a chapel for Christian worship. Here as many as chose might assemble freely. Tubou was severely tried in his profession of Christianity. He resisted the threats of many of his brother-chiefs; but at last they promised to make him Tui-kanokubolu, provided he would abandon the new religion. Kanokubolu is a place in Tonga, the sovereignty of which make its possessor King of all the Islands. This was too much for Tubou's virtue. He consented to give up praying to Jehovah for the present; but permitted the inferior chiefs and the common people to do as they pleased. You must bear in mind that in this, and many following cases, the change in the heathen was rather outward and partial, than inward and thorough. They had doubts of their own religion, and wished to try that of their visitors; so they left off seeking help from the spirits, and began to pray to

Jehovah; but as yet, the "spiritual grace" was wanting. They had not that "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," that enables a man to forsake all sin, and to live a holy life, thinking on "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."

Early in the year 1828, the hearts of the Missionaries were encouraged by the arrival of two brethren, Messrs. Nathaniel Turner and William Cross, with Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Cross. They were men of the right kind. Mr. Turner's health failed and he removed from the Friendly Islands in 1831. Mr. Cross remained there till 1835, when he was appointed to commence the mission to Fiji, where he died in 1842. Their home was at Nukualofa, the place of most promise; and there, in the month of March, a native school for adults as well as children was commenced, with an intention of teaching them to read in their own language. On the day of opening, about fifty presented themselves, all appearing very anxious to learn. About the same time, Mr. Thomas began a school at Hihifo. Here, notwithstanding the opposition of the chief, from fifteen to twenty boys attended regularly. Some of these belonged to the principal families of the district.

In the course of six months, the number of scholars, at Nukualofa, amounted to one hundred and fifty. Mr. Turner took charge of the male, and Mr.

Cross, of the female school. The progress of the pupils was rapid. Some were already able to spell words of five or six syllables, and began to read written hymns, prayers, and lessons from the Scriptures.

Meantime, the Sabbath congregations improved, as many as two hundred joining in worship. The king was induced to return, after an absence of six months; and on the first day of his appearance at chapel, many of the Matabulis who had been hanging back, pressed in. Mr. Thomas was there on a visit, and he explained, in Tonguese, the first psalm, and the parable of the tares and the wheat. It was but two years, since Mr. Thomas came to Tonga, and we find him able to preach to the people in their own tongue. His method of preparing for the duty is thus described:—

"I select some striking part of the word of God; sometimes a chapter, at others a parable; I then procure a native; we sit down together, and I endeavour to tell him what I have selected, line by line, in the native tongue; and he gives me correct expressions for what I need. This I write down first upon the slate; I read it over, and, by questions, ascertain whether or not he understands what I mean. Afterwards I write this into a book, which I keep for that purpose; and on the Sabbath day I read it to the people, making such additions as I am able, and enforcing the great duties of the Bible upon them.

This way of preparing my work is very laborious. The writing is great; but it is the best way I know of, since by this means I obtain a view of the language, partly by writing and partly by speaking it. We find it difficult at times to procure native assistance, as there are so few that are proper for this work."

It is very seldom that we find the Missionaries speaking of their own toils, their letters being filled rather with the result of those toils; but besides these remarks of Mr. Thomas's, we have ample proof that they must have been hard working men. You must not forget that before beginning ordinary school instruction, they had to reduce the spoken language of Tonga into a written form; to teach the people how signs stand for sounds, and to write out the lessons to be learned; for they had no printing-press. Mr. Cross usually gave the forenoon to the study of the language, and the afternoon to the school, teaching and preparing school-books. Already, forty hymns in the Tonguese language had been prepared by Mr. Thomas; and it was very grateful to the feelings of the Missionaries to hear the natives sing the praises of Jehovah, in their own tongue.

At Nukualofa a great change was soon noticed. Many heathen practices were given up, the Sabbath-day was kept sacred, and in many houses family worship was observed.

In the course of the year messages were received from the chiefs of neighbouring islands, requesting

the Missionaries to visit them. An expedition had left Tonga for the Island of Vavau, including many who were friendly to the new religion. On their return, they reported that they had held long conversations with the chief of Vavau, Finau, urging him to put away his gods, and to embrace Christianity. He was angry at first; but at length yielded to their persuasions, so far as to send letters to Tubou, and to Mr. Turner, begging for a teacher. He entrusted the composition of his epistles to an Englishman who lived with him, so as you read the following letter you must bear in mind that you have Finau's thoughts in an English setting.

"Mr. Turner.—Sir, I am so glad to hear that you are at Tongataboo, teaching my friend, Tubou, to know the great God; I hope, Sir, you will be so kind as to send to Port Jackson for some Missionaries to come to my island, to teach me and my people. I am tired of my spirits: they tell me so many lies that I am sick of them. Since Tubototai (the man commissioned by Tubou to confer with him) has come to see me, I have had no sleep, being so uneasy for fear that Missionaries will be so long before they get here. But if a ship should come to your island, be so good as to send one of your Missionaries to me, so that my people may see I have turned my evil spirits away. My island, Sir, will turn to our great God, because I am the only chief on the island; I have no one to control me: when I turn they will all turn. To be

sure I did try to take a ship, but I am sorry for it; there will be no more of that. Tubototai tells them all that their spirits are all lies. Be so kind, Sir, as to go quick about Missionaries as time will allow. So no more from me, a wicked sinner.

"Finau, his mark × × ×"

Tubou, and his principal people, were greatly interested in the news from Vavau, and were very anxious that Mr. Turner and his Christian Tonguese, should visit the island, that they might see and hear for themselves. But the Missionaries doubted Finau's sincerity, and were hindered, too, by the urgency of the work at home, from commencing anything fresh. If Finau were sincere at the time, he soon relapsed into his old customs. The king of Haabai went further. He visited Tonga in person, begged earnestly for a Missionary, and did his best to persuade one of those already there to accompany him on his return.

Though not able to comply with his request, they were gladdened by hearing, two or three months afterwards, that he had taken the most solemn oath to cast away his lying spirits, and to turn to Jehovah; and that he had begun to observe the Lord's day, by ceasing from work and from amusement.

These calls from other islands led the Missionaries to write home, earnestly beseeching the committee to send out additional labourers. In October, 1829, it was accordingly resolved that four Missionaries should be sent to join those already in the field. The com-

mittee also determined on furnishing a printing press and materials. The great distance between the Friendly Islands and this country, and the infrequency of opportunities for sending letters, made the time seem long, while the Missionaries and the people waited for help. Some of the natives became troublesome and almost angry. If a vessel touched their shores, their first cry was, "Have you got any Missionary for us?" On one island the people built a chapel, fully expecting a Missionary to come and preach in it; and on another they took an ungodly sailor, and set him up for a teacher. Mr. Turner, in writing home, pleaded as it were for his life. "Do my dear fathers, brethren, and friends, pity and help these thousands of perishing souls! Tell their wants, publish their cries throughout England. My heart indites more for these poor people than my tongue or pen can express." Captain Henry, master of a trading vessel that visited the islands in the autumn of 1828, wrote to Mr. Leigh, Missionary in New South Wales, in the following terms:—

"*March* 10*th*, 1829. During my voyage I visited the Friendly Islands, and had an opportunity of seeing the Missionaries at Tonga. I had frequent opportunities of visiting the chapel and school at Nukualofa, where the Rev. Messrs. Cross and Turner are stationed. They have about five hundred who regularly attend. The change is great. On former voyages I was always obliged to keep up my boarding

nets; the last time I had no occasion for them. It is now perfectly safe for any vessel to visit Tonga; the inhabitants appear quite changed for the better, which must be acknowledged by all visiting them. The greater part of the chiefs have a great desire to have Missionaries. I have no doubt that the change will soon become general. I had only one opportunity of visiting Mr. Thomas's station at Hihifo. Ata, the chief of that part of the island, is high-priest of Tonga; he has been always kind to the Missionaries, but he never would encourage anything good, till very lately he gave his consent to the building of a school-house, and has since been at Mr. Thomas's several times during family prayer, which he never would do before. On former occasions whenever he saw the books brought on the table, he would leave immediately. The whole island look to him, and say, when Ata turns that they will do the same. There are many who attend school and chapel privately for fear of Ata. The Missionaries are very comfortably settled, and have very pleasing prospects at Tonga, and the other islands, which are continually soliciting the Missionaries to visit them. At Nukualofa, Messrs. Turner and Cross have as much as they can attend to. The natives do not regard the regular school-hours, but they are always after the Missionaries with slates or books to receive instruction.

At the Haabai Islands, a short distance from Tonga, and under the same government, they have actually made a sailor their teacher. He teaches them

to read and write on the sand, and prays in the chapel on Sunday. One of the chiefs has given up his house as a chapel. At the Island of Mua they have built a very neat chapel, and were greatly disappointed when our vessel arrived, to find we had not brought them a Missionary, saying the Missionaries had been long at Tonga; if they had been half the time at Mua, the whole of the inhabitants would have embraced Christianity. At Vavau they express great desire to have Missionaries; and have written to Mr. Turner, and Tubou, the chief of Tonga, to send them one.

The whole of these islands appear of one mind to obtain Missionaries; and will, I have no doubt, soon be like the Society Islands."

It was very gratifying to the friends of missions at home to receive this confirmation of the statements made by their own agents.

While waiting for a reinforcement before proceeding to the Haabai and Vavau Islands, the Missionaries found their work at Nukualofa almost too much for their strength. The natives showed a greater interest in the instructions given, in proportion to the progress that their teachers made in the Tonguese language; and the chapel was often so crowded that numbers sat outside, not being able to find room within.

Mr. Thomas went on steadily with his work at Hihifo, in the face of strong opposition. He often talked long and earnestly with Ata on the subject of

religion, urging its claims and enforcing its sanctions; but the chief was firm. The Sabbath was disregarded, and Ata did all in his power to prevent his people from joining in Christian worship. It was Mr. Thomas's full conviction that many were disposed to turn and become people of the *lotu*, or praying people: but were withheld by respect for their chief, or by fear of his anger.

Every Sabbath morning, at ten o'clock, a small bell was rung as a summons to public worship. Mr. Thomas thus speaks of the order of the service. "We first sing a native hymn; then pray, partly from a form and partly extempore; we then sing again; read a subject in the native language, and make such enlargements as we are able; concluding by singing and prayer." In the afternoon there was a second service of the same kind. At six o'clock, an English service was held for the benefit of the Mission family.

Mr. Thomas's garden flourished. He often worked there in his hours of recreation, assisted by native boys. He speaks of growing peas, beans, cabbages, potatoes, onions, carrots and parsley. His vines prospered; and he had also fine, young orange-trees, peaches, figs, and pine apples, coffee, corn, maize, melons, and pumpkins, besides the fruit of the country. His house had been brought in frame from Sydney. It was placed just outside of the fort within which Ata lived, and was less than a quarter of a mile from the spot where the Missionaries of the London Society had resided.

Among the trying circumstances of Mr. Thomas's early residence in Tonga, may be named the visits of two vessels in the year 1827. The *Astrolabe*, a French sloop of war, Captain D'Urville, was drawn up as near as near as possible to the shore, about a mile and a half west of Bangimotu. The natives had offended the Captain in some way, and, in revenge, he fired upon the land for two days. Only one native was killed. Later in the year, Captain Dillon arrived at Tonga. The visit of this ship, far from tending to the good of the Friendly Islanders, was promotive of much evil.

In spite of all obstacles, however, the teaching of the Missionaries began to take hold of the native mind; and immediately some of the chiefs were roused to active opposition. They saw that their religion was in danger, and, like the craftsmen of Diana, they stirred themselves to uphold the ancient faith. Their cruel, proud, and despotic character caused much suffering to the mission families. At one time they feared that they might have to abandon the work, and remove to a more friendly place. It seemed impossible that any human frame could long support such trials and privations as they had to endure. The health of one of the Missionaries failed, and so did his courage. He took the first opportunity of returning to the colony.

The arrival of Messrs. Turner and Cross, and the opening at Nukualofa already named, were, however, cheering circumstances; and before the year 1828 closed, there was a greater promise of good to Tonga than had ever before been seen.

Chapter X.

CHRISTIAN FIRST-FRUITS.

THE Missionaries, at Tonga, were now looking anxiously for some spiritual fruit of their labours. They longed for evidence that their Gospel had come unto these heathens, not "in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." The first motions of spiritual life are necessarily hidden from the eye of man. None knows of the inner change in a new convert, but the Spirit of God who speaks to the soul, and the soul that hears and answers to the Spirit's voice.

"Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet breast?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in evening's crown
Light up her shining crest?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
On features wan and fair,—
The gazing eye no change can trace,
But look away a little space
Then turn, and lo! 'tis there."

"So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep; and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." But when once the change within takes place, its outward effects are soon manifest. "First the blade, and then the ear; and after that the full corn in the ear." The first-fruit of this mission brought joy to the hearts of those who had gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed," and had patiently waited and watched for its springing into life. It was from Hihifo, too, the least promising station, that the first convert was baptised into Christ's Church on earth, and soon after safely gathered into the Church above.

Lolohia, the first Tongan convert, was the son of Tubou Mua, spoken of in Mariner's "Tonga." His mother had become the wife of Ata. From a child, Lolohia was afflicted with a scrofulous disease, common in the islands, and its ravages had made him an object of pity; but his countenance was fine, and his disposition mild and cheerful. Sometime before Mr. Thomas's arrival in the islands, Lolohia had been staying at Vavau, with an elder brother. Their minds were impressed by a few words about Jehovah, spoken to them by a sailor who lived in that island. They were led to think and to enquire, though they were not fully persuaded of the truth of what they heard. When Mr. Thomas came, and they heard him state the same truths with still more earnestness, their hearts yielded; they gave up their Tonga spirits, and

determined that the Lord should be their God. They were the first scholars in the mission school. Being grown men, the younger twenty-three years of age, and both respectable chiefs, their coming influenced others, who attended regularly, as long as Ata allowed them to do so.

Lolohia soon showed strong attachments to God's house and to his ministers. He was not content with what he learned at school, but would follow Mr. Thomas, and ask question after question respecting the things of God. On one occasion he confessed his great ignorance, and pointing to his heart, said most humbly, in broken English, "Me love book, you teach me book." He was not so quick in learning as many others; but this lack of readiness he made up by painstaking, so that his progress was considerable. His affliction caused him much pain and difficulty in walking; yet with the help of a stick, on which to lean his tottering frame, he came to school, day by day, never missing attendance there or at public worship. While sitting in the house of God, he was so eager to catch every word, that his teachers often regretted their scanty acquaintance with the language; they longed to pour their own hearts' abundance into his willing ear. For the last few months of his life, he was unable to walk, or to bear his own weight. Still he came, either carried to chapel by a number of boys, or wheeled there in a barrow. Not even severe suffering could prevent him from constantly enjoying his loved exercises; and, while at public worship, it was easy to

see that his soul was "satisfied with the goodness" of the Lord's house.

In all the trials through which the Missionaries passed, he was their firm and sympathising friend. When Ata, on one occasion, had been unusually harsh, he declared his love and his sorrow on Mr. and Mrs. Thomas's account, with many tears; and when he heard that they were ordered to go away, he managed to crawl out of his house, and desired a man to get ready a canoe, as he said that he would not be left behind, but would go with them. They were carrying a heavy burden of affliction; but his tenderness and sympathy lightened their load. The love and patience of Lolohia grew stronger, as occasions arose for their exercise.

For some time before his death he was the head and guardian of a company of praying youths. They lived near him, that they might be able to go regularly to school and to chapel, his protection securing them from harm. Lolohia and his companions sang the praises of God every night and morning, and joined together in prayer to Him who is able to save. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, who lived close by, often heard the voices of these youthful disciples singing the songs of Zion; and with what feelings of joy and gratitude we can partly imagine.

Lolohia bore his long illness with meekness and patience. He once said that he should like to be cured and to be strong; but when his friend Mr. Thomas, reminded him that his afflictions had been

the means of leading him to Christ, and that but for the lessons given in suffering he might now have been like the heathen around him, he owned the truth of his statement; nor did he ever after utter a complaining word. He was earnestly desirous of farther teaching, and treasured each new truth presented to his mind. A lesson on the Day of Judgment had been brought before him, and this affected him with singular concern. He began to mourn deeply the sad condition of his countrymen, and asked, "Why did not some one come sooner to tell us these things? Why did not some one come when Captain Cook visited Tonga?" Before this, Mr. Thomas had written out for his use two or three short prayers in the Tonga language. He now begged that they might be lengthened, for having heard of Christ's coming as a Judge, he was much afraid, and wished, he said "to pray to Jesus Christ that He might not be angry with him when He came to judge the world."

In December, 1828, Mr. Thomas began a prayer-meeting in the house of the sick youth, between the two Sabbath services; he also held another prayer-meeting every Thursday evening. On several of these occasions Lolohia engaged in prayer, and he never forgot to ask the blessings of God on those who had come to teach him and his countrymen.

On the 1st January, 1829, Mr. Thomas saw and prayed with Lolohia, previous to leaving home on business connected with the mission. His health was then sinking; but in the course of a few days, it grew

worse so rapidly that a messenger was sent for Mr. Thomas and for Lolohia's brother. They found him much altered. It was evident that death was at hand. His face lighted up with a glad expression when he saw his minister, for he had been told by some thoughtless or unkind neighbour that Mr. Thomas did not care to come to him, and the fear that it might be so had almost broken his heart. He asked Mr. Thomas what he thought of the state of his mind, and alluded especially to a conversation held some time back on pardon, and renewal; and on faith in Christ, the Friend of Sinners. Mr. Thomas found him at "peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ," and though tried by bodily pain, yet happy in his soul, rejoicing in hope of soon quitting a suffering body to "be ever with the Lord." For two days after this, the Missionary read and conversed much with him, and being fully satisfied that he was a fit subject for baptism, he administered that Christian ordinance.

Neither Ata nor the young man's mother offered any objection; so the praying youths, and a few other friends, were called together. Mr. Thomas first prayed, and then baptised the afflicted Lolohia "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," The Christian name chosen by the youth was John, after Mr. Thomas. His mother and many heathen relatives sat by; all serious, and some tearful. Lolohia only lived for two days after this. He always smiled when Mr. Thomas entered his room, and his first word, was "*Tau lotu*," "let us pray." Ata coming in he

said, "speak to him," but was unable to say more. It was obvious that he felt concerned for his spiritual state.

As his end drew near, preparation was made for removing him, according to the Tonga custom, to a small house near the burying-ground. When he knew the mind of his friends, he said, "Yes, let us go." The chief and his wife kissed him, and wept. Then he was carried out in his mat to the house in which he was to die. Many heathen relatives stood around him: but he loved his Christian teacher better than these; and asking them to move away, he begged Mr. Thomas to come and sit close by him. As soon as he came, he looked up and kissing him said, "My love to you." Then again: "Let us pray," and thus with the language of prayer on his lips, and a sweet smile upon his face, he slept in Jesus. Mr. Thomas adds, "We have strong confidence that he is now in the country where the inhabitants shall no more say 'I am sick;' that he rests from his labours and suffering; and that he is with that Saviour whom, not having seen, he loved; and ascribing his salvation to the blood of the Lamb. This is the first-fruits of Tonga under the Christian dispensation; the first of those who have been baptised into Christ. Blessed be the name of the Lord who has thus given us one soul for our hire! and has glorified His grace in behalf of a benighted heathen!"

As soon as Lolohia died, Mrs. Thomas, who had watched by him to the last, returned home, praising God for His goodness to His young servant, and praying

that his death might be blessed to many of his countrymen. Mr. Thomas did not attempt to interfere with the usual mode of interment. It was very doubtful whether Ata would have consented to any departure from the customs of the country. The house where the young chief died became a place of loud and bitter mourning. Papa, his mother, assisted by others, washed the body, anointed it with sweet-scented oil, and wrapped it in the finest mats ready for burial. All that day the mourners wept and cut themselves with sharp instruments. The next day the corpse was carried out for burial. The mother's face bore frightful traces of the cruel requirements of heathen superstition, and she bewailed her son's death in a distressing manner, crying, "O, my son! O, my dear son! O dear! O dear!" She struck her temple, and cut so deep a gash that the blood flowed forth, covered her face, shoulders and breast, and dropped into her son's grave. The grave was about four feet deep, and the corpse was laid in it, well wrapped in cloths and fine mats. It was then covered with sand, brought from the sea-beach, by about a hundred persons. Each carried the sand in a basket of cocoa-nut leaf, made by himself for the purpose. While the remains of this Christian youth were laid to rest amid heathen rites, and wept over with the bitter tears that those shed who mourn without hope, Mr. Thomas was looking forward to the distant, yet certain day, when the very body "sown in corruption" should be "raised in incorruption," to live for ever by the power of God.

An extract from Mr. Thomas's Journal will show that heathen grief is often prolonged as well as violent.

"*January* 23*rd* (Sunday after Lolohia's death).—I went to see Papa this evening. She and her attendants were at the Fai-toka, or burying-place, lying down in a small house, which is erected over the spot where her son is buried. She lies here to manifest her love for her son; and it is likely she will not leave the place for three months; or put a morsel of food to her mouth with her own hands, or eat by daylight, all that time. What she takes will be after it is dark, and others will feed her, which is the custom here. As soon as she heard that I had entered the house, she set up a most bitter cry, and began to beat her face with her fists. My presence revived her sorrow for him. I felt much for her; and told her that her son was happy, and free from pain and affliction."

Ata did not show any signs of change, after this trouble had passed by. He desired Mr. Thomas to tell the people of England that he had given leave to some of his children, meaning two chiefs, Ulaki and Ukela, to pray to God: but that as for himself he would neither pray himself, nor allow his people to do so. He even withheld permission to Mr. Thomas to pray with the sick and the dying. The people under Ata's influence were about thirteen hundred in number. From conversing with those people and closely watching their conduct, Mr. Thomas was con-

vinced that were Ata to turn to God, they would soon follow. Their language was, "We want to worship Jehovah; but we dare not, because of Ata." It seemed equally clear that were Ata and his people to join the *lotu*, the effect would be immediate upon Tonga and the neighbouring islands. This persuasion led Mr. Thomas to remain, through years of great toil and little promise, in this stronghold of heathenism.

When Lolohia was removed, his companions felt as though they had lost their head. Day by day they sat in the house weeping, calling to mind his kind counsels, and reproaching themselves for neglect of his advice, and inattention to his sufferings. They proposed leaving the neighbourhood, as they now feared Ata's opposition more than before, and as they knew that at Nukualofa they would have freedom to worship God. One among them was willing to take their departed friend's place, if the others would consent to live with him and take him for their guide. But Mr. Thomas distrusted his steadiness; and besides knew not what to advise for the best. The thought of parting with the few hearers that he had gathered together was painful; yet it was better so than that they should be forced to give up praying. Most of them decided to go to Nukualofa. One chose to remain, with a delicate thoughtfulness that one would scarcely have looked for in an uncivilised country. He said he would rather stay and attend school at Hihifo, as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas would be grieved if they were all to go away.

The notion that joining the *lotu* brought on sickness and death still prevailed. A praying woman was taken ill, and her heathen friends tried to persuade her to go to the Tonga god that she might be cured; adding that when she got better, she "might turn back to Jehovah again." Convinced of the folly of heathenism, she refused to make the trial. Happily her health was restored, and she continued to live to God on earth. Only a day or two after this, a spirit-woman, or priestess, said to be inspired by the god, promised to cure one of Ata's wives, a young and hearty person, who was suddenly seized with illness. She was carried to the god's house, but instead of getting better she died, to the confusion of the lying spirits. Some young Christian chiefs "took upon them to expose Satan's cause, as being one that deceives and destroys the souls of the people; and the person in whom the spirit was said to come, was compelled to acknowledge that they spoke the truth, and that she was deceived."

Besides instructing the few boys that still attended the school, and conversing frequently with the people, Mr. Thomas devoted much time to the study of the language, and to preparing Scripture and spelling lessons. Messrs. Turner and Cross were busy in the same work, and with greater facilities. They lived among a willing people who did all they could to aid them; while Mr. Thomas had to encounter much opposition. The Missionaries met together occasionally to compare notes, and to do

their best towards perfecting their work. They completed a set of lessons, embracing the leading truths of religion, with the design of having them printed in the colony: but they had to wait long before an opportunity offered of sending their manuscript to the printer's. How much they wished for a press of their own!

On the 16th July, 1829, the three Missionaries met to consult together on a very important question. Mr. Thomas had now been labouring for three years at Hihifo, and had seen little fruit of his efforts. Ata seemed to be no better disposed toward the new doctrine than he was at first. The question arose whether it would not be well to respond to the calls of a willing people at Haabai. The brethren now concurred in thinking such a step desirable. After much deliberation and earnest prayer, the Missionaries waited upon Ata, with a design to know his mind fully and finally. Mr. Turner thus records the interview:—"It was agreed that I should open the business with him; and accordingly, after a little desultory conversation, I made known to him the object of our visit—to bring matters to a close with him, relative to our cause. I said that Mr. Thomas had now been with him more than three years, attempting, or rather wishing, to teach him and his people, and that he was tired with living amongst them and doing next to nothing; and that God would be angry with him, if he did not do the work for which he came to the Island. This he much wished to do

at Hihifo; but that he, Ata, would not let the people come. Unless therefore he would give consent for the people to be instructed, Mr. Thomas wished to leave him and go to some other place, where he could have the liberty of instructing the people." After thanking him for his kindness to Mr. Thomas, I said, 'Now do not you be angry with us, but give us your mind freely and fully, that we may know what to do.'* He listened to what was said very attentively, and commenced giving us his mind in a very firm, but not angry manner. He observed:—'I have, and always have had, great love for Mr. Thomas, and should be glad for him to continue with me; but I will not attend to your religion. My mind is fixed. I have often told Mr. Thomas so, and I told you so when you were living here; and my mind is quite fixed. It is very good for you to attend to your God, and I will attend to mine; but I will not attend to yours. I am not angry with you or Mr. Thomas, but I will not turn for him or any other, should another be sent from England. Mr. Thomas is quite at liberty to go to any other place where he thinks fit, and I shall not be angry.' He further added, 'The *Tui*, or King, of the Haabais worships Jehovah, and Mr. Thomas can go and teach him and his people; or he can go to Nukualofa, just as he pleases; for he is quite at liberty

* Although unfriendly to Christianity, Ata had long shown much kindness to Mr. Thomas, and had been most reluctant to part with him. It was feared that he might insist on his staying.

from me.' We thanked him for the candid manner in which he had told us his mind, and gave him to understand that Mr. Thomas would prepare for a removal immediately."

In about a fortnight, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas arrived at Nukualofa. Contrary to the Tonga customs, Ata permitted them to remove the whole of the mission property. He even conveyed them to the residence of their brethren in his own canoe. Ata seems to have opposed the lotu, because he had a firm faith in his own religion. He was a man that would have been a gain to any party. Some are so changeable that you are never sure of them; whilst others, though harder to win, when once won, are won for ever.

The King of Haabai, (now King George, of Tonga) who had been very pressing for a Missionary, rejoiced in the thought of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Thomas. He wished them, however, to stay for a short time at Nukualofa, while he went home to make some arrangements of his own. They spent a few months with their colleagues, assisting in the good work at this prosperous station. We will stay, too, and review the progress of the mission there.

Messrs. Turner and Cross, had made rapid advancement in the study of the language. Mr. Cross could now take a single text and preach from it readily. He had prepared a large number of lessons, selected chiefly from our Lord's miracles and parables, and had explained all of them from time to time in

the congregations. Mr. Turner was able to speak and read in the native language, with as much pleasure and profit to his own mind, as he had been accustomed to find in English. The schools were very well attended, and the progress of the pupils was surprising. The captain of an English sloop-of-war, that anchored off Bangimotu, March 8th, 1829, visited the schools, and when he heard with what fluency the people could read, and saw their writing, he would scarcely believe that some of them had been only eight months under instruction,—none more than one year.

The number of those who met in class increased every week. In the month of April, twenty men and twenty-two women were meeting; in one week in May, fifteen were added; and on the 8th June, thirteen persons joined Mr. Turner's, and nine Mr. Cross's class.

The Sabbath congregations were overflowing, so that it became necessary to enlarge the chapel. Numbers flocked in from neighbouring villages, and sometimes the company was almost entirely composed of strangers, some of them having walked from remote spots. An aged chief, greatly respected by his people, named Fielakeba, had for six months been inclining towards the lotu. He was taken ill, and his religious concern grew deeper. He journeyed from Havelu to Nukualofa in order to attend the Sabbath services. On reaching the station, he was visited by the Missionary, and found to be so seriously indisposed, that for

his health's-sake medicine and rest were prescribed. He was thus prevented from fulfilling his design of being carried into chapel. Mr. Cross promised to go to his house and teach him in the evening. Accordingly, after the usual Sabbath services, he repaired thither, and found about two hundred people gathered in and round the house, to whom he preached from the first chapter of Isaiah. I have said that the Sabbath was kept here as a day of rest. This was done so completely, that no open Sabbath-breaking was ever seen. Mr. Turner, was made sensible of the great change in his own neighbourhood, when he spent a few days at Hihifo, and was awaked in the morning by the noise of *Tapa-beaters*, the makers of native cloth.

Many had been already consecrated to God by Christian baptism. On the 29th March, five women were baptised. One of these was Moala, the wife of Tubou, a truly sincere and good woman. She chose to be called Mary, because it was the name of our Lord's mother, and of her who sat at the Saviour's feet to hear His word. She seemed ardently desirous of imitating the conduct of Mary of Bethany. She was able to read the written hymns, and had committed several of them to memory. At home she often conducted family worship, rising with the day-light, gathering her household together, giving out a hymn, leading the tune and engaging in prayer. Another of the newly-baptised was one of the king's wives, when he lived as a heathen. She was a diligent learner, and what she learned she was happy to teach

to others. For this purpose she regularly attended the school. Mary was also a teacher there. All these persons gave satisfactory proof of their faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and, as far as their knowledge went, of a desire to regulate their conduct according to God's word.

Whit Sunday, was a day to be remembered. Mr. Cross preached on the Ascension of our Lord, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit and the preaching of Peter. He baptised seven men, after catechising them in the presence of the congregation. One of these was a man of rank, a chief by birth, named *Uhela*, lightning. He had been one of the principal priests, and by virtue of his pretended inspiration, could command supplies of Island produce to any amount, none daring to oppose him. Like all the chiefs he had many wives: but he was led to see himself to be a sinner, and he was quite ready to put away his sins. He parted with his priesthood and its privileges, and with five of his wives, retaining only one.

In the afternoon, Mr. Turner baptised eight women and three children; and in the evening of the same happy day, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was for the first time celebrated by Christian Tongans. Twenty-six natives partook of the sacred emblems of the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. They did not rush without thought to this solemn rite. They had been instructed previously in its nature and design, and all had views, more or less

distinct, of the Saviour and of His atonement. The services of this Sabbath day were followed by special spiritual blessings. A spirit of earnest enquiry was vouchsafed, and a few days after, the Missionaries say, "All Nukualofa seemed moved. Learning to read, coming to class, being baptised and going to heaven, were the principal subjects of conversation." During this week, the Tui began to meet in class. He came to the mission-house, accompanied by a chief of the first rank, and had a private meeting in Mr. Turner's study. After close, spiritual conversation, Mr. Turner asked the King to pray. This he did in the manner of one who knew what it was to seek and find blessings from on high.

About this time the first attempt was made to introduce Christian marriage. Three men among those who were first baptised, having been long married according to Tongan customs, wished to be publicly married in the English way. The Missionaries gladly consented, thinking that it would be well to place this guard on the conduct of the natives, and prevent them from putting away their wives and taking fresh ones, should they feel inclined to do so. From the first, the Missionaries had discountenanced polygamy, by refusing to admit any man into the Christian church, who would not conform to Scripture rule on this subject.

Some of the new converts gave pleasing evidence of a real change of heart. One case deserves special notice. A chief of the name of Boula, shortly after

embracing Christianity was taken seriously ill. His mind was set on heavenly things, and he often spoke in a very satisfactory manner of his faith in Jehovah as the only true God, and in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinful men. Mr. Turner went to his house to baptise him. He asked to be raised into a sitting posture, and spoke with good sense and deep feeling to the friends and relatives, who had assembled in his room. He told them that he was about to go to heaven, and to leave them behind; adding, "You must follow after me." He forbade them to practise any of the Tonga ceremonies with his body after his death; "For," said he, "I have done with the Tonga customs, and all my former practices; but do you attend to the directions of Mr. Turner and Mr. Cross, about my funeral." A day or two after his baptism, Mrs. Turner called to see him, accompanying her husband, and for her encouragement, Mr. Turner put several plain questions to the sick chief; among the rest, he asked him whether he were now afraid of going to "the great fire." He replied, "No; I have been a wicked man; but I have repented of my sins, and my mind is now fixed upon Jesus, my Saviour. I shall go to heaven." He was longing to be gone, but not with impatience. His language was, "Let Jehovah do as he pleases." His affliction continued; but still his faith was firm, and his peace constant and uninterrupted. During several weeks he "witnessed a good confession before many witnesses," till on the 23rd May, his spirit was released. Just before he

died, he said, "I am peaceful and happy; great is the love of Jesus Christ to me; I want not to stay here; I want to go to heaven." Some of his friends attempted to move his head on the pillow. "Don't," said he, "I am happy;" and immediately expired. What a contrast there is between the dying testimony of this simple Tongan, ignorant of all worldly philosophy, yet wise to salvation, and the last words of one of our own English thinkers and dreamers who, knowing many things, yet knew not Christ:—"On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainly, indeed, I have none."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" God still perfects praise, and if we would be of "the kingdom," we must be content to be as "little children."

The next day, after morning service, the Missionaries prepared to inter the remains of their departed brother in Christ. The body was placed on a kind of bier, and the procession moved on to the new burying ground, somewhat after the English manner. The corpse was borne by four men. The Missionaries walked before; the friends and relatives followed after. On arriving at the grave the corpse was placed by its side, and the followers and spectators seated themselves around. Mr. Turner read, in the native tongue, an abridgment of the Burial Service. The body was then lowered into the grave, and a hymn was sung that had

been composed for the occasion. Hundreds were present; but all kept silence. The wife of the buried chief wept much, but noiselessly. Not a single extravagant expression of grief was manifested. In the hush of that hour the voice of Christian hope was heard; and many left the spot, persuaded that the solemn future is not altogether dark.

Though much occupied at Nukualofa, the Missionaries did not neglect the adjacent villages. They went from one to another teaching and preaching. At Havelu, Hofoa, and Faga, they gathered little companies of hearers, from fifty to a hundred in number. On one such visit, a young convert who accompanied the Missionaries was so wrought upon, that as soon as the sermon was ended, he began, of his own accord, to press upon the hearers the solemn truths just spoken; urging them to remember the Resurrection of the dead, and the future Judgment. He was the first of a large company who have since been employed as native preachers. Another day, Mr. Turner found, at Hofoa, about fifty persons assembled, learning to read, two natives from Nukualofa being their instructors. At the three outposts that I have named, schools were established, taught by the more advanced and steady of the new converts, under the direction of the Missionaries.

Such were some of the early results of diligent Christian toil in Tonga. The people, athirst for instruction, made the Missionaries feel the value of time as they had never done before. One of them

writes: "The wants of the people are great, and they are continually pressing upon us to furnish them with something to read. The ears of hundreds are opened to listen to the 'words of the book;' but alas! they have no book to read, save the scraps we are writing for them from day to day. Oh, that we had but a press, and some one that could manage it! then would these hungry souls feed as in green pastures."

Chapter XI.

SUCCESS AND TRIALS.

A FEW pleasant months of improving fellowship were spent by the Missionaries at Nukualofa. They had the satisfaction of seeing the gradual spread of religious knowledge, and the steady improvement of most of the new converts. Knowing that the first impulse of the heart that God has touched is to seek the salvation of others, they held a monthly Missionary prayer-meeting for the natives, and there related how the Sandwich Islanders had welcomed the "good tidings of great joy."

The first love-feast was held in Tonga, about this time. A hundred and fifty attended; and about forty-six spoke in a very simple and affecting way of their conversion from heathenism to Christianity; and from the practice of sin to the love and service of the Lord Jesus. A bystander would have found it difficult to believe that these humble and reverent men, confessing sin with sorrow, yet confident because

redeemed and restored, were the very same who, a few years before were crouching in dread at idol-shrines, or indulging in the license of heathen dances beneath the moonlit groves of Tonga. On the 20th of December, twenty-six men and fifty-eight women were baptised. Some of these were venerable with age. These showed their regard for the ancient worthies by adopting their names. One man, with white hair, chose Isaac for his name. Jacob, Adam, and Enoch were also chosen. On the 18th January, 1830, the King Tubuo, was received into Christ's church by baptism. Mr. Thomas, says, "I read the 6th chapter of Joshua, to a large assembly in the chapel, and made some remarks by way of illustration. After this, Tubou, the chief of this place and governor of Tonga, stood up in order to give a public proof of his having renounced the Tonga gods, and embraced the true religion. He is a very fine looking man, and was neatly dressed in native cloth. He stood up in front of the pulpit; his wife and children being on his left hand. He called the attention of the people there assembled, and then openly and firmly renounced the gods of Tonga, declaring them to be all vanity and lies. He then assured the people and the Missionaries, that he had cast away everything he knew to be sinful, and that Jehovah was his God, and Jesus Christ his only Saviour; that he made an offering of himself, his wife, and children that day unto the Lord, that He might dispose of him and his as He thought good. He exhorted his people to attend to the things

of God, and to follow his example in being baptised in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. He then turned round, kneeled down, and the sacred ordinance was administered by brother Turner. The king's name was chosen some time before, and is Josiah. After the king was baptised, he presented four children; these were next baptised. In the afternoon, three adults and four children were baptised. One of the adults was a man who had been a magician, or a kind of god, and of so high rank that Tubou used to pray to him; so that we have baptised in one day both the king and his god."

Many strangers from the Haabai and Vavau groups came over to Tonga, declaring their wish to hear and see "what this *lotu* is." Overflowing crowds thronged the chapel on the Sabbath, and more than once the Missionaries went out to the sea-side and preached the gospel in the open air, amid the encampments of the temporary visitors. Here it was that the Tui-Haabai and his people heard the word of life, gained passing refreshment for their hungry and thirsty souls, and became all the more urgent in their cries for spiritual food.

The time now came for Mr. and Mrs. Thomas to embark on their new enterprise. They had been waiting for letters from home; but finding the chief of the Haabais anxious for a teacher, and judging him to be sincere, Peter, a native convert, steady, zealous, and pious, was sent to commence the work in those islands. He was able to read the writing of the

Missionaries with tolerable fluency, and had been a great help to them in acquiring the language. Considering the short time he had been under instruction, he had a very correct knowledge of the leading truths of the Bible, and his heart burned with desire to make known the Saviour to his countrymen. Not a fortnight had elapsed after Peter's arrival at the Haabais, before he sent gratifying tidings. The chief on reaching Lifuka, his own home, took to pieces a large canoe; long laid up as sacred to his gods. He then publicly declared his intention of attending thenceforth to the instructions of Jehovah's book, and exhorted his people to do the same, adding, "Jehovah is the only Lord." He commenced learning to read forthwith, and worked hard at his lessons night and day.

Mr. Thomas would have followed immediately; but———, can you guess what this *but* means? It is a *but* that has fallen sadly upon the ear of many a Missionary, when he has seen an open door, and heard the voices of hundreds of heathen, crying, "Come over and help us." But letters from England complained of the want of money, and without money how could more men be sent out to carry on the work? The lack of funds at home, checked many a well-laid plan for more extensive usefulness. It caused grief at heart to the Missionaries at Tonga, who had been so pressingly urged to go to the Haabais, and who had given a kind of pledge to the the king of those islands. While waiting anxiously,

not daring to add to the difficulties of the society by further outlay, a small box or packet was washed on shore and brought to Mr. Turner. It was found to contain a letter that set their minds at rest. Things at home were not so bad after all. A Missionary might go to Haabai. The vessel that bore that letter, a schooner from Sydney, had foundered off New Zealand, and all on board had perished. Neither the vessel, nor any of her crew, nor any of the goods, with which she had been freighted, was ever heard of again. That letter alone, the messenger of mercy to a people, waiting for the law of the Lord, guided by Him "whom winds and seas obey," escaped the general ruin, and was cast on the right shore at the right time.

Mr. Thomas reached the Haabai Islands, on the 30th January, 1830, after a stormy and dangerous passage. The next day was the Sabbath, and about three hundred natives assembled in a large room that had been used for important meetings. The subject of the sermon was Isaiah lv. 6, 7. A large company met again in the afternoon, and from that day the number of hearers increased gradually. Two days after reaching this new station, Mr. Thomas opened a school for the men and boys, and Mrs. Thomas another for the women and girls. About a hundred scholars attended each school.

Mr. Thomas was surprised to find that the change was greater than he had been led to expect. Out of eighteen inhabited islands, all but three had embraced

Christianity. The many houses formerly sacred to the Tonga gods were either used as common dwellings, or set apart for the worship of the "one Lord." The king took five of his wooden idols, and hung them up by the neck in one of these houses, in order that the people might see that they were "all dead."

You will see, at once, that where the change from heathenism was so general, a Missionary's work would become very heavy. The people were utterly ignorant. All that they knew was that they were wrong, and that there was one among them who could set them right. What was one "among so many?" Sunday School teachers know how small a portion of knowledge can be communicated to even an attentive learner in an hour, and how the one lesson oft repeated, and as it seemed thoroughly driven into the memory, is forgotten. A week passes, and they go to their class, hoping for a ready answer to a clear question respecting last Sunday's instruction. There is the same willing listener, all eye and ear; but the question put in half-a-dozen forms, fails to bring a response, and they find that they must "begin at the beginning" again. At Haabai there was one Missionary, through whose speaking lips and writing fingers, every particle of truth conveyed to thousands of minds must pass. A single utterance on one subject was not enough. If at home "line upon line" is needful, how much more needful was it there? No wonder that ceaseless toil in the pulpit and in the school, in writing and translating, in visiting the sick,

and in conversing from house to house, at last brought on serious illness. Mrs. Thomas's good nursing, with the blessing of God, was successful; but though Mr. Thomas's life was spared, it was some time before he was again strong to labour. Yet the needs of the people were ever on the increase. There was so much darkness and wretchedness, with so strong a desire for teaching and books, that all the Missionaries could do seemed as nothing. A few extracts from Mr. Thomas's journal will give some idea of the work in the Haabais :—

"*September* 1, 1830.—I have been slowly recovering the last few days from my late affliction. To God be all the praise! I have been able to write for the people the 19th chapter of Exodus, the 17th of Acts, and a short catechism.

"*September* 4.—Such a field of labour opens before me, that I hardly know how to meet the wants of the people, so as to allow myself time for private reading and prayer.

"*September* 7th.—I have been very busy yesterday and to day; have been able to meet my two classes, and have felt encouraged. I have translated the 4th and 5th chapters of St. Matthew's gospel to-day. The chief has promised to allow me the labours of Peter three days each week, to assist me in translating the language.

"*September* 15.—I have been engaged in copying yesterday's translation, and afterwards I prepared

some questions and answers, to be studied and learned by those under instruction for baptism. I finished also a small book for the chief. It contains a translation of the first catechism, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments.

"*September* 24.—Peter being on a visit to one of the islands, I have given him a sermon to read to the people. By the assistance of the young chief, Faoni, I have translated the 2nd and 3rd chapters of Exodus.

"*September* 25.—Translated the parable of the prodigal son. Faoni was my assistant. He is a very intelligent native, and has left Vavau, his native place, his friends, and wife, rather than desist from praying to Jehovah.

"*October* 16.—This evening from twenty-five to thirty persons received books at our gate; these will be read by from fifty to one hundred people.

"*October* 18.—I finished a book for the chief, on the names of the days, the number of weeks and months in the year. It is a kind of almanack, and contains the numerals in figures up to one hundred thousand. At three o'clock I met my class. Richard Haley, an Englishman, came to join himself to us. He was a poor, wicked sailor, who wished to become a heathen; but now heathens are becoming Christians, and he learns of them to fear the Lord.

"*October* 23.—This morning I finished my translation of St. Matthew's gospel. I have likewise proceeded as far as Exodus xiv. in the Old Testament.

"*November* 19.—To day a number of little girls came to our gate with many baskets of fruits, called here *oliji;* we use it to feed our pigs; they wished to buy some cards, or alphabets; and upon enquiry, we found they had been gathering this fruit, in order to obtain means of instruction for their aged parents, who were anxious to learn to read. We were glad to be able to gratify these dear children with a few books for their parents; they received them joyfully, and returned home like those who rejoice when they have found great spoil.

"*November* 20.—We are brought safe through another week. I have been worn down every day. We have upwards of one hundred persons in the classes. Twenty-seven have joined us this week, and they are all under my care at present. We have had an increase in both the schools. I have had to form new classes, and to write many new school-books."

This toil was not without its reward. Day by day, old and resolute heathens were found yielding before the power of divine truth, and many not only became Christians in name, but in heart also. The decision and firmness of the chief (King George), were of great use to the Missionary. "In opposing wickedness," says Mr. Thomas, "our people are without fear, and especially our chief. He is most hearty in the cause of Christ, and longs to see idolatry banished out of all these islands." Before a year had passed away, a hundred and fifty had been joined in

church-fellowship, the chief being one of the number; a large chapel had been erected, and at its opening from two to three thousand were present; "the king and his people, from the infant to the old grey-headed chief," all bowing before Jehovah and owning his sovereignty. Here, as in Tonga, the testimony of some of the new converts was very pleasing. One of the natives, the day after his baptism, said that his mind was very happy, that yesterday was a good Sabbath to him, and he was so happy when he laid down at night that he could not sleep. He said he loved the Lord Jesus Christ very much; he knew that he had no strength of his own, but that he believed in Christ as his strength. "Once," said he, "we were astray, but now God has sent us His good word, and I very much love God, and hate the devil, and all his evil ways."

Mr. Thomas's work being too much for his strength, a second Missionary was sent to the Haabais in the spring of 1831, the Rev. Peter Turner, who with the Rev. Messrs. Watkin and Woon, had recently arrived from England. Mr. Turner has been labouring in the Friendly Islands from that day to this. These three Missionaries were hailed with peculiar joy by their brethren, who were nearly worn out in their Master's service. No sooner, however, did they gain fellow-helpers, than they were anxious to break up new ground.

Beyond the Haabais is another group of Islands. Three years before, Finau, the chief, or King of

Vavau, had written for a Missionary. Since then he had returned to his idolatries, and been a persecutor of the new way. Mr. Thomas had frequently conversed with Finau, and had been led to hope that by and by, he might find a willing people at Vavau. But it was permitted to some of the new converts at the Haabais to awaken the spirit of earnest enquiry among their island neighbours. In April, 1831, King George visited Vavau, with twenty-four sail of canoes. He and his people went on worldly business; but their hearts were warm with their first love, and they were bent on doing spiritual good. Peter, their own faithful Christian teacher, was with them. He carried a present and a letter to Finau, from Messrs. Turner and Thomas, and their prayers followed the expedition. Finau opened his mind fully to his brother-chief, and made many objections to the great change proposed. The King of the Haabais, finding difficulties in the way, wrote down the substance of Finau's remarks, and travelled back to Mr. Thomas for advice. On again reaching Vavau, he was able to promise a Missionary in the course of a few months, if Finau would renounce the lying spirits, and turn to the true God. Many of his doubts were resolved, and his guest pleaded so effectually, that at last Finau exclaimed, "Well, I will; and I will spend the next Lord's day with you in worshipping your God." Two of his wives, many of his servants, another great chief, and his sister, Halaevu,—who, at Hihifo, had once helped to cool down Ata's anger,—and numbers

more, joined the Christians from Haabai in singing and prayer on the next Saabbth. Nor was this all. Monday came, and the king gave orders, that seven of the principal idols should be placed in a row. He then addressed them in language like this: "I have brought you here to prove you; and I tell you beforehand what I am about to do, that you may be without excuse." Then, commencing with the first, he said, "If you are a god, run away, or you shall be burned in the fire which I have prepared!" The god made no attempt to escape. He then spoke to the next in the same way, and so on till he came to the last. As none of them ran, the king gave orders that the sacred houses should be set on fire. His commands were promptly obeyed. Eighteen temples, with their gods, were burned down. The weather was damp, and it took three days to complete the work of destruction. Though many joined with their whole heart, yet hundreds were grievously troubled at their king's impious conduct, and sat trembling and silent to watch the result, looking for no less than some awful calamity. As no harm happened to the doers of the daring deed, they came to the conclusion, that their gods must be liars after all, and they too joined the praying people.

Soon the whole time of the visitors was taken up in teaching the new disciples. All ordinary work was laid aside. Their constant cry was, "We can do our work when you are gone. Let us learn first to serve God while you are with us." And company after

company, athirst for the water of life, resorted to the Christians. One of these said, "I was four nights and did not sleep. I was talking with the people, reading, praying, and singing." They returned home earnestly praying that a Missionary, or at least, a native teacher might be sent immediately to Vavau. Two pious and devoted natives were sent in answer to this appeal. They soon reported that they had larger congregations than they had ever seen at Lifuka, and that "the reign of the devil at Vavau was broken."

This wonderful work did not proceed without opposition. A chief, who was a relative of Finau, headed a war-party, and talked of fighting rather than submitting to the new doctrine. The King of Vavau bore this trial well. He was meek and patient; he said that the anger of his friend would soon be over; but that as for himself having found the true God, he was determined to live and die to Him, and never more to serve the Tonga gods. The issue of this affair is thus stated by Mr. Thomas. "After the King of Vavau embraced Christianity, a part of his people rose and opposed him. They were headed by a great chief, who returned to Vavau from the Fiji Islands a few years before. He had a strong party on his side, and they proceeded to ravage and plunder different houses and villages for some time. The king did not interfere with them, for two reasons; first, the head of the party was a brother; second, he did not wish to go to war, knowing it to be contrary to true religion and the love of God. At length, the

opposing party settled on an island, near the Haabias, called Odea, where they built a battery, or as they call it, a *kola*, and thus declared open war against their king. Finau sent for our king, George, who went to Vavau, with his people to endeavour to reconcile the two parties. When many fruitless attempts had been made to bring the offending chief to a better mind, the Lord our God undertook to defend His own cause. He gave the rebels a trembling heart. They betrayed a want of courage to fight, and became more humble. Our people, who were on the watch, seized the favourable moment, entered the enemy's fortification, brought the people outside, set the whole on fire and burned it to the ground. The offending chief was sent away from the island; other chiefs who had joined him, submitted, and were ordered to remain at Vavau; and many of the common people were brought to Lifuka as prisoners of war. In a few days, our king and his people returned to this island. Not one was missing. It is quite a new thing in these islands, that such an affair should terminate without bloodshed, and the people are constrained to acknowledge that it is the Lord's doing."

At the next meeting of all the Missionaries, it was agreed that Mr. Cross should proceed to Vavau, and that Mr. Watkin should join Mr. P. Turner at Haabai, while Mr. Thomas should return to Tonga. Mr. N. Turner had been compelled, by failing health, to leave the islands; and Mr. Thomas being now the senior Missionary, his presence at the principal

station was desirable. Before leaving Lifuka, he reviewed the change that had taken place there during his two years' residence. He says, "I have entered an account of the society in a book, for the benefit of my colleague. I find that we have 149 members of society; 146 who are on trial as members; and 262 who are on trial for baptism; making a total of persons who meet in society, of 557; being an increase of 452 in the last year. Some are added almost every day. The schools at this station, which are now six in number, contain 1,037 scholars, chiefly adults; being an increase in the past year of 717. Of this number, 236 have been added to the female school at Lifuka, under the care of Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Turner. I judge that not less than one thousand have turned from darkness to light, from Satan to God, in the past year."

Mr. Thomas had a painful parting with the people of Haabai, whom he regarded as his spiritual children; but a joyful greeting awaited him at Nukualofa, where the Missionaries and their wives, with scores of the natives, were standing on the beach, eager to catch the first glimpse of the canoe that brought him back. The tide was low, and the boat could not get close in land; but the ready natives plunged into the water, carrying a plank, on which they bore him and Mrs. Thomas to the shore. Here they first saw the new Missionaries, with whom they gladly enough exchanged Christian congratulations. Here also were

some from Hihifo, who rejoiced to welcome their first teachers.

We must now briefly review the progress of the work at Nukualofa. The testimony of the new Missionaries, in writing home to the committee was. "All that you have heard respecting the work of God in this place, which many thought too highly-coloured, we will not merely say is true, but is much below the reality. We cannot move any way for several miles, but we hear the people singing the praises of God, and engaged in other devotional exercises." Mr. Watkin says: "A few evenings ago, in one of our walks to visit the sick, we came into the neighbourhood of some idol-gods' houses, and took the opportunity of inspecting these relics of heathenism. There was enough of daylight to make the scene interesting. The houses, or temples, are situated in a grove, and have been built in their very best style, and, before the introduction of Christianity, had sacred attention paid to them; but now they are going rapidly to ruin; weeds flourish round them, the grass has overgrown the paths that led to them, and the area upon which the worshippers used to sit, in expectation of a propitious answer. The beetle has eaten, or the weather has worn through the roof; so that now they would scarcely serve as houses for goats, much less for gods. The chief has appropriated part of the materials of one of these houses to the erection of a common house. And the ground that surrounded

these temples, and was deemed sacred, has been reclaimed, and is now producing fruit 'good for food.'" Oh, when shall we be able to say the same of the temples of India, and the Joss-houses of China! Their day of ruin will come, and is now hastening. "The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under these heavens." Jeremiah x. 11.

Mr. Woon had brought with him a printing press and materials. Between the month of April, 1831, and February, 1832, he had printed the following books. 2,500 copies of a first-lesson book; 3,000 of book No. 2, containing lessons from the Old and New Testaments; 1,500 hymn-books, sixty-four pages each, for public and private worship; 2,000 of another Scripture lesson-book; and 4,000 catechisms. These books were most eagerly sought for, and were of great use in the homes of the people, as well as in the daily schools. The demand increased so fast that in the course of nine months, 17,000 books had been printed, and the supply of paper furnished from England was nearly exhausted.

The numbers of members in church-fellowship stood thus, in February, 1832, including the three groups of islands:—In society, 516; on trial 528; total meeting in class, 1,044. Increase during the year, 598. All the schools were large and flourishing. In Tonga, there were 77 teachers and 953 scholars. In the Haabais, 74 teachers and 1,037 scholars. Total in the two groups, 151 teachers and 1,990 scholars.

The Missionaries at Nukualofa, had been cheered and stimulated in their labour of love, by the visits of Christian brethren of other churches. The Rev. Messrs. Williams and Barff, of the London Missionary Society, and the Rev. William Yate, of the Church Mission, had spent some days with them. Mr. Yate passed a Sabbath on the islands. In the morning of that day, Mr. Turner preached to the natives; and afterwards, Mr. Yate preached to the Missionaries and the English from the words, "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ." In the afternoon, he gave a second sermon for the benefit of his own New Zealanders. The Tonguese Christians came to hear, and although they did not understand the language, they joined in the worship. Mr. Turner enjoyed greatly this visit of an honoured Christian brother. Mr. Yate's converse and counsels refreshed and strengthened him in the Lord. Mr. Yate had heard much of the change at Tonga, before he left New Zealand, and he was disposed to regard part at least, as too strange and too good to be true. He therefore went much among the people, observing their domestic habits and their attention to religious duties, and he assured Mr. Turner, that what he saw exceeded all that he had heard. He carried away specimens of handwriting of both boys and girls, written in his own presence, that, on his return, he might convince the gainsayers, and urge the New Zealanders to more diligence.

Two events that occurred about this time, were

trying to the faith of the Missionaries and of the new Christians. The first of these was the removal from the islands of the Rev. Nathaniel Turner. His health had long been in a declining state; yet still he lingered, unwilling to part from the people, who were now beginning to repay him for years of anxious and depressing toil. When at last it was deemed essential that he should seek change of climate and medical help, he yielded to his brethren's advice. Though pained to go, he yet found matter for praise in having been used by God to do a great work. He felt "consoled," that he left "the mission in a prosperous state, with every prospect of still greater success." He had seen the arrival of the printing press. Some books had been printed before he sailed, a few copies of which he carried away with him; and holding in his hand specimens of the first books that the sons of Tonga had ever read, he felt that "a work had been done there which could never be undone." A new power had been put into the hands of the Tonguese, and a new step in civilisation taken. He had found them sitting down, with folded hands, in contented ignorance; he left them, with stretched arms and straining eye, feeling their way towards all the light of knowledge with which earth and heaven are full.

The last morning spent by Mr. Turner at Tonga was one of keen trial. "None but the Searcher of hearts," says he, "can tell the sorrow of mine." The people crowded round the Missionary's home, weeping while they said "Farewell." Many sur-

rounded him and his family as they moved towards the beach, and when they reached the boat, there was another large company waiting with new tears, and new prayers and blessings. Nor would they part then. Many got into the boat, and others followed in canoes, still telling Mr. Turner of their love, and adding to his grief by showing their own. He was ready, like St. Paul, to exclaim, "What mean ye to weep, and to break my heart?" Children have quick sympathies, and Mr. Turner's little ones wept too, and implored their father to remain in the home where they had always been so happy. But after the bitterness of this parting had passed away, Mr. Turner's heart retained the joy of him who knows that when he appears at the great gathering-day, it will be bringing his sheaves with him.

A few months after Mr. Turner left Tonga, a more serious affliction befel the mission party, in the death, by shipwreck, of Mrs. Cross. You remember that Mr. Cross was appointed to take charge of the new mission at Vavau. He and his wife left Nukualofa on the 7th January, 1832, after having waited some days for a favourable wind. A large boat was lent to them by their chief, Josiah Tubou. They set sail early in the morning, after an affectionate parting from the natives, with whom they had lived for four years. Besides the Missionary, his wife, and about seventy natives, all Mr. Cross's books, clothes, and other private property were on board, with many mission goods taken for the purpose of barter in the erection

of buildings on the new station. The voyage was long and they proposed staying at Nomuka that evening, and spending the Sabbath there.

For a few hours the wind continued fair and moderate, though there was a heavy swell. This increased as the wind grew stronger. About noon the yard broke, and soon after the mast. The large sail was instantly taken down, and a very small one set. Towards evening the storm increased, and they felt themselves to be in perilous circumstances. The sailors looked out anxiously for land, hoping that they were near Nomuka. No land appeared in sight, and the whole party, in their frail canoe, were driven hither and thither till break of day. The danger of such a position is greatly increased in those seas, by the number of small islands and hidden reefs.

About an hour after sunrise the weary and alarmed travellers descried land. Not a man in the boat had any correct idea of where they were. Some said that they had got back to Tonga; others that they were nearing Fiji; but reaching the island at noon, they found it to be Huga Tonga, one of the small islands on which no man dwells. If you look at the map of the islands you will see how far wrong in their calculations the guides of this voyage had strayed. Huga, that promised so fairly did not prove a friend. Its sides were rocky and steep, and the swell of the sea was so great that the party could not land. What was to be done? On consultation it was thought best to try to get back to Tonga. The mast, part of

the yard, and all else that could be spared, were cast into the sea, and the lightened canoe, urged by a favourable wind, made way hopefully. They now partook of some refreshment, which they much needed. Mr. Cross had eaten no food for thirty hours, and Mrs. Cross had tasted nothing but a little cocoa-nut milk.

Towards sunset the little isle of Atata, near Tonga, appeared in sight. They hoped to reach it in a very short time, to spend the night there, and to get back the next morning to Nukualofa, only seven miles off. But when within two or three miles of Atata, the wind changed from north to east, and blew tremendously. The men took the sails down with all speed; but almost before they could get to their paddles, the canoe struck upon a reef, and began to break up. To add to the horror of the moment, they were in darkness, the moon having just gone down. It has often been said that persons out at sea cannot but be struck with the thought that an inch or two of wood is the only separation between them and eternity. What then must be the feelings of those who perceive that this thin partition is giving way? One of the native teachers said, "*Misa Kolosi, ke maloi ho tau lotu kihe Atua, he kuo tau mate.*" "Mr. Cross, be strong our minds towards God, for we are all dead." There was a short pause, in which they committed their bodies and spirits into the Lord's hands, and then all were washed off the canoe into the sea, and the canoe was dashed in pieces.

Mr. Cross held his wife with his right arm, and they rose and sank repeatedly. With his left hand he caught at broken pieces of the canoe that floated past, and resting on these, they took breath occasionally. The water was only six or seven feet deep, but the rough waves were dashing and foaming in surf over the low reef. Mrs. Cross spoke no word of complaint or of fear: but from time to time, she called on the Lord for help. Her husband said, "Look to the Lord; we are both going to heaven together." A few more seconds, and the buffetings of the waves conquered her feeble frame. The spirit left its shattered tabernacle. Mr. Cross's faithful right arm still clasped the lifeless body. Soon after he found himself near a few boards, part of the deck of the canoe. His own strength was well-nigh gone: but just then a Fiji man, a member of the church at Tonga, found him out, and calling to another native for help, they lifted their minister on to the boards, and lashed Mrs. Cross's body to the planks that bore up her husband.

The natives now managed to form a raft, by tying together several of the broken pieces of the canoe, and more than twenty persons having seated themselves upon it, they were drifted they knew not whither. In about two hours, by the good providence of God, the raft was driven against a small island, called Tokeloke. There was no good landing-place here. The island was girded by sharp rocks on which the angry waves kept dashing and breaking. However, the men took notice of a tree that overhung the

sea, and its branches proved a means of escape for them. They eagerly caught at them, and having tied the raft to the tree, climbed up and helped others up, till all on the raft had been safely landed. Those who had thus escaped felt very anxious about their friends, many of whom, had not been seen since the breaking up of the boat. They rejoiced greatly, as one after another, a large number reached the island, some by the help of a paddle, or board, and two or three by means of a gate that Mr. Cross was taking for his new house at Vavau.

Tokeloke was an uninhabited island, and the men who accompanied Mr. Cross, had some difficulty in lighting a fire and preparing a scanty meal. They succeeded at last, and the fire thus kindled served as a guide to their companions out at sea. They also made a small shed with the branches of the cocoa-nut tree and a mat. Mr. Cross was becoming very weak from long exposure to cold and from want of food, and he urged the natives to construct another raft, thinking that a second night on the island would kill him; but the wind blew a gale, and the people, all worn and weary, would not venture out.

Towards noon the wind fell, and a canoe arrived from Hihifo. Some floating pieces of wood had told the natives of that place what had happened, and they had come out to see if they could find any survivors from the wreck. Mr. Cross was conveyed on shore and set down about four miles from the mission premises. He managed to reach his brethren; but

so faint and so much bruised, that they "were almost broken-hearted on seeing him," though thankful to God for his spared life.

Fourteen men, one woman, and five children were lost on this sad occasion; and no portion of the goods was recovered. Mr. Cross missed the body of his wife, when the landing at Tokeloke was effected. The violence of the waves had separated the board to which it was fastened from the others, and it had been drifted away. But on his sad walk homewards, a messenger from Atata overtook him, with the news that the body had been cast ashore at Hihifo. A number of men brought it to the mission-premises, and Mr. Cross had the sorrowful satisfaction of attending his wife's remains to their Christian burial.

Mrs. Cross was a woman of devoted heart and pious life. Her health was delicate, and that delicacy had been increased by the rough treatment of the ignorant and unloving natives on her first arrival in the islands. Two of them undertook to carry her to land, as the tide had fallen and the vessel could not reach the shore; but after carrying her half way, they set her down in the water and left her there, fancying that it was laziness, and not fear of getting wet, that prevented her from wading, in native fashion. She caught a violent cold, and never recovered from its effects. This lasting trial she bore with Christian patience; and, as far as her lessened strength permitted, she strove to do good to the people, teaching the women reading and needlework, and spending leisure hours at

home in making articles of European clothing for their use. The whole mission party mourned her loss. Her husband, by this stroke, was stripped of all earthly good. Everything that he had called his own was gone; but he felt most deeply the death of her who had been his companion for thirteen years, the last of which, he said, had been the happiest of the whole. Of her happiness, however, he felt assured, and he had also good hope of several of the natives who, while struggling with the waves that proved too strong for them, called ceaselessly on the name of the Lord. One of the survivors said, "I was much afraid of dying without having worshipped God in sincerity with all my heart, and I long to get home that I may worship God truly."

On the Sabbath following this solemn event, addresses on the subject were delivered to crowded congregations of English and natives, and the next day was set apart for fasting and prayer. The chief, and the greater part of his people attended at five in the morning, and at three in the afternoon; and many of these native Christians joined their pastors in humble confession, and earnest pleadings.

The Missionaries were exposed to perils by land, as well as to "perils in the sea." Storms and earthquakes are of frequent occurrence in some of the islands, and volcanic eruptions are not uncommon. A very severe storm took place at Vavau on the 24th January, 1833. There had been much rain and wind during the day, so that it was with difficulty that Mr.

P. Turner went through the Sabbath services. After coming from chapel in the evening, the wind continued to rise till midnight, when its damaging effects began to be felt. The fences and out-houses were blown down, and the house itself began to give way, one of the main posts breaking at the top, and another close to the ground. The mission family rose in haste, and fled for their lives. Mrs. Turner was hurried out by her husband, just as the house was falling. They found partial shelter in a small house near at hand, made only of the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree. Some of these leaves were carried away by the wind, and the rain poured in torrents through the gap. Several of the leaders came to their assistance, and saved them from further danger, by "holding the house" all night. Mr. Turner seems to speak of holding a house as we do of holding an umbrella down, or keeping a cloak on. These leafy tents, which, in more ways than one, must have reminded their English owners of their pilgrim state, were not only apt to stray in a storm, but in calm weather were sometimes lifted by men from one place, and set down in another, according to pleasure. When Mr. Turner ventured out on the Monday morning, it was to see a terrible wreck. His house was beaten to pieces, quite past repair; many of his goods, including books, were spoiled; not a fence was left standing; most of the neighbouring houses were blown down; and but few bananas, bread-fruit trees, and cocoa-nut trees had escaped the general ruin. The leaves of the few trees

that still stood, looked as though they had been scorched with fire. By this storm half the houses in the island were destroyed, and many were lifted out of their place. Its effects on the inhabitants were serious. Scarcity of food followed; and though the people set about building, clearing the ground, and planting, yet it was long before the desolate island was again covered with a luxuriant growth of trees.

In one of Mr. Watkins's letters, he names having just felt two distinct shocks of earthquake. The house vibrated very sensibly, and he was afraid that it might fall; but after rocking like a cradle for several seconds, it settled into quietness, and he ate his dinner under his own roof of thatch. As soon as the first shock was felt, the usual loud cry—that cry that was supposed to recal old Maui to a sense of his responsible position—was raised; but the people checked themselves, remembering that they had turned "from these vanities."

There is a small island, N.W. of the Friendly Islands, that is peculiarly liable to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Indeed, it is said to contain thirty volcanic craters. Mr. Lawry speaks of it in his first journal, page 45. In spite of the danger of residing on this island, Niua Foou, 1,200 Wesleyan Methodists continue to inhabit it; so strong is their love to their native rocks, and to the place where their fathers lived and died. The last volcanic eruption took place in June, 1853, and is thus spoken of by a native teacher:—

"I now make known what has happened to this land. A great burning has happened to Niua. An awful thing! God did it; yea, to this land! On the 24th June last, three dreadful earthquakes shook the island in the night; and the earth opened and swallowed up a village. Twenty-five persons were consumed in the burning gulf, together with dwelling-houses and chapel; but eighteen escaped to the mountains. A great part of the land is destroyed."

This teacher, Elisha, visited the native training school, at Nukualofa, some months after the catastrophe, and spoke for an hour, giving a description of the scenes that he had witnessed. Part of his account is as follows:—

"The large crater which first opened and engulphed the village, is two miles from the sea. The width of the stream of lava was nearly a mile; and the whole of that tract of land is one mass of scoria, eight feet thick. The lake in the centre of the island boiled like one vast cauldron. The fire which the earth vomited, was a blood-red colour. Its glare was lurid, and, at night, the glowing light cast against the sky, made darkness visible. In the course of the lava to the ocean, it was sometimes wavy and turbulent, like one sea of fire; and at irregular distances, other craters shot up columns of red flame, through the liquid fire, until it licked the sky; like unto a water-spout, which

a whirlwind carries up from the ocean's surface. Great was the dismay of the inhabitants."

A noble-minded native Missionary, John Latu, went to the scene of the overthrown village, and standing near the largest volcano then in action, preached to the survivors on, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."*

The two years that followed Mr. Turner's removal and Mrs. Cross's death were marked by the steady progress of divine knowledge in the three groups of islands. Several young men had been received as exhorters, or local preachers. At Lifuka there were twenty-two such agents. Nine of these resided on different islands, where they conducted public worship, met the classes, managed the schools, and watched over the people. Others went out each Sabbath to separate stations, nearer or more remote. So that though there were only two Missionaries at the Haabais, the word of God was preached at twelve places, twice every Sabbath day. Some cheering instances occurred of zeal for God on the part of these exhorters, and of their willingness to render sacrifice as well as pleasant service. One young man, just appointed to a distant island, looked at what he was leaving, and, after counting the cost, said to Mr.

* Wesleyan Missionary Notices. October, 1854.

Watkins, "It is true I possess a house and a large field, but I will leave them immediately, if I can do the work of the Lord."

The Leaders, too, shewed the same spirit. At some distance from Mr. Watkins's house there lived a poor leper. From the days of Moses until now, such men have lived apart. Their loathsome and infectious complaint warns away every fellow-man. Without hope of cure in this life, and without the comfort of human society, their lot is sad indeed. But He who cured many with a word only, "touched" the leper who came to Him for healing; and His followers, copying His example, do not shrink from carrying a blessing to the most diseased body, nor to the vilest soul. The outcast of Lifuka desired earnestly to meet in class. This could not be allowed; but one of the class-leaders, a zealous young man, visited him frequently, and told him much of the love of Jesus. That

> "———all restoring name
> Is music in a sinner's ear."

It told the leper of a fountain "for sin and for uncleanness," and of a heaven where "the inhabitant shall not say I am sick," opened to all believers; and, finding the Saviour, he was no more lonely and sorrowful.

There was an English class at Lifuka, and among its members William Singleton was numbered. When Mr. Lawry was at Tonga, this man resisted his earnest

and powerful appeals, and deliberately chose to pursue the same course as the heathens around him. In the later years of his life, he saw his sin and sought Christian communion. The Missionaries visited him and prayed with him frequently. He suffered from distressing pain; but his concern for his soul made him forget the anguish of his body. Some of the natives watched by his dying bed, and told the Missionaries what his last words were, "*O kuo u tui mai kia Jesu Kalaisi*," "I believe firmly in Christ." It is to be hoped that he was "a brand plucked from the burning."

The people, lately brought to a knowledge of the truth, did not limit their desires for the good of others to their own near neighbourhood, nor even to the Friendly Islands. They began to feel a "yearning pity for mankind" at large. In prayer they were accustomed to remember all Christian people, all Ministers and Missionaries, and the world that "lieth in wickedness." These were familiar words and feelings to at least fifteen hundred people, who, three years before, were living in rank idolatry. At the monthly Missionary prayer-meetings, Mr. Watkins sometimes gave an outline of the introduction of Christianity into the islands, the opposition of the people to it, and reminded them of the benefit that they had reaped by its coming among them. An opposer of the new way once stated his firm belief that had not Christianity been introduced the whole race would have been almost extinct through war and

its attendant evils. This opinion was confirmed by the condition of some of the islands that bore distinct traces of having been once far more fertile, and far more numerously peopled.

Before the close of 1834, the reign of idolatry in the whole of the Haabai group was over. An event that tended greatly to hasten this result was the conversion of the Tamaha. She came to Lifuka, accompanied by about a hundred of her people who had long doubted her divinity, but who had waited for her decision before they left their fathers' gods and customs. Thirteen canoes brought the party to Lifuka. They were gladly welcomed by the Christians, and became their fellow-worshippers on the following Sabbath.

At Vavau, the progress of the work was equally satisfactory. A new chapel was built that would seat 800 persons. It was the best chapel that had been erected there; but was still too small for the crowds that attended regularly. On the day of the opening, 3,000 came together to join in the services. In one week, six places, mostly the houses of chiefs, were opened for preaching. In the course of three months, 1,200 began to meet in class.

From the remote island of Niua Foou, good news came. The people there had cast away their idols, and were waiting anxiously for a teacher. A Vavau man had undertaken to tell them what he had been taught of the way to heaven. The story of the introduction of Christianity into this island, is very

interesting. A large number of Vavauans had accompanied their king, Finau, on a visit to Niua. On their return homewards, the four large canoes in which they sailed, were driven out of their course by adverse winds. One was lost, and all on board, sixty or seventy in number, perished. Another, having on board the chief of Niua, was driven to the Fiji group; the third, having on board Mr. Cross, and the king of Vavau, reached Vavau after a dangerous passage; while the fourth, after being driven hither and thither for many days, at last reached Niua Foou. The joy felt at sight of land, was checked by the knowledge the Vavauans had of the character of the people living there. The Niua Foouans had acquired a painful notoriety for unfriendliness and cruelty. As the worn-out mariners neared the shore, they saw the natives drawn up, armed, to oppose their landing. They considered what was their best course. To put to sea in their enfeebled state, would be to throw life away; so they determined on landing at all risks. They had many muskets, and a good quantity of ammunition on board, by which they considered themselves to be more than a match for their foes. Charging their pieces with powder only, they walked on shore boldly, and fired into the air. To see the flash, and to hear the report was enough for the Niua Foouans; they all fled. The Vavauans made no improper use of their bloodless victory. Their alarmed foes returned after a time, bringing offerings and sueing for forgiveness. This was instantly granted; and while showing

mercy to those who deserved harsher treatment, the Vavauans spoke of the pardon that God is ready to bestow upon His enemies. They told the people all that they knew about the true religion. The people of Niua Foou hearing this wonderful news, and finding how great a change was wrought in the character and conduct of their neighbours from Vavau, became thoughtful and enquiring. Soon the chief man on the island declared in favour of Christianity; many followed his example, till, at last, the majority of the inhabitants embraced the lotu. While the Vavauans stayed, they prayed and sung at all suitable opportunities. When they left for their own home, one who was rather in advance of the others as to knowledge, was deputed to remain. All the books that they could spare were left with Samuel, who agreed to stay at Niua Foou, till a Missionary could be sent to teach them "the way of God more perfectly." Samuel waited for many months, but there seemed to be no prospect of an exchange. All the Missionaries in the Friendly Islands were occupied on other stations. He wrote to Vavau, earnestly entreating for more teachers and more books. He intended to plead his own cause, and embarked one morning for the purpose; but just as he was about to put off, the people, who could not bear to lose him, crowded into his boat, so that she was in danger of sinking. "Why is this?" asked Samuel. "You are going," they replied; "you are our only teacher, and we will go too; for who will teach us when you are gone? Will the trees preach

to us? or, will the house in which we meet instruct us?" Samuel could not resist this appeal. He got out of the canoe, and went on shore again, surrounded by his loving disciples; while the canoe proceeded on her voyage, bearing his written request for further aid.

One of the Niua, or Keppel's Islands, too, presented a favourable opening for Christian teaching. It was seen that it would be easy, were more Missionaries supplied, to carry the gospel still further, to the Samoas and the Fijis.

In 1833, Finau, king of Vavau, died. It was his dying request that King George, of Haabai, should be his successor in the government. This request was agreeable to the wishes of his friends; and, accordingly, George became possessor of the united kingdoms of Haabai and Vavau. This step was favourable to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the islands. "Union is strength;" and King George, the point of union, was a man of firm will, and wise head. We have seen that he was a zealous friend to the Missionaries, and to their doctrines.

Finau's subjects showed their love to him, by their approval of his choice, and by another proof of regard which an English monarch would scarcely relish. Even before he died, they began to prepare a tomb, and a handsome house to cover it. The Haabai people helped them by cutting stone. It was a toilsome business. They cut large flat stones, or flags, from the coral rocks that bound the island, with no other tools than felling axes, common chisels, hatchets,

and such like instruments. Three hundred men were engaged for a fortnight in cutting, dressing, and placing these stones. And the work was thought to be completed in a wonderfully short space of time.

Tonga, the largest and the most important of all the islands was, as I have said before, the least ready to embrace the Gospel. Yet, even there, success was granted. Besides the many Christians of Nukualofa, there were a few in the districts of Bea, Mua, Houma, and even of Hihifo.

Ata's continued opposition gave rise to some noble specimens of self-denial for conscience sake. Ata's sons and many others were as firmly resolved to remain Christians, as their father was to allow no Christian worship under his own eye. So, after suffering much from persecution, they removed to an uninhabited part of the land, about three miles from Hihifo, cleared away the bush, and built temporary houses. Ata's son, Vihala, seems to have been the ruling spirit in the movement, and to have managed the Christian settlement. Tubou gave him the land that he occupied. He and his little company soon brought it into good cultivation. They made several plantations of sugar-canes, bananas, and yams.

All who found themselves persecuted at Hihifo joined this young chief. Though exiled they were not unhappy. They had given up all for Christ's sake, and they were "satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord." When Mr. Thomas paid them his first visit, he preached to them from Mat-

thew v. 10—12: Christ's blessing on those who are persecuted for righteousness sake; and he rejoiced to find them, in their half-finished houses, happy witnesses of the Saviour's faithfulness to His word of promise.

Reviewing the work in all the islands, Mr. Thomas states, that the number of persons, who, in six years, had embraced Christianity, amounted to more than eight thousand.

Towards the close of 1833, the mission was reinforced by the arrival of the Rev. Messrs. Charles Tucker and David Cargill.* Mr. Cargill was soon removed to the Fijis to commence a mission there with Mr. Cross. Mr. Tucker and his wife—a helpmeet—laboured diligently in the islands for ten years. Mr. Tucker's testimony, on his first arrival, was most favourable to the labourers already there, and to the fruit of their toil. "We have abundant cause for devout thanksgiving and praise to the God of all grace for the good He is doing among this interesting people. The ordinances of His house are generally seasons of refreshing; and the people give evidence, by their regular and prayerful attendance on all the means of grace, that they love the habitation of God's house and the place where His honour dwelleth. Their upright walk and conversation evince the reality

* Mr Woon having set some good leaven to work in Tonga, in the form of thirty thousand books, left the mission; and thus lost the pleasure of watching the result. He was afterwards employed as a Missionary in New Zealand.

of the change wrought in them. I never saw the Sabbath kept so holy as it is here; and I never heard half so much singing and praying in any part of the world. To God be all praise, for He alone the work hath wrought!"

The people were very fond of singing; and it was a source of no less pleasure to the Missionaries to hear them. The people soon learned many of the tunes sung in the public worship of England. They sang *Devizes*, *Irish*, *Shirland*, *Job*, *Portugal New*, and others. With a leader, they succeeded very well; but when by themselves, tunes composed in the major key were put into the minor, so that their hymns sounded like solemn dirges.

You must not however suppose, that all difficulty was at an end. The wicked conduct of many English settlers, who defied God's laws and did all they could to check the progress of religion, was a constant source of trial. Some went so far as to tell the natives, that the Missionaries' religion was "a lie." Then the native character, though very susceptible of impression, was not remarkable for stability, and many who seemed to be awakened under the truth, returned to their former ways. Their goodness was as "a morning cloud," and as "the early dew;" refreshing, but transient. The crews of English vessels, and the determined heathens, six thousand of whom were to be found in Tonga alone, did all they could to shake the stedfastness of the native converts.

Besides this, the Missionaries were concerned to know that hundreds, nay thousands of those who professed Christianity were only in a state of hopeful preparation for genuine conversion. They were like many in our own land, who have yielded the assent of their judgment to Christian truth, who sometimes feel almost persuaded to give their hearts to God; but who have not yet brought forth "fruits meet for repentance," or received "the adoption of sons."

Looking at the wonders already wrought by God's grace, at the needs-be for a still deeper and wider work, and at the word on which He who sent them caused them to hope, the feelings of the Missionaries might have been well expressed in the words of Charles Wesley.

"Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour,
All the Spirit of His love!"

Chapter XII.

THE CHURCHES MULTIPLIED.

THE progress of Christianity has been often marked by times of signal spiritual influence; times when the Spirit has been "poured from on high," till "the wilderness" has become "a fruitful field, and the fruitful field" has been "counted for a forest." Such seasons have usually, perhaps always, been ushered in by the prayers and faith of a church in earnest, or of a few devout souls in the midst of a formal church. Before the first baptism of the Holy Ghost, the church in Jerusalem "continued with one accord in prayer and supplication," waiting for "the promise of the Father;" and ever since then, those who have longed for the coming of the same Spirit to awaken a sleeping world, or to revive a dying church, have sought the blessing in the same way.

So it was in the Friendly Isles before as remarkable an outpouring of the Holy Spirit as we find recorded in the history of the Church of Christ since

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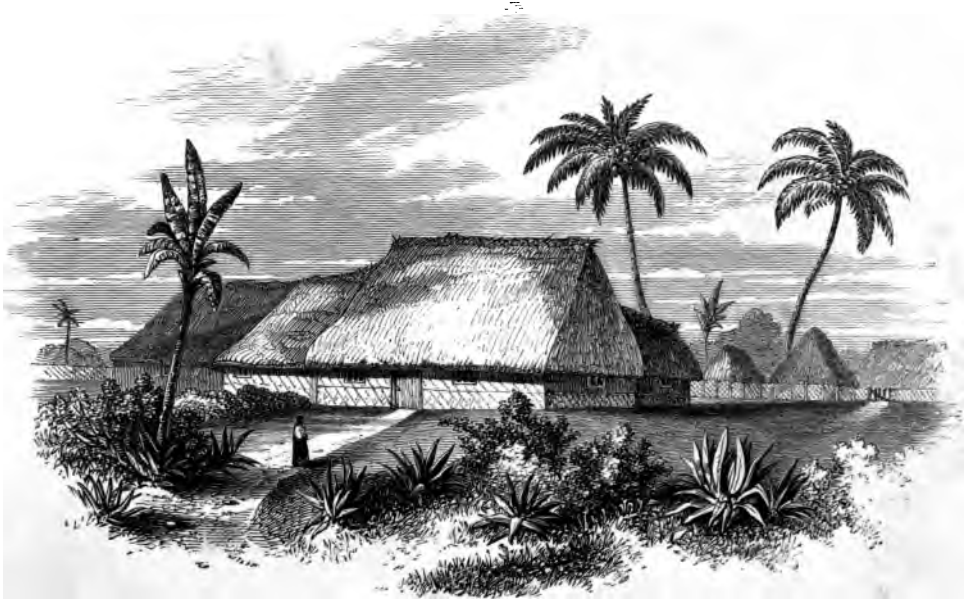

WESLEYAN MISSION PREMISES, NEIAFU, VAVAU.—ERECTED 1833.

the day of Pentecost. At Vavau, it was agreed to hold prayer-meetings in several places on the island for the special purpose of asking God to vouchsafe the higher and saving operations of His Spirit, so that the thousands who had come out of Pagan idolatry, and had forsaken their immoral practices, might be fully converted to God. These meetings were crowned by God's blessing. The piety of the church members became deeper, and the spirit of grace and of supplication was granted to them. A day came of great interest to the leaders of the classes. They had built a house, free of any expense to the mission, in which they might assemble for religious meetings. They met to set this building apart for church purposes. A prayer-meeting was held in the morning, and a lovefeast in the afternoon. The presence of the great Head of the Church made this day memorable. All hearts were touched. The constraining influence of divine love was felt, exciting gracious desires and prompting to renewed exertions.

Messrs. Turner and Cargill, with a little band of praying and believing leaders, resolved that they would give themselves to more earnest intercession for a copious shower of heavenly blessings. Each promised the rest that he would enter into his own closet every day at noon, to plead for "this one thing." They had faith in Christ's promises: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven." "If ye, being evil, know

how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" These prayers were soon and suddenly answered. A native local preacher was preaching at a village called, Utui, on the 23rd July, 1834, on Christ's compassion towards Jerusalem. The word came with power to the hearts of the whole congregation. All confessed themselves to be sinners, and many cried aloud in the agony of their souls. They would not leave the place, but remained together most of the night, seeking God's pardoning mercy; and many, before morning, found "the forgiveness of sins." They had heard no new doctrine. Justification through faith in the merits of Christ's atoning death, had been often preached to them before, and they had listened unmoved; but now the "wonderful things" of God's law, and the more wonderful things of His love, were "revealed" unto them by that Spirit who "searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God," and whose office it is to "testify" of Christ.

It was on a Tuesday, that these signs followed the preaching of the truth. The next Sabbath day at another village, the same results followed the ordinary service. Five hundred persons, the whole of the inhabitants of the place from the least to the greatest, joined in earnestly seeking salvation. Those who had been praying for an abundant blessing were amazed. They had asked largely; but God gave more than they had asked or hoped; and they were yet to "see

greater things than these." The work spread from village to village, from island to island, till the whole of the people seemed to be moved by one impulse. In a single day, there was reason to believe, that more than one thousand persons were truly converted to God, The change was not now from dumb idols merely; but from sin to righteousness, from "the power of Satan unto God." Such was the spirit of enquiry, and such the pressing claims of those whose heart was set on obtaining a present salvation, that it was found necessary to give up the schools for a week or two, and to hold six prayer-meetings every day. As soon as the Missionaries, or local preachers, (their efficient assistants) began to speak, the people were melted into tears, and multitudes fell on their faces, "calling on the name of the Lord." Many exclaimed, "Praise the Lord! I never knew Jesus until now! Now I do know Him; He has taken away all my sins. I love Jesu Kalaisi!" Some were so filled with joy, that they cried out for hearts to praise the Lord. The whole island bowed before the power of God. The society soon increased to 3,066, of which number as many as 2,262, were the fruit of this extraordinary visitation from on high.

The King and Queen, then staying at Vavau, were among those who experienced a saving change. They joined hundreds of their people in penitent confessions of sin, kneeling with them to weep and pray. It was not, however, in the throng that they found the blessing they sought. They retired to their own house, and con-

tinued together in earnest supplication till midnight; when, like Bunyan's pilgrim, they lost their burden at the foot of the cross, and had a new song put into their mouth. The king wrote to Mr. Watkin, at Haabai, telling him "how great things Jesus had done unto him."

Before the news from Vavau had reached Lifuka, that island was visited by some tokens of special good. Several persons were made partakers of divine grace. On the 9th August, the spirit of conviction was given abundantly. As at Vavau an earnest of what would take place preceded the general blessing. The Missionaries and leaders met together, and felt that they had power with God, and prevailed. They adjourned to the chapel, where four or five hundred men, women, and children, "were pricked in their hearts," and began to cry, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Some wept aloud, others smote upon their breasts like the publican, and breathed forth his plea, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The Missionaries went from one penitent to another, pointing their guilty and anxious spirits to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," praying with them, and teaching them how to pray. God is not "slack concerning His promise," and many found that He had heard them in "an acceptable time." Their souls were gladdened by His gracious smile, and "the spirit of bondage again to fear" became "the spirit of adoption." About one hundred that night laid hold of Christ as a Saviour, and found

"redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." Many remained on their knees throughout the evening, and could scarcely be persuaded to separate as night drew on, though with the promise of meeting at day-break. Many went home with a bleeding heart, deeply wounded by the sword of the Spirit. These did not sleep, but spent the night in wrestling with the Angel of the Covenant—like Jacob, in energy and faith, and like him in success. The next morning, as soon as it was light, the chapel and the chapel-yard were crowded with people, all in earnest about their souls. "As soon as the service began," says Mr. Tucker, "the cries of the people began. They were melted into tears on every hand, and many of them cried aloud by reason of the disquietude of their souls. O, what a solemn, but joyful sight! One thousand, or more, individuals bowed before the Lord, weeping at the feet of Jesus, and praying in an agony of soul. I never saw such distress; never heard such cries for mercy, or such confession of sin before. These things were universal, from the greatest chiefs in the land to the meanest of the people. The Lord heard the sighing of the prisoners; He bound up many a broken-hearted sinner in that meeting, and proclaimed liberty to many a captive. We were filled with wonder and gratitude, and lost in praise, on witnessing the Lord making bare His arm so gloriously in the sight of the heathen. We met again about nine o'clock, and had a similar scene; hundreds wept aloud, and many trembled from

head to foot, as though they were about to be judged at the bar of God. We were engaged the whole day in this blessed work. I attended five services, and saw hundreds of precious souls made happy by a sense of the Saviour's love. There never was such a Sabbath in Haabai before; it was, indeed, one of the days of the Son of Man. Many will remember it with pleasure throughout eternity, as the day of their adoption into the heavenly family. During the following week the concern of the people was so great, that they laid aside their work. We had service twice every day but one: the chapel was always full. It was a week of Sabbaths, and of much prayer and praise. Not a day, or a night passed, but several were disburthened of their load of guilt and fear, by believing with their hearts unto righteousness."

On the 24th August, a society-meeting was held at Lifuka, when one thousand persons were present; and many gave a clear account of their conversion to God, of their enjoyment of the peace that passeth understanding, and of their blessed hope of being for ever with the Lord.

This gracious work was not confined to Lifuka alone. It spread to the neighbouring islands, till the whole group felt its power. Mr. Tucker visited a small island not far off, where he found all the adult inhabitants, not one excepted, meeting in class; and after administering the ordinance of baptism to forty-nine persons, he was able to add, all baptised into Christ's name. During the preceding fortnight, four

hundred and fifty of these had been made happy in the assurance that God's anger was turned away from them, and that they were His adopted sons and daughters. At the little island of Foa, two-thirds of the people witnessed the same "good confession."

Some of those who looked on during these seasons of religious awakening were, at first, greatly surprised and frightened. It seemed to them as though a new and fearful disease had broken out, from which there was no escaping; and they ran from the chapel lest they should take the complaint and die. But they soon found out that all this weeping and praying was the utterance of sick souls that longed for a cure; they began to know their own nature's disease, and sought and found healing beneath the hand of the Good Physician. In the Haabai Islands more than two thousand conversions took place in the course of a fortnight.

Nor did this work stop here. Following exactly the opposite direction to that of the first spread of Christianity in the islands, it reached Tonga last. On the 6th October, a canoe arrived there from Lifuka, having on board a local preacher, named Joel Maples. He brought an account of the wondrous work at Vavau and the Haabai group. At a prayer-meeting held the same day in the chapel, many persons became deeply affected by a painful conviction of their sin and danger. From that day the Christian natives assembled more frequently for prayer. Mr. Thomas persuaded the chief to set apart a day for

special devotional exercises. At the time appointed, the people met, and the spirit of prayer was poured out in an extraordinary degree. All present engaged in earnest pleading with God, while many, unable to to restrain their feelings, wept abundantly. The people held prayer-meetings in their own houses; and, on some nights, the village of Nukualofa was heard to ring for hours with the voice of praise and prayer.

The numbers brought to a saving knowledge of the truth were not so great at Tonga as in the other islands; but they were sufficient to fill the hearts of the Missionaries with thanksgiving and hope, and to lead them to exclaim, "Praise the Lord! Let all the people praise Him who only doeth wondrous things, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory! Amen, and amen."

The great work, of which this is but a faint outline, included cases of many different kinds. Not only persons of all ages, but persons in very varied states of feeling were affected by it. Those who had resisted all attempt to move them, who seemed like dead trees, "marked to fall," suddenly showed signs of spiritual life, and brought "forth fruits meet for repentance." Backsliders who had wandered afar off were again "made nigh by the blood of Christ," while the company of believers were filled with holy love, and were enabled to show forth more freely the praises of Him who had called them "out of darkness into His marvellous light."

Mr. Thomas tells a remarkable story of the change

wrought on the mind of an Englishman, the accidental witness of these revival scenes. An English vessel touched at an islet, thirty miles from Vavau. The captain sent some of his men ashore for water, or firewood. One became separated from the rest, and when, after a few hours, he returned to the shore, he found that his companions had left him behind them, and that the ship was speeding on her homeward course. He was alone among a people speaking a strange language. There was no Missionary there; the only teacher being a native. The Englishman wished to make himself friendly; but he soon thought the people as strange as their tongue. Let him move where he might, he found nothing going on but singing and praying. At home, as well as at chapel, they knelt, and wept, and pleaded. He could not understand a single word, but he knew well what they were doing. He saw that their hearts were engaged in seeking salvation. Forgotten words came back to his memory,—words learned in a Sunday school, or at a mother's knee. He knew that he, too, had been a sinner, and he knew that Jesus Christ was the Saviour from sin. His hard heart was melted. The English sailor knelt down among the Islanders of the Pacific, and calling on the Father of the spirits of all flesh, through Him who died for all, he became another witness of Christ's power "to save to the uttermost."

The depth of this work of grace was equal to its extent and to its rapid progress. The change in

the new converts was not "so apparent in their rapturous joy as in the deep implantation in their minds of all Christian graces." They manifested in an eminent degree the mind that was in Christ Jesus. What was said of Stephen was true of many of the new leaders and local preachers,—they were "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." They were of one heart and soul, each esteeming other better than himself. Warmly attached to their ministers, and very zealous in doing the work assigned them, happy in God's service, and most anxious for the good of souls, they were a source of much joy to the Missionaries, and they carried a blessing with them among the people.

The Sabbath was kept holy in the most extensive and literal sense. All worldly business was laid aside, and the whole day was employed in public or private devotion. None was known to spend its hallowed hours in idleness or in amusement; and every day was marked by religious remembrance. With the dawn of the morning, the incense from each family altar rose towards heaven; and the last act, before retiring to rest, was to unite in singing and prayer; while stated times were set apart each day for closet retirement, and communion with God. Their prayers were simple in expression, powerful, and prevailing. They had learned the secret of successful pleading,—"praying in the Holy Ghost."

The people did not imagine that feeling constitutes the whole of religion. They set themselves to work

more diligently. They built better houses and paid more attention to the improvement of their land. Mr. Turner sums up his remarks on the great work at Vavau in these words:—"We may say that this people are becoming more civilised, industrious, economical, and obedient. They are wishful to imitate Europeans in everything excellent; but they are afraid of evil." Happy they, and safe too, whose abounding love and joy are thus guarded by holy fear.

From this time the mission history of Vavau and Haabai is the history of a Christian church, while at Tonga we have to mark the struggles of a small body of devout Christians against the formidable opposition of a strong heathen party. More Missionaries from England were earnestly requested. They were needed to watch over the new converts, who, though sincere and posessing the germ of all Christian excellence, were but partially instructed. Their love did not yet abound "in all knowledge." A nation had been born in a day; and the new-born souls were earnestly desiring "the sincere milk of the word," that they might "grow thereby." But as little children need parental care for many years that they may grow up strong and healthy, active and useful, so did these young Christians need guidance and training, and wholesome discipline too, that their piety might become mature and vigorous. Mr. Tucker says of Haabai: "I shall soon be left here, with more than 3,500 members in society, 161 class leaders, and

upwards of 70 local preachers, under my care, with but a slight knowledge of the language."

Missionaries were needed too, to carry the Gospel to the islands beyond, many of which had already sent messengers to ask for spiritual help. Fiji and Samoa, Niua (Keppel's Island), and Niua Fooua, were all anxious to receive teachers.

It will not be possible to trace in minute detail the progress of Christianity in the Friendly Islands from the year 1834. We can but glance over the whole, resting now and then on events that may seem to be specially worthy of note. We will, if you please, first look at the work, for the next five or six years, in Haabai; then in Vavau; and then in the more remote islands; reserving Tonga, and its very different story, for another chapter.

HAABAI.—Not long after the blessed change in the King and Queen of Haabai and Vavau, they were both made class leaders. They fulfilled the duties of their office with Christian diligence, watching over the souls committed to their trust, and setting them an example of personal devotedness to God. The King soon became a local preacher. He did not presume upon his high civil dignity; but conducted himself in the Church of God with becoming humility. He took his turn as a local preacher in common with the others, and has been known to set off on a Saturday morning to fulfil his Sunday appointment at an island fifty miles off. Mr. Tucker heard him preach one of

his first sermons. The great court house, more than seventy feet long, would not contain the people who thronged to hear their King. Every chief on the island, and all the local preachers were present. The King led the singing. He preached with great plainness and simplicity, and in strict accordance with the teaching of God's word; dwelling on the humility and love of the Saviour, the cleansing efficacy of His atoning blood, and the obligations under which we are laid to serve and glorify Him. But a few years before, part of this very congregation might have been seen in the same house preparing guns, spears, and clubs in order to slay their fellow men; and waiting to be led forth to battle by the great warrior who was now the royal preacher.

On the 21st August, 1835, Mr. Tucker had a long conversation with the King, on the subject of slavery. He told what had been done in England towards the destruction of the system, and how the West Indian slaves had been set at liberty. It was after this conversation and on the very same day, that King George, called all his own slaves together, and gave them their freedom, as has been stated in a former chapter. The King, whose mind was always busy, devising some good thing for his people, resolved on building a new chapel at Lifuka. The foundation stone was laid in July, 1835, on the site of the old chapel; and the erection of the new structure occupied about two months. It was the largest and most elegant building that had ever been erected in the Friendly Islands;

one hundred and ten feet by forty-five inside. All the chiefs from the neighbouring islands met together to help forward the work, attended by about one thousand people. Most of the chiefs and Matabulis engaged in plaiting sinnet, while the common people did the heavier work. The pillars and timber used in the framework were brought from other islands. The labour was equally divided among the inhabitants of the whole group; and among these there was a pleasant rivalry, each party trying to do their work the best. Nails are not used in building by the natives; but the timbers are fastened together with *kafa*. Kafa is made of the fibres of the cocoa-nut-husk, dyed black and red and plaited together. The different colours are interwoven with great nicety and have a pretty effect. The large body of people drawn together on this occasion worked hard during the day, happy in each others society; and at night, instead of employing themselves in folly or sin, they regularly attended the class and prayer-meetings. One morning, Mr. Tucker went to the chapel, to consult with the King about the size and arrangement of the communion place, when he found that George had a scheme of his own. He brought out several handsomely-carved spears, spears that had often been used in war, and that had come to him as an heir-loom from his ancestors. These he converted into rails for the communion-place; while two clubs of beautiful manufacture, formerly worshipped as gods, were fixed at the bottom of the pulpit-stairs.

It had been thought that the new, large chapel would hold as many people as would ever attend at one time. Not so. The morning of the 9th September dawned. The sky was fair, and no sign of storm kept timid people at home. Canoes from all the neighbouring islands were borne lightly over a quiet sea, and unexpected crowds thronged towards the new chapel. Only the aged and the sick remained behind. Within the building they literally sat upon one another, and yet there were as many outside as within. The King preached in the morning from 1 Kings, viii., Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple. During the first prayer, hundreds of the people were in tears, and Mr. Tucker wept too, for joy, on account of what he saw and heard. His heart could sing—

"Our conquering Lord
Hath prospered His word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm he hath bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to show,
And witness the power of His passion below."

At the close of the King's sermon, Mr. Tucker baptised twenty adults. And now he could say, that in the whole group of islands there was only one unbaptised grown person. He was detained at home by illness. In the afternoon, Mr. Tucker preached to the largest congregation he had ever addressed. He took their thoughts from the happy present to the

still happier future; and spoke of the roomier mansions and the better place that Christ had gone to prepare for His followers. No collection was made, for the chapel was out of debt. All the materials and the labour had been presented a free-will offering to the Lord.

On the 15th August, 1836, Mr. Tucker held a meeting in grateful remembrance of the glorious outpouring of the Spirit which took place two years before. Such visitations are ever memorable. The Church of Scotland still has a thanksgiving service on the day following her Communion Sabbath, in acknowledgment of the awakening and revival at Cambuslang. The chapel at Lifuka was full; and, while thanking God for past mercies and pleading for another baptism from heaven, many received a fresh supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ. It was a time of holy joy, and of fervent prayer, mingled with songs of praise.

The schools improved and prospered. Mr. Tucker remodelled them, placing the people in classes according to their advancement in knowledge. At the beginning of the year, 1836, many were in the alphabet class who profited so much by this new arrangement that, in the course of a few months, they were able to read with fluency. Many aged people conquered the difficulty of learning to read by dint of perseverance, and rejoiced greatly when they found that they could, by themselves, make out the meaning of the Scriptures. The schools were always opened

with singing and prayer. Mr. Tucker made a point of catechising the congregation once every Sabbath-day, and he had a question-meeting every Monday evening. Native books were in great request. The people, at first, would give away their books to their friends, after reading them; but it soon became their aim to collect a complete set of all that had been printed, and to sew them together. These books were their chief treasure. They generally took their little libraries with them when setting out on a journey or voyage. Altogether there were 55 schools; 540 teachers, and 2,989 scholars. Besides these, there was another school of fifty scholars, established by Mrs. Tucker. She had been the only European lady in the whole group of islands for more than sixteen months. But though so long without the comfort of an English sister's company, converse, and sympathy, lack of which no other kind of friendship can fully supply, she was too busy to be dull. In her school she taught the natives writing, the first rules of arithmetic, and the principles of geography. In the place of globes, she drew out several maps, and taught four of the natives to copy them. A class of six of the more intelligent learned the English language. The King and Queen were among the scholars, and so were several local preachers and leaders. Sometimes the local preachers would go to Mrs. Tucker's house, and ask her to help them to make their sermons; and I have heard that they generally went away well contented.

Mrs. Tucker did not neglect more womanly

accomplishments. Some of the natives began to shew a wish to be dressed in English costume on their "high days and holidays." Mrs. Tucker taught the women to plait and make up bonnets; and one fine Sunday morning, twelve of the female class-leaders, including Queen Charlotte, made their appearance at chapel in the first bonnets ever worn by the ladies of the Friendly Islands. They looked very neat, and somewhat gay, with their pretty plaits and trimmings of glazed calico. Many more would have been made, but print and calico ran short, and so did needles and thread. They regretted this, not merely for their own dress, but because they could not make sufficient covers for their dearly prized books.

In September, 1836, Mr. Tucker received the following gratifying letter from a teacher in charge of the people of Tongu:—"Mr. Tucker,—I, Lot, your son in the gospel of Jesus Christ, make known to you the love of God which has come to this land. The Holy Spirit has been poured out upon the men, women, and children. On the 11th day of August, after I returned from Lifuka, we met together for prayer; it was to commemorate the great revival which took place two years ago; and we immediately received the blessing of the Lord. On Friday, we again assembled for worship, when the love of God was manifested in abundance to all the people. I thank the Lord for imparting to us the good thing, for the famine is great to the flesh, but our souls are greatly enriched, and I earnestly desire it may be thus for ever and ever.

Amen. My love to you and Mrs. Tucker is great; and this is the end of the writing of your son in the gospel of Jesus Christ."

The famine of which Lot speaks, was the consequence of two awful storms. The second was a perfect hurricane. Nearly all the fruits of the earth were destroyed. The once fertile islands were made desolate, and the natives were reduced to eating the roots of the trees in order to sustain life. The scarcity of food, and the bad quality of such as could be procured, brought on diseases of various kinds and death. Many whose constitution was sickly were carried off; and the survivors suffered great privations. This season of severe trial, tested the graces of those whose life in Christ was new; and the hearts of the Missionaries were cheered by the evidence given in the conduct of the natives of the depth and reality of their Christian principles. If a famine like this had occurred in their heathen state, they would have plundered each other of anything to be seen in the shape of food; quarrels would have followed and many lives been sacrificed. Now they showed Christian resignation and patience. As many as a hundred and ten were removed by death; among whom were two local preachers, and three female class leaders. They died in faith, and in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life. Mr. Tucker visited numbers on their deathbed, and rejoiced to hear their simple and clear testimony to the truth of God's

promise, and the preciousness of Christ's blood. "There are three words," said a dying saint in Anglesey, an exemplary Christian, whose life had been spent in doing good, "There are three words in the Epistle to the Hebrews that cheer me now—*promise; blood; oath.*" Yes; "the precious promise of the gospel; the atoning blood of the Mediator; the unchanging oath of Jehovah;" these alone can enable a soul to pass joyfully through the closing scene! whether he have spent a long life in intelligent and active service; or whether, like the Haabai converts, he have but just opened his eyes on a Saviour and then closed them in death.

This famine led to the removal of many church members to Vavau—that Island furnishing a good supply of food. A second hurricane visited the Haabai Islands some time after, stripping them of their beautiful and useful verdure, and throwing down the mission chapel, among other ruined buildings. Two or three attacks of epidemic disease were added to the afflictions of these people. God's children must have chastisement; but it is for their profit that they "might be partakers of His holiness." The church at Haabai grew in piety.

VAVAU.—Here, in 1835, we find our old friend, Mr. Thomas, located, caring for the interests of a large and prosperous infant church. Mr. Thomas taught the Vavauans a new lesson; that they ought to do something towards supporting the cause of God. As they had not gold or silver, he asked for a portion

of their time. He gave them seeds, and they found land, and planted from six to eight hundred yams. These the people were to dress, and when ripe, dig up and take to Mr. Thomas, who would use them as articles of barter, and so save the funds of the society. With the same view of increasing and directing their Christian charity, a Missionary meeting was held at Vavau, on the 2nd May, 1836, the date of the anniversary of the parent society. The people flocked from all the islands in the group to attend it. The first resolution expressed their gratitude to Almighty God, for sending His only Son to save them from sin and death. This was proposed by King George, who addressed the meeting in a lively and moving strain. Some other natives, all local preachers, spoke on the occasion. No collection was made at the first meeting; but an "Auxiliary Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society" was formed.* Two years after we find the people making handsome presents of native produce and manufacture; cloth mats, fish hooks, baskets, fowls, hogs, yams, shells, &c. Preparatory sermons were preached. The King took the chair on the day of the meeting, and native addresses were delivered. The assembly consisted, besides the Vavauans, of people from Tonga, Haabai, Fiji,

* In October of the same year, a branch Missionary society was formed at Haabai. The list of subscriptions was very long. It contained 683 names, and in most cases a name stood for a family. Heathen gods, sacred clubs, whales' teeth, formerly objects of worship, were among the things contributed. The amount realised by the articles sold by auction was £23 3s. 2d.

Keppel's Island, Niua Foou, Wallis's Island, Tahiti and Savage Island. All were delighted with the meeting, which lasted six hours.

In October, 1837, Mr. Thomas left his station to attend the district meeting at Lifuka. On returning home, he was told that more Missionaries had arrived. His joy at the pleasant intelligence was soon checked, when he learned that the new Missionaries were a Roman Catholic Bishop, and his companions, sent out from a Missionary Institution in France. These gentlemen had already had an interview with the King, (who was at that time residing at Vavau) and had asked permission to leave two or three of their party on the island. The King asked for what purpose they came, adding, "I and my people have all turned to God." His lordship told the King, that his own religion was the old and true faith, and that the religion taught by the Methodist Missionaries, was one that had lately sprung up. The King said, "We know but of one God, to whom we have all turned; and to His Son Jesus Christ our Lord." He then advised the bishop to wait until the return of the Missionaries from Lifuka. The bishop, with five others, three of whom were priests, accordingly waited upon Mr. Thomas and his colleague, who, on hearing their wish to leave Missionaries on the island, observed that that matter must be settled between themselves and the King; that King George, not the Missionaries, governed the islands. The bishop most politely assured Mr. Thomas, that he did not wish to interfere

with the instruction of the natives; he merely wished to leave two or three of his people to learn the language. He afterwards repeated this statement to the King, limiting the time of the priests' stay to two or three months. The King saw through this artifice, and doubting whether the priests would learn much of Tonguese in so short a time, asked in reply, "If they were to go away in two or three months, why cannot you as well take them away in the ship that brought them?" On being pressed to consent, the King said, "It is not my mind that they should stay." Unwilling to give up his scheme for the religious improvement of Vavau, the bishop once more urged the King to take time, to consult the Missionaries, and then to give his answer. But King George saw no need for study or for consultation, and an emphatic "No" settled the question. The bishop then bowed to the King, who was sitting on his mat, shook hands with him and with Queen Charlotte, and took his leave.

Mr. Thomas suggested, that he should go to some island as yet unvisited by Christian teachers; and he took care to say, that the Methodists had taken Missionary possession of Fiji, Navigators' Islands, Keppel's and Boscawen's Islands, and of Niua Foou: adding, that Rotumah and Wallis's Island were not forgotten by them. Before his ship left the harbour, the bishop was furnished with a few copies of books printed in the language of Tonga, and of some prepared for Fiji and Samoa. Mr. Thomas was not sorry to hear

the bishop say, that he and his party had been repulsed wherever they had called. This incident showed the necessity for an increase of Protestant Missionaries to watch over the infant churches. Exposed as they were to the attacks of so wily a foe as Popery has ever proved itself, the young converts were not safe unless they added to their "faith, knowledge."

Towards the close of 1838, an untoward affair happened. The principal chapel, ninety-six feet long by forty-five wide, a beautiful specimen of Tonguese workmanship, was burned down, not by accident but by design. This grievous offence was committed by the son of an Englishman and a Tahitian woman. The people were put to great inconvenience, as they had not another building large enough for their congregations. It was a national calamity; for the erection of so large a chapel taxes the strength of the whole people.

King George was desirous of governing his people with wisdom as well as with kindness. He found that great evils arose from chiefs and private persons taking the law into their own hands. He wished that impartial justice should be dealt out to the poor as well as to the rich, to the servant as well as the master. In March, 1839, he determined on giving his people a written code of laws. He appointed four of his chiefs as Judges and Magistrates. They were to sit once a month to hear and decide all cases of complaint that might arise. In the presence of

assembled thousands of his people, he read and commented upon his code of laws, a copy of which he gave to each of the governing chiefs for the guidance of himself and those under his authority. All appeared to be satisfied with this arrangement. Though this first code of laws did not meet all the cases that were brought before the Judges, yet it was a great help to their decisions, and it served to establish principles of order and justice. Founded on a Christian basis, it aided the Missionaries in their efforts to enforce a pure morality. Many alterations and additions have been made within the last fifteen years, and still further improvements are likely to take place soon. The laws, as written at first, referred to open acts of crime; to the worship of God on the Sabbath; to the chiefs' rule over their people; to industry and the cultivation of land; to the conduct of Englishmen and foreigners on shore; and to other matters of minor importance. You may, perhaps, feel interested in reading King George's preamble to his first code of laws.

"These are the names of the King and the chiefs at Vavau, Haafuluhao:—

George, the King.
Jobe Soakai, Steward or Governor.
Asaiasi Veikune, Chief Judge or magistrate.
Eliesa Kijikiji, Judge.
Jiofilosi Kaianuanu, Judge.

I, George, make known this my mind to the chiefs of the different parts of Haafuluhao, also to all my

people. May you be very happy! It is of the God of heaven and earth that I have been appointed to speak to you. He is King of kings and Lord of lords. He doeth whatsoever He pleaseth. He lifteth up one, and putteth down another. He is righteous in all His works. We are all the work of His hands, and the sheep of His pasture; and His will towards us is, that we should be happy. Therefore it is that I make known to you all, to the Chiefs, and governors, and people, as well as the different strangers and foreigners that live with me,

"That the laws of this our land prohibit"——, &c.

One or two specimens may be given of the laws that follow:—

"My mind is this: That each chief or head of a people shall govern his own people, and them only: and it is my mind that you each shew love to the people you have under you: also, that you require of them to be industrious in labouring to support the government, and in their duties to you their chief; and that you divide to each one of them land for their own use, that each one may have means of living, of supporting his family, of procuring necessaries, and of contributing to the cause of God."

"And it is my mind: That the land should be brought into cultivation and be planted. Hence, I inform you, it is unlawful for you to turn your hogs outside the fence or sty. In case of a pig being found eating the yams, or destroying the produce of the

earth, the owner of the pig shall be apprised directly of it, that he may shut his pig up; also he shall make amends for the mischief done. In case the owner pays not attention to his pig, either to confine it or to recompense the damage done, and the pig is again found eating the plantation, it shall then be lawful to kill the pig, and the person owning the plantation shall claim it."

"In case of a person retailing ardent spirits, he shall pay a fine to the king of twenty-five dollars, and be liable to have the spirits taken from him."

"In case a man leaves his wife and escapes, she shall claim two plantations, and whatever other property he may have left."

"In case a woman forsakes her husband, she shall be brought back again to him; and in case she will not remain with him, it shall not be lawful for her to marry any other man while her husband lives."

The last code consists of forty-three sections, with numerous subdivisions. It includes some items very chafing to lazy people.

"XXXVI.—*The law referring to men.* You shall work and persevere in labouring for the support of your family, as well as yourself, and in order to trade and contribute to the cause of God, and the chief of the land; and each man shall seek his piece of land to cultivate. Any man not willing to work, he shall neither be fed nor assisted; all such persons being

useless to the land and its inhabitants, and unprofitable to their friends.

"XXXVII.—*The law referring to women.* You must work, women, and persevere in labouring to clothe your husbands and children. Unmarried women shall be useful to their relatives and parents. If they do not work, they shall not be fed or assisted; for one assisting the indolent, is supporting that which is an evil."*

Before the close of 1839, welcome news came from England. The Rev. John Waterhouse, an experienced and highly-valued minister, who had for many years laboured acceptably in English circuits, had consented to remove, with his family, to Australia, to take the general superintendence of the missions there, and in Polynesia. And to this was added, that a vessel, the *Triton*, had been purchased and fitted out, by the Wesleyan Missionary Committee, with special reference to the peculiar circumstances of the South Sea Mission. Such a vessel had long been needed, to convey the Missionaries from one station to another, and thus lessen the risk attending voyages in those dangerous seas; as well as to bring regular

* A copy of the first code of laws may be seen in the Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society for the year 1840; Appendix A., page 129. And a copy of the present laws, with the latest improvements, is to be found at page 434 of "The Southern World," recently published by the Rev. Robert Young; a book that contains much interesting information respecting the present state of the Friendly Islanders.

supplies at stated times, such as would ensure some degree of domestic comfort. The *Triton* on her first Missionary voyage, brought two colleagues to aid the devoted men already engaged in the Friendly Islands; Messrs. Francis Wilson, and Kevern. She was laden with goods, partly intended for the houses of the Missionaries, which were almost destitute of articles of earthenware, tinware, and ironmongery; and partly to be used in barter with the natives.

NIUA-TOBUTABU; OR, KEPPEL'S ISLAND.—In the early part of the year 1835, the Missionaries decided on commencing a mission at the Samoa, or Navigator's Islands; and the Rev. Peter Turner was chosen for that purpose. He was to call at Niua on his way, and remain there a few weeks. That island had been taught only by natives from Vavau.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner, with a few native teachers, embarked in a small vessel, built by a sailor at the Fijis. They had a stormy passage, meeting some of the heavy gales so common in those latitudes. For seven days and nights they were tossed to and fro, without regular food or rest. At last, by God's kind providence, they sighted Niua, where a longing people were on the look-out for them.

Squalls and contrary winds still held their little vessel back. As soon, however, as it was descried from shore, the teacher and some of the people came off in a small boat. The sea was rough, and the little canoe, tilted on the top of the waves, or pitched into the deep furrows below, was every moment in danger of an

upset. They succeeded in reaching the vessel, and seeing a Missionary on board, they would not remain more than a few minutes; but hastened back to tell the joyful news.

The mission party could not land. Another anxious night passed, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they were kept from drifting out to sea. There was only one practicable landing-place; and even there were fearful reefs with tremendous breakers rolling over them. About forty men waited in the water—some up to the waist, some up to the neck, some swimming about. Those managing the canoe that brought the mission party from the vessel to the landing-place, watched till a sea came rolling in, and then put forth all their strength to paddle, so as to be carried along with it; while the party on watch caught the canoe to prevent its being dashed to pieces on the rocks. After the natives had landed, Mr. and Mrs. Turner ventured to follow in the same mode, and got safe to shore, with only a little wetting. The next day, the weather being calmer, the vessel that had brought them came to an anchorage.

The Island of Niua is about six miles long, and one mile and a half broad. It is very low, and is surrounded by a coral reef that extends, in some places, half-a-mile from the beach.

There were about 600 men, women, and children, living here. The population had been decreasing for some time owing to the repeated loss of canoes in their rough seas. Several had been drifted to Samoa

and Fiji, while others had foundered on their passage. Two years before, the king of the place had prepared two canoes for a voyage to Niua Foou. One hundred and fifty persons embarked. A teacher sent from Vavau, David Tokiilo, was of the party. They were out at sea six days, and though they sighted land, yet they could not reach it. At last the wind became stronger, and the sea heavier. One of the canoes filled with water, and sank. Seventy persons were drowned. Among these were the teacher and his wife. He was a quiet, sensible, pious man. He had given up all for Christ's sake, and his life's aim was to do good. His body was found afterwards. His books of Scripture, tightly grasped in his hand, were washed on shore with him. "He died," says Mr. Turner, "with the word of life in his hand, and I have no doubt with the spirit of life in his heart."

Mr. Turner soon found that he had much to do at Niua. The three native teachers were going on well, and instructing the people in all that they themselves knew; but, like Apollos, they needed to learn the way of God more perfectly. They did not clearly see the way of a sinner's approach to God through faith in Jesus, "the end of the law for righteousness."

The distinct teaching of this and kindred doctrines soon produced the same mighty changes here as had been wrought in the other islands. Many began to say "Sir, we would see Jesus." The King, Gogo, though he meant to be a Christian, had a hard struggle before he could part with all for Christ's sake.

It seemed to him impossible to give up his wives. Mr. Turner had not been many days on the island before he did his best to persuade him to take this decisive step. He acknowledged that Mr. Turner was right; but still he lingered. However, among those who were under concern for their souls were two of the King's wives. They were willing to sacrifice all earthly good, so that they might find "treasure in heaven." Day by day the King's sense of duty gained strength; and, on the 25th March, much to the surprise and delight of his people, he repaired to Mr. Turner's house, saying that he was determined to do the will of God, and to retain only one wife. The next day he came again, accompanied by one of his former wives, her to whom his heart clave most closely, and requested Mr. Turner to marry them in due form.

While this struggle was going on in the King's mind, the Spirit of God was working wonders among his people. Many became earnest seekers of salvation. Mourning for sin was followed by the peace of God. One of the teachers and his wife stood up among the people, and declared that something new had come to them, that their hearts were filled with divine love, and that they felt willing to do anything for God. The same baptism of the Holy Ghost fell upon the other teachers, and all joined in urging the people to seek to be made partakers of a like blessing. In the course of a few weeks more than 500 people were enabled to testify, humbly yet surely, that God, for Christ's sake, had blotted out all their sins.

The King gave orders for the erection of two chapels, and the people made all haste to get them finished during Mr. Turner's stay. One of them was opened on the 12th of April. No sooner had the service commenced than a hallowing influence pervaded the place, and all seemed to bow before the Lord with deep solemnity of feeling. Two days after, the second chapel, in another part of the island, was set apart for divine worship. Here a love-feast was held, and many of the new converts spoke clearly as to their justification by faith. The King and Queen spoke well. The King said, "I stand up to make known my mind unto you. I have been a very wicked and bad man; I think the very worst of men. I think on the goodness of the Lord to me while wicked, in saving me from the sea when I was shipwrecked. Many were lost on that occasion; but I am saved. When first the lotu came to the land, I worshipped deceitfully before the Lord. I continued to do my old ways, and followed my old mind. Even when the Missionary came, my mind was hard and my life wicked; but, I praise the Lord, He has had mercy upon my soul. I obtained this great love on Friday last, when in my class; and now I love the Lord Jehovah."

Soon after, both he and the Queen were baptised; and on the 21st May, the King preached his first sermon. He was a man of considerable talents; he read very well, wrote a good hand, had a pleasing enunciation and an eloquent tongue. His sermons surpassed those of any of his people. His heart was

now fully set on carrying on the work of God at home and abroad. He said, on one occasion, "I know that I love the Lord, and that He loves me. I desire very much to do something for Him. I am pained for others who are still ignorant; and I wish to tell them of the Lord Jesus: I much desire that a ship should come in, that I might take some teachers to Uvea, (Wallis's Island). When I think of my own past wickedness, I am much ashamed before the Lord and the people. I hate all these old things. I do pray unto the Lord, and will pray."

The people of Niua improved rapidly. They began to build a better kind of house for themselves, and they were abundant in offerings of such things as they had towards the support of the Missionary and the Christian teachers. Their eagerness for spiritual food was very great. It was pleasing to see them after hearing a sermon, retire to their own homes to talk it over. Mr. Turner says, that they would sometimes remember and repeat nearly the whole of a sermon. This habit helped to fix what they heard in their memory. It is a good plan; and will answer in England quite as well as at Niua. Mr. Turner left Niua early in June, rejoicing that he had prolonged his stay among the people prepared of the Lord. He had been, by God's blessing, the means of leading the greater part of the inhabitants to a more perfect knowledge of the truth. Religion had produced a great change in a short time. The people had become industrious, happy, and liberal.

There had been scarcely any instances of backsliding among them; very few irregularities. A look had sufficed to check any impropriety of conduct.

The following is a schedule of the state of the society at Niua, when Mr. Turner left the island.

	TOTAL.
Persons Meeting in Class—Males, 239; Females, 275	514
,, Baptised—Adults, 514; Children, 200	714
,, Married	240
Schools, 4. Scholars, 512. Teachers, 45.	
Chapels, 2. Exhorters, 12. Leaders, 24.	

Mr. Turner's removal was not followed by any decrease in the King's missionary ardour. He was resolved to carry the good news of salvation to those whose hearts had not yet been gladdened by its coming. Not many months passed by before he set out for Uvea, accompanied with about forty-five of his men. The King of Uvea, a relative of Gogo, would not receive his sayings. He thought the people of Niua too young in religion themselves to be fit teachers of others; and, in the pride of his heart, he scorned the message and the messengers. He promised Gogo to take care of him, till he could return to his own home; but this pledge was broken. In some way or other, the praying party gave offence to the heathens, and these resolved to go to war. They were urged on by a chief from Tonga, who had left Vavau a year before rather than turn to God, and whose hatred to the truth was ever on the increase. The affair ended in the destruction of King Gogo and most of his party, besides

thirteen of the natives of Uvea. The zeal of the Niua Christians may not have been tempered with discretion; but we must admire the self-sacrificing love to souls that led them to run so great a risk. "He that loseth his life for My sake, shall keep it unto life eternal."

"I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also, and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled."—Rev. vi. 9, 10, 11.

At the time when the men from Niua were killed, all the women of the party were saved alive. Among the desolate most desolate, was Eliza Ann, the married wife of the slain King. She was a fine-looking young woman; and it is said, that before the dispute that ended in her husband's death, she had been much admired by the King of Uvea. He now told her that she was to come and live with him. Eliza Ann had not forgotten poor Gogo; besides she could not bear the thought of becoming one of the many wives of a heathen chief. Her heart answered, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" She made up her mind that it was better to

die, than to obey the chief. So she ran away into the bush. There she lived for two months, picking fruit and pulling up such roots as she could find, in order to keep herself alive. Poor living, solitude, and sorrow, wasted her strength, and when at last her hiding-place was found out by a Tonga man, she seemed to be very near death. He took her to his own house, and she began to make arrangements for her burial. The King of Uvea heard that she had been brought back, went to the house where she was, and ordered the people at hand to hold her up that he might look at her. He then commanded her to eat some food, saying, that if she did not eat instantly, she should be fastened to a piece of wood and thrown into the sea. Food was given to her, and after a time she began to recover. The King visited her again in the course of a few days, found her looking much better, and ordered her to go to his house. Eliza Ann positively refused to do so. He went a second time on the same errand; but she remained firm. He then left her, expecting that she would alter her mind by and by. But her tears and prayers had been marked by One, who, in every temptation, makes a way for the escape of His own people. A canoe belonging to King George was drifted as far as Niua. The Christians made frequent short excursions in this vessel, returning in good time, so as not to excite the fears of the heathen, whose prey they seemed to be. One day, they set sail as before, with Eliza Ann on board. The wind was favourable; they seized the

happy moment, and bore away to Fortuma, at nearly a hundred miles' distance. Five nights of hard toiling followed, and then Eliza Ann was landed safely on her own loved island.

SAMOA.—When the Wesleyan Methodist Missionaries entered Samoa, it was at the earnest request of large numbers of the people, and with the sanction of the committee at home. The Rev. Peter Turner landed at Manono in June, 1835, and met with a hearty welcome. Mr. Turner had studied the Samoan language at Tonga and at Niua, and was in part prepared to enter upon his labours. It was not long before hundreds, nay thousands, of the Samoans embraced the lotu. Mr. Turner's delightful accounts of the work of God among these people induced the Missionaries of the Friendly Islands to send another of their number, the Rev. Matthew Wilson, to assist Mr. Turner.

About the time that the Wesleyan Missionaries occupied Samoa, the London Society began a mission there. The Rev. Mr. Platt landed in August 1835, two months after Mr. Turner. Native teachers belonging to that society, Rarotongans, had been employed at Samoa for some time previously. The Islands are large and thickly-peopled, and there seemed to be plenty of room and plenty of work for both societies. Meantime, an arrangement was entered into by the directors of the London Society and the committee of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, by which the Samoan group was to be given

up to the sole occupancy of the London Missionaries, while the Methodists were to have the entire charge of the Fiji group. The motive of this arrangement was praiseworthy. It was thought likely to promote brotherly love and the spread of religion. Samoa and Fiji were both regarded as fallow ground, equally needing Christian teaching; and the arrangement entered into seemed just, equitable, and kind. Those at home who decided on the case were not in possession of facts that might have changed their judgment. The voice of the converted Methodist Samoans was not heard in the matter; and they were, not intentionally, but actually, treated as though they were children, to be turned this way or that, at the will of another. When the news of this arrangement reached Samoa the new converts strongly demurred; they were sure that there was some mistake. The Missionaries were of the same opinion; so they agreed to defer their removal till they could lay the state of the mission before their fathers and brethren at home, and hear again from them on the subject. The committee felt themselves bound by honour and by Christian feeling to adhere to their former decision. Their word had passed, and they could not recal it. They accordingly came to the following resolution:—

"*Dec. 6th*, 1837.—That Mr. P. Turner, and colleague or colleagues who may have subsequently joined him, are affectionately, but positively, required

to relinquish forthwith their operations in the Navigator's Islands."

As soon as the Missionaries received this direction, they prepared to tear themselves away from a loving, weeping people. They took the greatest pains to induce them to join the London Missionaries. Mr. Turner broke up the schools and the societies, and took away the class-papers from the leaders.

In the month of June, 1839, the Missionaries left Samoa, by the *Camden*, and returned to the Friendly Islands. As the result of their untiring labours, they left at Samoa 80 chapels, 197 schools, 487 teachers, 6,354 scholars, more than 3,000 members, with 13,000 other persons under the influence of the Methodist Missionaries; and some of these were great chiefs, heads of tribes and districts.

You may well imagine that the London Society pursued its work at a great disadvantage. Instead of having an open field, here was a large number of people disinclined to receive its teaching; sorely smarting under the infliction of what they looked on as a grievous wrong. It seems clear that the arrangement should have been made earlier, or not at all. Christian uniformity could not now be secured. Christian union of heart, and friendly co-operation were not impossible, though they might be difficult of attainment.

The first church was formed by the London Missionaries in 1837. Since that time the little one has

become a thousand; and our brethren of that society can now rejoice over a large and flourishing mission. Side by side with them, unguarded and unguided by Missionary teaching, and almost destitute of church ordinances, a society of Methodists has struggled on through years of anxiety and disappointment. As soon as Messrs. Turner and Wilson left Samoa, the people met together and re-formed the society. They resolved to retain the chapel, and to employ their local preachers as before. It was not only that they had formed a strong attachment to Mr. Turner, and to Methodist usages, but they had long had political relations with Tonga, and they chose to be of the same religion as King George. They said, "Are we not one people? Yes, we are. And we were one people before the lotu came. And shall we be separated by the lotu, or by our lotu friends in England? No, no; never let it be thus. But what do we know of Tahiti? What communications had the Tahitians with us, or with Tonga? We only heard of Tahiti last night." "It is not right that the good people should take away our Missionary whom we cleave to, and make us unite with those whom we do not want, and whom we do not love. Our friends do not know how difficult Samoa is. We have not our King, but we all do what we please. Are there not many different sects in England? Then why should the people of England wish us to have only one here?"

It would be easy to fill pages with the arguments and wailings of these distressed people. But it will

be better to tell you what has really been done for them. After waiting a year, they wrote the following letter, and sent it to the Friendly Islands in the charge of several chiefs.

"Saluagata Samoa, May 5th, 1840. To Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Turner, and all the Missionaries at Tonga, and the King,—We, the teachers at Atua and Tuamasanga, and Manono, and Savaii, and all this Samoa, belonging to the same religious sect as Mr. Turner, write to make known, that we cannot turn to the sect from Tahiti; but are endeavouring to stand firm to our principles. Therefore we make known our minds to you all, and beg of you to have love to us, and send us a Missionary after our own heart to this Samoa. We have hitherto conducted worship after that manner which our hearts approve, and which was taught us by Mr. Turner. The day of worship is still observed, (week day preaching) in the different places at Savaii. The teachers make known their minds on the day of meeting. We meet our classes, and send teachers to the people who are in want of them. We are still standing fast. We observe the day of the birth, (Christmas day) and the day of the death (Good Friday). We give thanks unto God, that we still stand fast in His work, and that He is still causing it to spring up and to prosper in this Samoa. Therefore we still tarry and wait for the will of God, and to know the mind of your ministers. Do have love to us and send us a Mission-

ary. Print an abundance of the sacred books and send to us.

"To the King. King George Taufaahau,—If the ministers have cast us away in Samoa, will you select some Tonga teachers. For indeed we cannot turn. Our cause stands firm in Samoa. Some of the people join one sect and some another. We have love to Mr. Thomas and Mr. Turner, and all the Missionaries; and also to the King of Tonga and the Tonga teachers; and do you have love to us and hasten the teachers to this Samoa.

"This is the end of our writing to the King and the Missionaries of God. Signed,—We of Samoa."

The Missionaries could not reply to this letter; and the King, though sympathising with the Samoans, did not like to interfere. So the messenger-chiefs remained at the Friendly Islands till many months had rolled by. They would not return without teachers; and their repeated prayers were at last successful. King George consented to send out some native teachers, headed by Benjamin Latuselu, a man of great worth and promise. He has now been for some years an assistant Missionary. Just as the canoe was about to sail, the *Triton* arrived, having on board the General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in the South Seas. He was soon told of the difficulty in which the Kings had been placed. He saw the deputation from Samoa, questioned them closely, and, though formerly on the Committee in

London that required the withdrawal of the Missionaries from Samoa, he did not think it right to check the King's thoughts and acts of kindness. The party sailed in Feburary, 1841. King George gave them directions to the following effect. "Benjamin,—The chiefs from Samoa have been here a long time; and perhaps, since they left, our people may have joined the London Missionary Society. If you find it so, upon you arrival, do not disturb them; but turn your canoe, and sail again for Tonga. But if they have not united with them, you may remain and teach them."

Favourable accounts reached Vavau of the reception that Benjamin and his companions met with; and in July, 1842, King George resolved to pay them a visit. He selected ten more teachers, and with their families they sailed from Vavau. Several chiefs went with them, who did not wish that their King should risk his life in so perilous a voyage alone.

King George paid a long visit to Samoa; he opened new chapels at three places, and saw much of the anxiety and distress of the Methodists there, "the whole weight whereof," as Benjamin said, "he had not known before." On his return, he wrote a letter to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee. The letter, translated by Mr. Thomas, is as follows:—

"Tonga, January 6th, 1843. Dear Friends,—I, George, having just returned from Samoa, think proper to inform you of the reason of my voyage there, and the cause of my interfering with the people

of Samoa. The relationship of Tonga and Samoa people has been of old. From thence (Samoa) sprang our progenitors, the governing families of Tonga, as the family of Tui-Tonga, and Tui-Kanokubolu, the latter being the family of Tubou, King of Tonga, and of George, King of Vavau and Haabai, which is the same with the Chief, Mumui. They are still as their children, and one with them.

"We at Tonga first received the lotu from you, and were pleased with it. We made it known to our relatives at Samoa, some of whom embraced it directly and were well pleased with it; and in a short time it was greatly increased at Samoa, and was called the lotu of Tonga.

"Several other religions sprang up, likewise, at Samoa—Jovelites, Tahitians, and some other parties—but with those we had nothing to do. In Samoa, each chief does that in his own chiefdom which he and his people approve of, it not being the custom in Samoa for any chief to exercise supreme power, as in Tonga. Their union and oneness consists in allowing each chief and his people to do that which he and his people think proper for their good.

"It was whilst our Samoa friends were thus happy, and while true religion was prospering among them by means of the two Missionaries and teachers sent from Tonga to assist them, that orders came from the fathers in England that the two Missionaries of our Society at Samoa were to remove thence, in order that the whole of Samoa may be one religion, viz., the

Tahitian religion. This was very grievous and distressing to our relations at Samoa, which led them to cry much to God. It also gave us much pain at Tonga, it being a new thing to us, and very surprising; and as we were not allowed to prevent the removal of the Missionaries, they were brought back to us with the native teachers. But as societies had been formed at Samoa, the chiefs, leaders, and people began again, and carried on the religious service in the same manner as when the Missionaries were with them; though the Missionaries had, in the most urgent manner, entreated them to join the other lotu.

"After going on as they were able for a long time, the chiefs of Samoa sent off some of their friends at different times, by ships that touched there, to visit Tonga in search of Missionaries and native teachers. Some who were thus sent died on their way, and others were taken away by wicked captains (who were paid in produce), who took them on board, but never landed them at Tonga. Still the people continued firm, and held their meetings as usual.

"At last three of the governing chiefs who had been fixed upon by the other chiefs to visit Tonga, arrived. Their object was to wait upon our Missionaries here to beg that one might be sent to them. But as the Missionaries were prohibited by you to send any to Samoa, they applied to Tubou and myself, asking us to send them some of their and our relatives to assist them, that their souls may live. We were much affected by their earnest entreaties for us to help

them; and, as we did not consider it a sin in the sight of God to do so in their distress, so I first sent a canoe to Samoa, and three Tonga teachers; this being the mind of Tubou, as well as the mind of the Tonga friends. Our Samoan friends begged in the most earnest manner, saying; 'If it be the mind of our fathers who govern the society in England to deliver us over to the Tahitian lotu in Samoa, this is not our mind; but we cleave fast to the Tonga lotu, and of the Tonga people, for they are our true relatives.' Now, as the head chiefs of Samoa have in council agreed to send over some of their party to let us know their minds, that they cannot turn to the other society, but that they will continue in that society to which Tonga belongs, and as they are our near relatives, we are not able to cast them away.

"Hence originated my visit to Samoa. It was on account of their souls. I sailed from Vavau in the month of July, 1842. Next day I reached Niua, where I remained four nights. I then sailed for Samoa. After being out three nights at sea, we saw land, and arrived at Upolu; the next day I reached Manono, where very many people assembled and saluted us. Many were the thanks they offered to God, and very great was their joy that we had visited them; and the expressions of their love to us were many.

"I remained six Sabbaths at Samoa, during which time I had an opportunity of seeing the state of things there, and of hearing many things that were said.

Also, I see clearly how much they stand in need of Missionaries.

"A general meeting of the chiefs and people was held at Manono, which occupied many hours. They gathered together from different parts of the island. I judge in case the inhabitants of Tonga and Haabai and Vavau were together, they would not be equal to the number who belong to our lotu in Samoa. While I was there some heathens embraced, and many of the Jovelites (from Jovel, a sailor) joined our people, and some from the Tahitian lotu likewise. At Manono, Savaii, and Kubolu, alone, we have 123 chapels. I do not know the number of chapels that we have at Tutuila, Manua, and other places, as I was not able to visit them. Neither can I speak as to the number of chiefs who belong to us, but they are very many.

"At the general meeting, the chief of Manono, named Bea, as well as several chiefs belonging to the Tahitian lotu, were present. All was peace. The meeting continued eight hours. The different chiefs appointed to address the meeting spoke with earnestness and spirit-stirring eloquence, as is the manner of Samoa when telling their minds. The chiefs and people of Savaii had sat in silence while others spoke their minds. At the close, the chief of the place stood up, and said, 'We shall not tell you our minds. Are our minds changed, then, or are they wavering, to render it necessary we should say what our minds are? There is nothing of the kind.'

"The grand object of the meeting was to make

known their minds to me, which they did as with one voice. It was to entreat me to write to you, and to beg of you to send them some Missionaries.

"I can only write you a very little of what they said. It was very painful to me, for at a signal being given, they all lifted up their hands and vowed in the presence of God, that our religion should be supported in Samoa; thus solemnly pledging themselves to God, and to each other, as well as to relatives and the Tonga chiefs.

"Our people have had to endure persecution from the Tahitian religion; but their attachment to us is rather strengthened by it than otherwise. . . . . There are many painful things said about us and done to us; but I have no wish to write about them, and our friends are patient to bear them.

"And now I must earnestly beg and beseech you, dear fathers, whom we greatly love, that you will, at length, untie the words that you have spoken, and again send your Missionaries to Samoa; since you certainly could not have known the manners and customs of these lands. The friends in England are not able to change the minds of the people of Samoa or Tonga, as to what religion they shall be of. It is true that by the teaching of your Missionaries, you have caused us to know, and to become worshippers of, the true God: with this we are well pleased, and have no wish to get any other. And it is exactly the same with Samoa.

Continue then your love to us, and to our children;

and if there is anything wrong in this, fathers, I beg you to forgive it. I remain,

"Your son in the Gospel,

"GEORGE TAUFAUHAII.

"To the Governors of the true Religion,
at Tonga."

It was not possible for the committee to read King George's letter without having their hearts stirred to sympathy; but their pledge had been given; and a sense of duty placed a curb on feeling. Two parties had entered into a covenant, and both must agree before that covenant could be set aside. The London Society still hoped to overcome the scruples of the Samoans.

Eleven years have passed since that letter was written, and fifteen years since the Methodist Missionaries quitted Samoa. During that time many of the people have fallen away from religion, and turned back to their heathen customs; and many have embraced Romanism: but some thousands are still united in our church fellowship, and are walking in love. These "waiters upon Providence" do not give up hoping that a happy change may yet take place.

It has been said by those who have paid brief visits to Samoa that the Methodists there are a small and troublesome faction, giving much annoyance to the London Missionaries and their converts. Suppose that it be so. All the more do they need to be guided by men of sounder judgment and a higher tone of

piety than their own. It is not needful to laud them as martyrs of religious constancy. Much political feeling is acknowledged as existing, mingled with their Christian preferences. Perhaps had they had better teaching and more elevated piety, they would have seen the advantage of religious uniformity and admired the self-sacrifice of the Missionaries who forsook them for the sake of brotherly union and Christian honour. Yet is this certain? If we want to judge truly of the conduct of others towards us, and of our own conduct towards them, I know no better plan than to imagine the relative position of both changed. If I were in their place, and they in mine, what then? Now suppose that for good—undeniably good reasons—eighty Independent congregations in England were to be told that before next Sunday their beloved pastors would be removed from them, and sent out to evangelise another part of the world, and that their places would be filled by clergymen of the Church of England, who would introduce and maintain their Church's doctrine and discipline; and suppose further, that eighty societies of Wesleyan Methodists were treated in the same manner, and commanded to receive as pastors eighty Independent ministers, or else to go without Christian teaching;—should we see instant and passive submission? Would no stir be made about the matter? Why, all England would be startled by the cry of liberty, right of private judgment, and non-intrusion! Would there be no ill-will and angry feeling in enlightened England?

How much more in uneducated, strongly-prejudiced Samoa!

The Samoans live a long way off; they are dwellers in small, insignificant islets; they are darker in complexion than we; they are ignorant and only half civilised——But

> "For a' that, an' a' that,
> A man's a man, for a' that."

His free heart and his free will cannot be coerced.

Is it not possible to "untie the words" that were spoken, on a partial view of the case, fifteen years ago? Why not?

Chapter XIII.

WAR IN TONGA.

"I KNOW thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is." Such was the opening of Christ's message to the church at Pergamos; and what was said of Pergamos might have been said of Tonga. Here the great enemy of God's truth entrenched himself when one outpost after another had been wrested from him; and here, though exposed to terrors and persecutions, the believing few held fast the name of Christ, and refused to deny His faith.

The aged chiefs of Tonga, and the Priests, who saw their craft in danger, were the most earnest opposers of Christianity. They bore an intense hatred to its doctrines and its followers, and did all in their power to vex those who had joined the lotu and to hinder others from leaving their father's gods. Many of the young men were fully convinced that their religion was a system of lies; they either treated its ceremonies with contempt, or regarded them with

utter indifference. Some of them showed a desire to become Christians: but the fear of worldly loss and of the anger of those who dealt out threatenings kept them back.

Yet wherever Christianity was brought fairly into contact with heathenism it was obvious which would, in the end, prove the stronger. He who was vanquished by a stronger than himself in the wilderness, and on the cross, knew this well; and so much the more did he stir up the heathens to rage furiously.

A new opening presented itself during the year 1835, at Houma, a populous part of the island which, till that time, had been hostile; it was the same at Folaha; and Ata, the successor of Mr. Thomas's Ata, permitted the return of those who had been banished by the late chief.

On the 20th August a new chapel was opened at Beka. Heathens as well as Christians assembled, and more persons embraced Christianity on that occasion than ever previously at Tonga. A chief, named Tuivakano, resumed his Christian profession. He had returned to heathenism some time before, not because of any misgivings as to the truth of Christianity, but from motives of worldly policy. He had too much light to be happy in wrong-doing, and confessing his error, he again asked admission into the Church. He came to the house of God,—the act by which the Tonguese always indicate that they renounce heathenism,—accompanied by his brother, a young man of great influence, and a number of chiefs. He seemed

to be hearty in his intention of serving God and becoming a champion of the truth. The services of the day were most delightful, and the Christians were filled with hope. The circumstance that raised their spirits was a great blow to the heathen party, and they did not allow it to pass by in quietness. That very night Tuivakano was surprised in his own kolo, or fortress, by a party of heathens who made him their prisoner. The persecuting chiefs then assembled, in strong force, at Nukunuko, and agreed to depose Tuivakano and drive him away from his own district. This was done in due form, and a man after their own heart was appointed to succeed him. He told them that it was an easy matter to part with his dignity; but that he was resolved, at all hazards to save his soul. The heathens then commanded him and his people to leave the place instantly. They were eager to set about the work of plunder which, with many, was the chief reason for attacking the fortress. As it was dark, Tuivakano refused to go till morning, and thus showed himself equal to braving their rage; but as soon as the light of the next day broke, he left quietly, accompanied by his friends, choosing to suffer the loss of all things rather than go to war.

Many of the Christians to whom Tuivakano repaired, were moved with indignation at the base conduct of the heathen, and could, with difficulty, be restrained from attacking them.

For the next few days all Tonga was moved; and such were the threats and malignity of the heathen

party, that the Christians thought it right to put themselves upon the defensive. The only hill in Tonga, the little mount of Nukualofa, on which the chapel stands, was chosen as the citadel. A kolo was built, surrounded by a stockade and ditch. It was reported that the heathen meant to depose King Josiah. His power had been waning for some time; and his natural character did not fit him for great emergencies.

The unsettled state of Tonga, and the prospect of being shut up in Nukualofa, with a strong, heathen war-party all around, induced Mr. Watkin to remove his own family, and that of his colleague, to Vavau. After placing them in safety, he returned to fetch away the furniture of the mission-houses and the press. It was thought advisable to carry on the printing operations at Vavau, as that was the more central station, now that the sphere of the South Sea Mission included Fiji and Samoa.

On Mr. Watkin's return to Tonga, he found that a terrible hurricane had just occurred, attended, in some cases, with loss of life. The mission premises had suffered, part having been blown down. He now remained at Tonga, a solitary Missionary on a difficult station. Still there was cheering news. The King had had an interview with the opposing chiefs, and affairs were looking better. There was no immediate fear of war or bloodshed. But none would have felt surprise had a speedy change for the worse taken place.

However, through the year 1836, the crisis was

delayed. Mrs. Watkin and her family returned home and Mr. Watkin continued his labours, rejoicing now and then in new opportunities of preaching the gospel, in villages occupied by the heathens. At Bea, a fortress of much importance, long-closed against the Missionaries, preaching was commenced; and it was hoped that this would prove a stepping-stone to many other places.

Early in the year 1837, the storm that had been long gathering, burst upon Tonga with awful violence. The heathen party set themselves to the task of uprooting Christianity. They engaged in war for the express purpose of destroying their King, whom they hated on account of his religion, and of slaughtering all his Christian subjects. They were an army of rebels, fighting against their earthly and their heavenly sovereign.

This view is confirmed by the following extracts from "A Refutation of Chevalier Dillon's attacks on the Wesleyan Missionaries in the Friendly Islands, by the Rev. David Cargill, A.M.":—"The Christians did not take up arms either to propagate their religion, or establish heathenism. Their design was to suppress rebellion, maintain the authority to their legal monarch, to defend their rights and privileges, and to preserve their lives. Nor did they betake themselves to such an expedient, until every other means which their humanity and ingenuity could prompt, and their power compass had proved unsuccessful. They did not betake themselves to it without repeated overtures

of peace, pardon and reconciliation to the rebels; and even after they were prepared to act on the defensive, they lingered in unwillingness to engage in war, striving by manly and honourable means, to avert such a calamity; until their hopes were cut off, and their apprehensions realised by the commencement of hostilities on the part of the insurgents. The subjects of King George were merely auxiliaries of those of Tubou, and George was appointed commander of the united forces, not by assumption, but by the wish of the chiefs, because Tubou's age disqualified him for such an office. George's rank would doubtless determine the council of chiefs in the selection of him as their leader . . . The rebels conceived the idea of making an attack on the loyalists on the Sabbath, during the time of divine service; and expected an easy victory, from the supposition that it was unlawful for the Christians to defend even their own lives on the Sabbath; and that, if lawful, they would be unprepared to defend themselves whilst assembled in the house of their God. Accordingly, a large body of insurgents, under the command of several inveterate enemies of Tubou, advanced towards Nukualofa, with the expectation of surprising Tubou and many of his faithful subjects, while engaged in devotional exercises, and with the design of putting them to death. But their approach had been detected by sentinels who guarded the entrance to Nukualofa. A company of loyalists assembled to meet and repel the aggressors. The failure of their plan; the cool intrepidity, as well

as the superior discipline of those whom the rebels expected to surprise and destroy, filled them with trepidation; so that they were easily discomfited and put to flight."

War, civil war especially, is always an evil; and here, in a small island where each knew each, it is frightful to think of the scenes that occurred during the months of January, February, and part of March; parents in arms against children, and children against parents. The heathen party was larger than the other, and for a time the issue of the war seemed doubtful; but King Josiah sought help of his relative and neighbour, King George, renowned in war as in peace; and the Christian party triumphed. His name long after, struck terror into the hearts of the heathen, and held them back from persecuting.

The effects of a long season of dread and a brief time of sharp conflict, were not favourable to the growth of piety, nor to the spread of civilisation. Numbers had been crowded together into fortresses for safety; their lands had run to waste and their houses had been exposed to the enemy. Famine followed. Nor was this all. The morals of the people suffered. It became the painful duty of the Missionaries to sever many, whose walk had been disorderly, from church communion; while others were in danger of making shipwreck of the faith and of a good conscience.

Even after the din of war had ceased, and peace had been proclaimed, the Christians dared not for

some time venture from their fortresses, lest their enemies should lie in wait, and seizing the opportunity, murder them as they passed along. Such had been the uniform practice, *after the proclamation of peace*, in the heathen days of the Friendly Islands.

Nukualofa, in particular, was crowded with people from all parts of the island; so that, for a time, preaching was confined to very few places. By degrees, the Christians ventured forth, sought their former houses, and finding that the heathens did not molest them, they repaired their losses, trimmed their houses and gardens, and made their chapels ready for the visits of the Missionaries.

It was found that the late success of the Christians, had led many among the heathen party to own the power of the true God.

One of the heathen chiefs of the Bea, embraced Christianity and built a small chapel; while at Hihifo, Ata permitted the Missionaries to re-occupy their former premises that had now been forsaken for more than eight years.

Through all the trials that preceded the war, and that lasted for months after it was over, King Josiah, and the Christian chiefs generally, assisted the Missionaries in their work, and supported their plans. There was a marked improvement, too, in their religious character and daily conduct.

In October, 1837, the church members amounted to 1,056, being an increase of 80 during the year; there were 120 on trial. Seventy removals had taken

place, and 80 had been lost by death: among these were two local preachers, who fell in the war. Number of schools, 15; of teachers, 173; and of scholars, 1,067.

From the journals of the Missionaries stationed at Tonga, Messrs. Rabone and Tucker, we may gather some interesting particulars respecting the progress of the missions, from the close of the war in 1837, to the commencement of a still fiercer conflict in 1840.

The Rev. Stephen Rabone was appointed to renew the long-suspended mission at Hihifo. This was the only district in the island of Tonga, now wholly under heathen influence. Ata was modest, quiet, and unassuming in manner; but as thorough an enemy to religion as his predecessor. Still, like him, he had intervals of kinder thought towards the Missionaries.

The converted natives, about two hundred in number, lived in a separate fortress, a mile from Ata's home. But Mr. and Mrs. Rabone, in hope of doing good to those who most needed their efforts, and willing to please Ata in every lawful way, took up their abode in the chief's own heathen fortress. The house that Mr. Thomas had occupied for three years, was still standing. It had been exposed to wind, rain, and sun, for eight years; yet it was not injured beyond repair.

The change from a Christian station was soon felt. It was, in fact, beginning the work over again. Lying, stealing, and swearing, were common sins; and

the people seemed to have no scruple as to the means used to gain any purpose on which their hearts were set. Before the fences and gates of the mission premises were put in order, the people pushed their way in crowds into Mr. Rabone's house, asking questions and making remarks, as though there were none to dispute their right.

The few Christians living near Hihifo, had grown in grace in the midst of their trials. They welcomed a Missionary among them with unfeigned delight. The local preachers had been wont to travel to Nukualofa every week, for several years, that they might have their work pointed out to them. As they went and returned, they were subjected to the insults of the persecuting heathens. They had borne this annoyance with Christian charity. Now they had a pleasant respite, having one close at hand to whom they could appeal on all church matters.

One of the terms on which peace had been made was, that no one should be persecuted on account of his religion. Ata soon broke faith. He heard that an old chief, on the little island of Atata, was about to embrace Christianity, and he gave orders to some of his people to bring the old man away from the island. The King, and his relative Ulakai, heard of the affair, and made a journey to Hihifo, in order to stop such a wicked proceeding. They found that the Christians, worn out by a series of insults and injuries, were more than half inclined to go to war. The King begged them to endure a little longer, and Mr. Rabone

joined in recommending peace. A conversation followed between the two parties; and again the heathen confessed that they had done wrong. At the kava-ring the King exhorted all parties to live in peace. He said, "Previous to the late war, I told Lavaka and his people, that if they did continue to persecute the Christians, they certainly would be punished; soon after this the war broke out, and now their bones are dry on the earth. I tell you the same; so look to it." Those grave words of the King were regarded by the heathen in the light of a prediction. So once more they were led, by fear, to restrain their deadly malice.

From Hihifo, the King and Ulakai proceeded to the Bea. There, certain old heathen chiefs, offended with Moiaki for embracing Christianity, were bent on driving him out of his own home. He made a stout resistance, and for a time maintained his ground. The result showed that those who gave up all for Christ's sake, chose the better course for themselves, while yet "weak in the faith." Not many months after, Moiaki grieved his Christian friends, and gave a triumph to the heathen party by returning to his old customs.

Mr. Rabone had not been labouring long at Hihifo, before many of the heathens, in small companies, forsook their gods, and bowed their knees to Jehovah. Among the new converts was one whose change was regarded as an event of great importance. Aho Mi was a chief of repute. He had long

been a listener to the gospel message; and while on a visit at Vavau, he was led to decision. As soon as he reached home, he called upon Ata; told him that he had become a Christian; and added, "If it be your mind to chastise me, here I am. It will be very good." The next day he went to see Mr. Rabone. In his heathen days he often called upon the Missionary. Now the feelings of both were changed; they met and talked as brethren in Christ. The next Sunday morning, Aho Mi went to the house of God, where was a larger congregation than usual; and in the afternoon, Mr. Rabone preached for the first time in the chief's own house, at his earnest request.

Aho Mi soon called at the mission house again. After conversing a little, he said, "Now I will attend to my book," and taking it up, he began to read the alphabet. All his spare time was spent in this way. In his own house he would sit attentively reading, in the midst of a large circle of friends and followers. Mr. Rabone was much affected at the sight of a man, forty-five years of age, doing so diligently the work of a little child; particularly as he knew that a few weeks before, Aho Mi would have scorned to touch a book.

The conversion of Aho Mi was such a blow as Satan's kingdom in Tonga had never before received; and his recovery was "life from the dead" to many more. Yet still there were thousands in Tonga who "knew not the day of their visitation."

The two next years were marked by very trying events; while every now and then there seemed to be a promise of better days coming. A brief extract from Mr. Rabone's journal will convey a good idea of the regular labours of the Tonga Missionaries, and of the hopes that often rose above their fears.

"Wednesday, July 28th, 1838. Yesterday morning, Mr. Tucker and I left Nukualofa for Hihifo; we arrived in the afternoon and made preparations for the baptisms. Early this morning, Mr. Tucker preached; we then married several couples; after which, we prayed. This ended, we catechised the candidates for baptism; and were well pleased with the manner in which they answered the questions in the presence of all the congregation; they then knelt down, and we proceeeded to baptise them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The first to whom this rite was administered was the old chief who embraced Christianity a few months back, instrumentally through King George, who was, at that time, on a visit to Ata. There were twenty or more at this place, and it was a most interesting occasion. After taking a little food, we came on to Teikiu, where there was another group in waiting. Being very many more than their small chapel would contain, and the day being fine, I spoke to them outside the chapel enclosure. I endeavoured to explain the nature and necessity of baptism in order to their receiving the Holy Ghost, so fully and graciously promised to them and their

children, and all that are afar off. After sermon, we married seven or eight couples, and then catechised the candidates; after which, they all knelt down beneath the "spacious firmament" to receive the initiating rite, in the name of the ever-blessed Trinity. More than seventy have been baptised to-day, including children and young persons. We walked, in our return home, several miles through the tide, knee-deep, and the wind blowing very strong; so that it was only our upper garments that were at all dry. But praised be the Lord who has called us to our high and holy work. Oh, may we be found faithful!"

At Eua, a change took place that was very cheering to the Missionaries. That island was altogether heathen. It had been for many years a *rendezvous* for whalers; and constant intercourse with ungodly seamen had made the people worse than they would have been if left to themselves. Wickedness of many kinds abounded. Eua might have been called the arsenal, or armoury of Tonga, as well as its granary. To this place the heathen of Tonga resorted when they wanted guns, knives, axes, and powder. Being well supplied with food and ammunition, the heathens of Tonga regarded it as a good place to which to repair in case Christianity should over-spread the whole of their own island. But there was a turn in affairs. The word of the Lord found its way to Eua; and Kaulauo, the principal chief—a daring man, who had wrested the government from its rightful

owner by force of arms—with many of his followers, like him, haters of the truth, forsook Eua, and sought refuge among congenial heathens at Hihifo.

While we are resting on pleasant pages of Tongan story, it may not be amiss to give an account of a royal wedding, that took place in May, 1839. It shall be in Mr. Tucker's own words:—

"On Tuesday, the 14th instant, there was a royal wedding celebrated here. The bridegroom is a chief of the very highest rank. His title is Tuibelehaki. He is a local preacher. He spent several years of his life at Fiji, and returned to this place near four months ago. But, prior to his coming, he had heard of the charms of the Princess Charlotte, of Vavau, King George's only daughter; and, no sooner did he see her, than he determined to pay his addresses to her. He wrote; and, according to the custom of the Friendly Islands, soon obtained a direct answer, which was in the affirmative.

"No sooner was the affair made known, than Josiah Tubou, and the other chiefs here, requested King George to bring his daughter to Tonga to be married. He acceded to their request, and they immediately began to make preparations for the event on an extensive scale. All the heathen chiefs, as well as Christian, contributed to it. Great quantities of yams, and of native cloth, were brought from the different fortresses to Nukualofa. On the 11th instant, about noon, the fleet from Vavau and Ha[redacted]

was discovered off this place. It consisted of twenty-six double canoes. A sort of drum was immediately beat to collect our people together, to prepare kava and food for the reception of the guests. The place was soon in a bustle—men, women, and children, running to see the canoes, some of which were drawing near to shore.

"The King's canoe, in which were the Queen and the bride, was first—she having outsailed the rest. The scene was lively and, to us, interesting in the extreme. The numbers of people on board were immense; there were a hundred and thirty persons in one canoe. As soon as the principal part of the chiefs and men came on shore, they proceeded with King George to Tubou's residence, to drink kava. The ladies formed another party. The old King sat in the centre of his house, and the chiefs, according to their name of office, took their stations on each side of him, while the bulk of the people sat opposite. In the evening we had a great many visitors; and, the next day being the Sabbath, we divided the congregations, which were immense. King George preached in the large chapel, in the evening, a very useful and excellent sermon.

"On Monday, the preparations were made on a magnificent scale. We reckoned sixty-two baked pigs, besides two hundred baskets of other kinds of food. Tuesday was the day fixed for performing the grand ceremony. The reeding which formed the sides of the chapel, and the outside fence, was taken away, in order to accommodate the multitude who would assemble to

witness the scene. Soon after daylight, the people began to collect in great numbers, Christian and heathen. The chief women, meantime, were engaged in adorning the bride and bridegroom. A little before ten o'clock the *lali*, or drum, was struck, to give notice that all was ready.

"We went to the chapel, where was such a mixed multitude assembled, inside and outside, as I never saw there before. Every one was dressed in his best apparel.

"After waiting a short time, the bride and bridegroom made their appearance, the former walking first, as is the custom here on such occasions, both in going to and returning from the place of worship on the day of marriage. We began the service by singing and prayer; the congregation then chanted the *Te Deum*; after which Mr. Rabone delivered a short address on the duties of husbands and wives. I then performed the office of marriage, spoke a few words of exhortation, and concluded with singing and prayer. Thus ended one of the most interesting marriage ceremonies I have ever witnessed in the Friendly Islands. There were two Kings and two Queens present, the Tamaha, all the chiefs of Haabai and Vavau, with many belonging to Tongatabu.

"The bride is a very fine person, quite the image of her father. They are devotedly attached to each other. On Thursday King George, Queen Charlotte, and the newly-married pair, dined with us. The King preached in the evening, and again on Sunday. We

had an abundance of religious services. I should think that there were upwards of one hundred local preachers here from Haabai and Vavau.

"The visitors conducted themselves with the greatest propriety; and I believe great good will result from this marriage having taken place at Tonga. Fatu and Maafu, two of the principal heathen chiefs, as well as several others of minor importance, have been here near a fortnight at the *Katoaga*, or feast. This is a very pleasing indication that Satan's kingdom is divided against itself here. Oh that it may speedily fall, and the kingdom of the Redeemer everywhere prevail!"

The heathens could enjoy a gala; and some of them might even be impressed by the superior dignity and comfort of Christian meetings and habits of life; but there was a deep rooted principle within them, that led them to resist Gospel truth. "The carnal mind is enmity against God." Again and again this enmity showed itself in secret annoyance, or open persecution.

During the year 1839, a plot was formed to take away the life of Tubou, which was providentally found out, and frustrated. The Christians, too, were once more driven from their dwellings, and obliged to seek shelter with friendly chiefs.

There was one hope which often bore up the depressed spirits of the Christians, and lightened their load of anxiety. Their chief persecutor, Ata, was not

in good health; and should he be taken away, the heir to his authority was Shadrach Vihala, the pious son of the former Ata, whose story has been already told in part. Were he once in power, a bright pathway would open before the tried followers of the *lotu*. But the providence that we should choose for ourselves, is often very different from the Providence of God's appointing; and in this case, the little Christian party had a new grief, and a severe test of their faith, in the removal of their beloved leader.

In the early days of the Tonga mission, Shadrach Vihala was led to enquire about the truth, and he formed a strong and lasting attachment to Mr. Thomas. Light from above continued to pour into his mind, and he became "a disciple of Christ, but secretly for fear" of grieving his heathen relatives and friends. How long he might have remained in the difficult position of one who puts his light "under a bushel," loves the Saviour without owning Him, and is governed by a law to which the world around does not know that he is subject, we cannot tell. For soon there came a day that changed his course, and fixed his choice. The Christians were banished. He had kept aloof from them in prosperity, but when they left Hihifo a poor and suffering people, he felt that his heart was as their heart, and he resolved to share their exile. Like Moses he chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

From the day that Shadrach Vihala avouched the

Lord to be his God, his own cup of spiritual blessing was filled with choicer gifts. He stood firm in the midst of abounding trials, and was "an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." Though he had lately left the darkness and corruption of heathenism, yet so watchful was he over his walk and words that he never needed reproof, "except in the most gentle way, and on some trivial matter." He became a class leader and local preacher, and fulfilled the duties of both positions with credit to himself, and with profit to the people of his charge. As he advanced in religious knowledge and faith, his natural timidity was exchanged for a spirit of courage and fortitude, that enabled him to pass through "a great fight of afflictions" without flinching. His heroism inspired those around him with confidence. With him to head them they were proof against the assaults of the heathen, and the more painful provocations of half-hearted professors.

Thus strong to do, and patient to suffer God's will, Shadrach Vihala was found ready for an early summons to his reward. His health failing, he removed to Haabai, where he placed himself under Mr. Lyth's medical care. Human skill could not restore him; but his sick-bed was cheered by Mr. Lyth's constant and affectionate kindness. His death bore witness to the power of Christ over the last enemy; and to the enduring strength of Christian love. He often said: "Nothing in this world follows

me but my love to the church, and my desire to preach the gospel to the people. If it be the will of God that my work in this world be finished, I will praise Him. If He again raises me up, I will praise Him." When near his end he said, "I have a resting-place in Jesus. I have waited my appointed time; now the Lord calls me, and I answer, here I am." He died as he had lived in the true spirit of a Christian confessor. To his wife, who had told him, in reply to one of his questions, that she intended to return with their children, after his death, to Tonga, he emphatically said, "And such is my mind also. Yes; let them go again to the people, with whom, and for whom we have suffered; and if called, let them suffer with God's people, as I have done." In the absence of his own friends, his funeral was attended by those who loved him in the Lord, King George and the chiefs of Haabai being of the number.

About three months after Vihala's death, the Tonga mission suffered another heavy loss in the death of William Ulakai. He was one of the earliest and best friends of the Missionaries; a true lover of his country, and a warm supporter of the work of God. His death was a public loss. It was especially felt by King Josiah, who had leaned upon him for counsel and for aid in his government. As soon as Ulakai felt that his illness would be unto death, he expressed an earnest desire to see his reputed son, King George. The canoe that should have fetched him from Vavau was detained by contrary winds; and when the dying

man found how long the delay was likely to be, he spoke to his friends in these affecting words; "Go and inform him. Why do you delay? Do you wish him to come and look at the sand?" Alluding to the custom of gathering sand from the sea-beach, and heaping it up over the grave of a buried chief. When George reached Tonga, after a stormy and dangerous voyage, he did, indeed, see the sand only; for his father's funeral had taken place that very morning.

King Josiah, his brother Abraham, and other chiefs, earnestly begged King George not to forsake them now that he had one motive less for visiting Tonga. It is worth while to notice this request of the Tongan King and chiefs, because some of those who love to detract from the excellence of King George's character, have said that his after interference in the affairs of Tonga was uncalled-for, and the result of his own ambition alone.

Whether the loss of two such men as Vihala and Ukalai, had any thing to do with the disturbance that speedily followed, is not recorded in the journals of the Missionaries; but it is not unlikely that the death of those champions of the truth, was regarded by the heathen party as strengthening their hands by weakening the Christian cause. However that may be, the island became, in 1840, the scene of another and a more deadly strife.

In January, King Josiah paid a visit to Ata. His object in going, was to try to create a kindlier feeling between his Christian and heathen subjects; and if

possible, to persuade Ata to embrace religion. During this visit, a few of Ata's people, from Hihifo, suddenly attacked a party of Christians engaged about their ordinary work, in their own village; murdered four of them, and left another,—a poor, defenceless, little girl, for dead. This was the highest insult that they could offer to their King, himself a Christian, on an embassy of peace, and Ata's guest. Abraham, his brother on hearing of this outrage, gathered his friends together, went to Hihifo, and brought the King home.

Attempts to pacify the heathen were of no avail. They seemed like tigers that, having tasted blood, thirst for more. They flew to arms against the people of Foui, a neighbouring Christian fortress, and were joined by all the other heathen chiefs and their adherents. The storming of Foui might soon be followed by an attack on Nukualofa. King Josiah felt so much alarmed that he sent for his staunch friend, King George, whose strong arm had been of use to him in former perils. On his arrival, the two Kings sent a message to the rebellious chief, proposing to meet him, and to try to make up the breach between the two parties. Ata refused to send a direct answer. With praiseworthy forbearance, the Kings sent message after message. At last Ata consented to receive the proffered visit. It was then agreed that King George should go to Hihifo on the following morning, and meet the chiefs from the Christian and heathen fortresses. The messengers hastened back to Ata carrying these tidings.

By daylight, next morning, King George with five or six hundred warriors reached Foui. A young man was soon brought to him, the son of Christian parents living at Vavau, who had escaped from the heathen fortress during the dark hours of the night. He said, that on the previous evening, after the return of the messengers from Nukualofa, he had overheard a conversation about a plot for taking away King George's life. The men who were to shoot him were chosen; and the rebels were busily preparing to execute their horrid deed of treachery and blood. King George, though grateful for the warning, did not like to believe the statement of a deserter. He sent a message to Ata, telling him what he had heard, and asking whether it was true. After a good deal of shuffling, Ata confessed that they had "consulted about killing King George as soon as he should come into the fortress."

The King thought it best to return to Nukualofa, taking with him most of his people. There it was arranged between the two Kings that the Ata and Vahai* then acting should be deposed, and that two young Christian chiefs, should be appointed to succeed them. Taking these young men with him, and followed by his army, King George returned to Hihifo. He offered terms to the rebels; but they were determined not to yield without a struggle. King George, finding that peaceful measures would not answer, addressed himself to the task of subduing

* Both names of office.

the rebels. He ordered his soldiers to set fire to their spirit-houses, which were soon burned to ashes. He then surrounded the place for nearly a fortnight, guarding every avenue of approach. He hoped in this way to secure his end without such a sacrifice of life, as would result from storming the fortress. Every second or third day he sent messengers, begging the rebels to lay down their arms. At length it was plain, that their courage began to fail; he had succeeded in alarming their fears. Seeing how things were, King George harangued his soldiers one evening, directing them to invite their friends within the fortress to come out, while they still kept watch all around. Part of the King's harangue ran as follows: "Our late war with the heathen, three years ago, was by the mercy of God, a victorious one. But, though we got the victory, in some things we went astray. We fought not as Christians should fight. Our object then was not to save, but to destroy. But you all now present, hear from me, that we do not so fight again. If, as may be expected, the enemy should come out of their fortress to-morrow morning, let every man endeavour to seize and save his man, and not one to shoot or strike, but in case of life and death." Before daylight, the King and his army were in possession of the fortress, and the rebels were secured. Five hundred men thus came into the power of the Christians, all of whom King George pardoned. Some of the ringleaders were sent off to Haabai and Vavau.

The taking of Hihifo, a fortress so strong that it

had resisted many a previous attack, struck terror into the hearts of the heathen party, while they marvelled at the unwonted clemency of so great a warrior as King George. At the request of Josiah Tubou and his chiefs, King George consented to take up his abode at Tonga. Nine hundred men, with their families, accompanied him. So strong a guard of friendly soldiers was hailed with gratitude by the Christians, who lived in fear of an attack on Nukualofa.

The Kings resolved to try the effect of mild measures. After the taking of Hihifo, they did not proceed to the attack of any other heathen fortresses; and they tried again and again to bring the opposing party to terms of peace. But not so was the plague of war to be stayed. On the 20th April, a messenger brought the alarming news to Nukualofa, that a little company of Christians had been met, at a short distance, by a party of heathens stronger than themselves. The Christians had gone out to search for food. They had been suddenly surprised by a number of warriors from the Bea, and five had been carried off to their enemies' fortress. This was the signal for renewed war. King George and his soldiers made ready.

Just at this crisis, two of the vessels belonging to the United States' Exploring Expedition, reached Tonga. The Missionaries applied to Commodore Wilkes, suggesting that his interference might even yet be the means of averting the evils of war. But it seems that the time for successful interference had passed by. While Messrs. Tucker and Rabone were

making this effort for peace, the heathens of Houma were guilty of a grievous act of treachery. While conversing with the Christians at Hihifo, they suddenly fired and wounded five or six people, a chief among the rest. A sharp skirmish ensued, and the Christians triumphed, though their number was smaller than that of the enemy.

Each party distrusted the other; and it became evident to the Missionaries, as well as to the Kings, that the blessings of peace must be regained at the price of a victorious battle.

Commodore Wilkes, who seems to have had a strange prejudice in favour of man in his savage state, thought that he could easily bring the heathen to terms, if the Christians could be persuaded to forego their fondness for fighting. He proposed a meeting between the parties, and suggested that ten chiefs should be selected on each side to attend the conference. The Kings accepted his mediation, and chose their men. The messenger who conveyed the proposal to the heathens, brought word that they declined coming. They sent, however, a white man—a runaway convict, and a notorious evil-doer—as a pleader of their cause. An old blind chief, and the wife of Fatu (chief of Mua) also came; but the principal aggressors stayed at home. The Commodore, nothing daunted, sent a second message, and appointed the next morning as the time of meeting. He set up a tent on shore, and sent a supply of biscuits, beef, rice, molasses, and other good things to the place of *rendezvous*.

The Christian delegates went, and "made a fine appearance on approaching the ship," sailing in a double canoe, 100 feet in length. They found that the old, blind chief, Fatu's wife, and their attendants had decamped, taking with them the whole of the provisions kindly furnished by Commodore Wilkes for the entertainment of both parties. The reason for going off was said to be the fear of reprisals from the Christians, as they had just heard that the people of the Bea had made another attack upon the yam-grounds of the Christian party.

All hope of reconciliation died out. What could be done with men who, during a truce, and at the very moment that a conference respecting terms of peace was being held, broke out into open hostility?

The chiefs and people whom Commodore Wilkes saw were all belonging to Mua. Fatu, their chief had not openly joined the lovers of war, and for some time afterwards he professed to remain neutral. Yet on the strength of his conversations with a neutral party, Commodore Wilkes concluded, to his own satisfaction, that the heathen party was desirous of peace, and that it was the fault of King George, and of the Missionaries, that the war continued to rage. Men who spend only eight days in a place ought to be careful how they express an opinion regarding the causes of the things that meet their eye. We will believe them when they describe the general aspect of a country; when they speak of trees and fruit, or of houses and furniture; when they tell us how the

people look, and dress, and speak. But when they judge motives and settle points of dispute, we feel inclined to turn from these guests of a day, and listen to those who have lived for years among the people, who know their tempers and habits, and who can speak their language as well as they can speak English.

The Missionaries, who knew the men of Mua well, regarded Fatu as one of the most treacherous and subtle among all the heathens of Tonga; and had good reason to believe that, though professing neutrality, he was secretly prompting and strengthening the war party.

For some time after the failure of this attempt at peace-making, the Christians continued to go about their work in scattered parties. A few of them were fired upon, on the 12th May, by a company of heathens, lying in ambush. To spring out from a hiding-place, fall suddenly upon unarmed people, and either kill or carry them off, was the favourite practice of these cruel and cowardly foes. Not many days after, King George and some of his attendants went to a distance from Nukualofa. They had to cross a creek in returning. The King and nearly all his people had crossed in safety. A few remained behind, waiting for the return of the canoes. Upon these few, a large party of *Fatu's* people suddenly rushed. Had the Christians turned and taken to the water, their death would have been certain. But, though the odds were so much against them, they boldly faced the enemy, seized the weapons they had at command, and returned their fire. A few

were killed, and others were wounded. King George hastily gathered together such warriors as he could collect, and returned to the spot; but the skirmish was over, and the enemy had fled.

After this, the whole island was soon in arms. Day by day tidings of one affray after another reached the mission premises. On the 6th, several canoes surrounded one returning from Eua, and exchanged shots with a small party of Christians, who defended themselves as they best could, and got away with trifling loss.

The position of the Missionaries became increasingly perilous. When King George and his army were away from Nukualofa, they were exposed to the rage of two heathen forts. The people would come out into the plantations of the Christians, carry off large quantities of food, cut down what they could not remove, destroy the bananas, and smash the yams to pieces. They would chase and kill any of the Christians with whom they might chance to meet. On the 18th, they fell in with four old people, killed them, and carried away their heads as trophies.

On the 21st, an English vessel, H.M.S. *Favourite*, Captain Croker, was seen in the offing. The Captain was soon on shore, and was hailed as a friend in a time of utmost need. He soon learned the painful state of the mission and the island. The length of the war, and the consequent presence of many hundreds more than the island usually contained, had

produced desolating effects. The natives, congregated together for safety, could no longer cultivate their land. Fruitful plantations were laid bare, and a scarcity of food was threatened. The Missionaries had passed six months of anxiety and terror; had been obliged to leave their own pleasant home, and to seek refuge in a Christian fort; and they were beginning to think that their wisest course would be to quit Tonga for a season, and carry their peaceful message to those that had leisure to listen to it. They asked Captain Croker to help them; stating their wish for peace, and not at all suggesting what measures he ought to adopt. Captain Croker entered readily upon the task of trying to put a stop to the war. He set about it with the promptitude, energy, and spirit of a British officer; but his knowledge of the native character, and of the means of resistance in a heathen fortress was defective. He seems to have expected that the first shot, should he fail in bringing the rebels to terms, would frighten them into an immediate surrender. He was, however, wishful to avoid bloodshed; and in an interview with the two Kings, Josiah Tubou and George, he submitted to them the terms of peace, which he proposed to offer to the rebels. They agreed to these terms, and the management of the whole affair was left in his hands, as peace-maker between the two parties.

Captain Croker, according to the arrangement, proceeded to the principal fortress of the rebels, at Bea; taking with him a number of volunteers from his

vessel. These carried with them three carronades, besides their small arms and ammunition.

You will like to know what sort of a fort there was at the Bea. It was nearly a mile in circumference. The wall was more than twenty feet high, and several feet in thickness. It was formed of the butts of cocoa-nut trees placed perpendicularly. Above this high wall was a kind of network of cane or bamboo to increase the difficulty of scaling the fortification; and at certain distances were loopholes with the guns so placed as to command the approaches. Outside of the barricade was a deep trench or moat, about forty feet wide, filled with water. The only entrance to the fortress was barricaded by cocoa-nut trees, laid horizontally; a carronade was placed in the entrance, pointing towards the invaders. The whole was skilfully planned, and seemed to be almost impregnable. Two Europeans were taking an active part in the business, one of whom had been an armourer.

By the Captain's orders, the carronades were brought within a hundred and six yards of the fortification, within the range of the enemy's musketry. A native was then sent with a flag of truce, conveying Captain Croker's wish that they should surrender, and come to amicable terms with the Christians. A similar flag was shewn from the fortress, and the European, Jemmy, presented himself on the barricade. Captain Croker expressed his gratification that they should be willing to come to terms, and told him what were the conditions of peace; the two principal being that

all the fortifications on the island, Christian and heathen should be levelled, and that the natives should return to their old employment and friendly intercourse. The European spoke to his own party; and the result was, that Captain Croker was asked to join in conference with the chiefs. He proceeded within the fortress, accompanied by the second Lieutenant and two or three others, bearing a flag of truce, and a British flag. Things looked so warlike within, and many of the heathens assumed such menacing attitudes that, at first, the English questioned their own safety. They were, however, treated with courtesy; and, after a parley of three-quarters-of-an-hour, they returned to their companions.

The captain granted the rebels half-an-hour in order to consult with their friends at the neighbouring forts; but before the time had expired, they sent to say that they were willing to come to terms, but could not hold intercourse with their enemies, the Christians. The reply was, "The terms proposed must be observed."

As soon as the time had expired, the command was given to make the attack; the captain leading the way. The serjeant of marines was ordered to scale the barricade and to fire. The attack was soon answered by the cannon at the entrance, and by a volley of musketry; and the captain and several of his men were wounded. Notwithstanding his wound, Captain Croker exerted himself to the utmost to enter the stockade; but failing in the attempt, and becoming

faint from the loss of blood, he retired to a little distance; and while leaning against a tree for support, was shot through the heart and dropped lifeless, on the ground! His men continued the attack; but at a great disadvantage. The enemy were screened by their defences, while the English, on the open ground, were exposed to the hot fire of the enemy. This sad affair ended in the death of two officers, besides the captain. The first lieutenant and nineteen men were dangerously wounded.

It was with great difficulty that the survivors contrived to carry off their dead and wounded. When they embarked on board their vessel, they took with them the two Missionaries, Messrs. Tucker and Rabone, with their families.

The captain was buried at Tonga, in a spot which he had pointed out before the affray, as one that he should like for his grave, were he to die there.

When a calamity like this becomes known, some who are startled and grieved by the tidings, seem to find a degree of relief in blaming those who were near the spot, but who were not among the sufferers; and so Captain Croker's death was said to have been caused by the imprudent, or selfish counsels of the Missionaries. Rumours of this kind were circulated in New South Wales; and some of the public prints, unfriendly to Missionary enterprise, availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded, to cast another slur on the character of godly and peace-loving men. The Rev. Messrs. Orton and M'Kenny,

of Sydney, waited upon the Governor, Sir George Gipps, who stated in the plainest terms, that the Missionaries were free from all blame; that the officers of the *Favourite*, who knew the whole circumstances, considered that they had acted as became Christian ministers.

All that remained was the deep and lasting regret that Captain Croker, who so generously undertook the cause of the Missionaries and the Christians, had not gone about his work more warily. It is not doubted that a little more time given to negotiating terms of peace would have been well-spent.

When the Missionaries left Tonga, their chief motive was to lodge their families in a place of safety. They had no idea of giving up the mission, and leaving Satan to triumph in the success of his schemes. They knew that the heathen party were but tools in the hand of the great enemy of God and man; and that the contest in which his agents were engaged, was one of error against truth, darkness against light, Belial against Christ. They knew that in their own closets, and in the Tonguese pulpits, they were carrying on the same conflict, on other ground, that was taxing the strength and energy of King George and his Christian warriors. Though Satan's sharpest contests, most boasted triumphs, and sorest defeats are wholly spiritual, yet he does not think the earthly part of man beneath his notice, and war suits well Apollyon, the destroyer.

Having left the ladies and children w[illegible]ian

friends at Vavau, Mr. Tucker returned to Tonga, accompanied by Mr. Thomas, now the senior Missionary, and chairman of the district. Messrs. Thomas and Tucker then visited the rebel fortresses. The chiefs were willing to listen to their old friend, and were persuaded to abstain from open hostilities. Peace was not settled on a permanent basis; for the rebel chiefs still refused to submit to their King: but a sort of armed truce was the result. Though not all that was desired it was more than had been granted for many weary, anxious months, and Mr. Turner returned, with a thankful heart, to his own sphere of labour.

Mrs. Tucker rejoined her husband; the mission was resumed; and its displaced machinery was set right, and worked on smoothly.

Chapter XV.

PEACE AND PROGRESS.

THE war of 1840 was damaging in its effects, not only on Tonga, but also on the other Friendly Islands. Numbers of the people had to voyage backwards and forwards between their own dwelling-places and the seat of war; and they were thus exposed to sore temptations. Other evils, too, hurricanes, and scarcity of food, marked the year as one of unwonted trials. The faith of many failed, and the number of church-members was lessened. Yet there was a goodly proportion who stood the test, and who came forth from the refining fire of affliction, purified as gold and silver. They learned new lessons. They knew now, not merely by the hearing of the ear, but by the stronger and sweeter assurance of the heart, that "the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, upon them that hope in His mercy; to deliver their souls from death, and to keep them alive in famine."

The schools were thrown into much disorder, owing to the absence of many of the teachers. This

was greatly to be regretted at a time when the scholars were giving proof of rapid progress. Commodore Wilkes speaks well of what he saw at Tonga, in regard to mental training; and his testimony is valuable, as it is clear from many of his remarks, that he was by no means predisposed to flatter or to favour Wesleyan Missionaries. "Mrs. Tucker, whom we found exceedingly intelligent, gave us a kind welcome. She has been for some time, the principal instructress of both old and young. I can myself vouch for the unexpected proficiency of some of her scholars in speaking English. . . . . Shadrach, or Mumui, as he is also called, is a good sample of the Tonguese. I saw him at Mr. Tucker's, where he was introduced to me; and I must confess myself not a little surprised to hear him address me in tolerably good English, asking me the news, and what occurrences had taken place in Europe. It appeared ridiculous to be questioned by a half-naked savage upon such subjects; but I must do him the justice to say, he seemed quite familiar with some of the events that have taken place during the last fifteen or twenty years. He is one of the Missionaries' most zealous converts; he has, I understood, sole charge of their large school of three hundred scholars; and it, in order and regularity, equals, if it does not exceed, any one in our own country."*

* "Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition, during the years 1838—1842." In Five Volumes. New York. Vol. III., pages 13—18.

Mrs. Tucker has kindly furnished me with some recollections of her missionary life in the Friendly Islands. She tells me how she used to instruct her scholars. They were all seated on the ground in the schoolroom; and when she wished to teach writing, each was furnished with a slate and pencil. They wrote from copy-slips, which she prepared for them. After practising writing for some time, those who were most advanced were formed into a class. A sentence was read to them, and they were required to write it on their slate. This was generally well done, as the Tonguese have little difficulty in spelling their own language correctly. In hope of benefiting the local preachers, she made it one of their school exercises to write sketches of sermons; and after they had gained some notion of the necessary arrangements, they succeeded in this also very nicely.

Geography was a favourite study. They had been accustomed to consider Tonga-tabu as the most important of all lands, and to speak of it as "the world;" and it was with great wonder and interest, that they learned how many other countries there are, larger and more thickly peopled than Tonga. It was a pretty sight one afternoon every week, when the school, divided into classes, sat on the ground with Mrs. Tucker's maps spread out before them. The teacher asked questions from a small manual of geography; the scholars recited the answers, and found the places on their maps. In this way they acquired a general knowledge of the geography of the

world. They took great pleasure in tracing the journeyings of the Israelites in the wilderness, and the travels of the Apostle Paul, and found that they could thus understand their Bibles better.

A few lessons on astronomy were sometimes given to the natives. Mrs. Tucker mentions that on one occasion, in a voyage from Haabai to Tonga, she and Mr. Tucker were detained several days at the island of Nomuka. There were no houses on that part of the island; so the crew drove stakes into the sand of the sea-shore, fastened them together at the top, and covered the whole with plaited cocoa-nut leaves. They were thus screened from the heat by day, and from the cold and dew by night. The evenings were spent in conveying to the natives, by familiar illustration, some idea of the first principles of astronomy. The lamp was made to represent the sun; a cocoa-nut the earth; some other object the moon; and as the cocoa-nut, suspended by a twisted thread, revolved round the lamp, they were taught the motions of the earth, with the cause of the change in its seasons. Lessons were also given on eclipses, gravitation, &c. Thus the views of the natives became corrected and enlarged; and they were led reverently to adore Him "who hangeth the earth upon nothing."

In January, 1841, the Rev. John Waterhouse visited the Friendly Isles. Perhaps we shall gain a good idea of the state of the mission at this time, if we go over the ground with him, catching a glimpse

of what he saw, and stopping now and then to make brief extracts from his copious notes.

Mr. Waterhouse landed first at Eua; and his first interview with a company of Tongans took place in a canoe house on that island. A few local preachers and about twenty other Christians had come over to visit the Church there, hoping to strengthen a cause yet in its infancy. They welcomed Mr. Waterhouse most heartily, weeping while they thanked God for bringing him among them in safety. The canoe-house became a temple for worship. A Tonguese hymn was sung, Mr. Waterhouse engaged in prayer, and was followed in the same exercise by a native preacher from Hihifo, whose powerful pleading with God touched the hearts of all present.

Two of the local preachers left their canoe in charge of the other natives that they might accompany Mr. Waterhouse to the *Triton;* point out the reefs; and help to steer the vessel in safety to Tonga. On reaching that island he soon found a comfortable home with Mr. and Mrs. Tucker: but his joy in meeting them was checked by finding them both suffering from ill-health. Mr. Tucker's abundant labours, and great mental anxiety during the war, had brought him very low; and Mrs. Tucker's strength was so far prostrated that a return to her native country seemed to be necessary for her recovery. This being so, it was arranged that they should leave with the *Triton.* Their loss was greatly felt by their brethren, and by the Christian natives, for whose welfare they had toiled ceaselessly.

The day after Mr. Waterhouse reached Tonga, he was introduced to King George. He thus records his visit:—"Mr. Tucker took me to see King George and his Queen. He was sitting with the skeleton of a sermon in his hand, preparing for his Sabbath duties. I was greatly delighted at seeing this Christian King. He is a tall, fine-looking, well-made man; with a remarkably penetrating eye, and of dignified carriage. Christian benignity beamed from his countenance. His words were few, but well chosen. He does not think aloud; but deliberates and then speaks."

Mr. Waterhouse preached in the afternoon of the same day to a thousand people. On the King's return home, he took a local preacher with him to assist in writing down the sermon that they had heard. On the following Sunday, Mr. Waterhouse heard King George preach to a large, and deeply-interested congregation. He says:—"The King looked remarkably well in his snow-white cravat and black coat. There are several English ministers whose skin is much darker then his. He has not much action; but is deliberate and impressive; combining in his appearance the dignity of a King, the simplicity of a Christian, and the benignity of one called to preach the Gospel of the blessed God. At my request, Mr. Tucker took down in pencil the sermon as he delivered it, and translated it into English, which gave me a fine opportunity of judging

for myself of a discourse with the delivery of which I had been so much pleased; nor was the pleasure in the least diminished by reading it."

On the 26th of January, Mr. Waterhouse visited Hihifo, the old King accompanying him. They went twelve miles by sea, and then had a walk of three miles. The path, admitting about three persons to walk abreast, wound along under the grateful shade of overhanging trees. They entered the Christian fortress of Hihifo, and found the watch on guard as though fearing besiegers. Within the fortress was a spacious square, enclosing a few fine, lofty trees, of the kind called by the natives *Toa*, and by the English *Iron wood tree*. On the boughs of these trees, bats were hanging in immense numbers. Mr. Waterhouse shall describe them:—

"The head is shaped like that of a fox; the nose is sharp and black; the ears are naked and pointed; the hair is short and smooth, of a mouse-colour, inclining to red; the wings are similar in colour to those of the common bat, and on the joint of each wing is a sharp, crooked claw. The noise and squealing of thousands of these creatures were intolerable. At sunset they take their flight in swarms, and remind one of English rooks on their return to roost. At daybreak they come back to their former retreat, hanging in clusters. The smell proceeding from them is exceedingly disagreeable. Two or three were shot

for me, the skins of which I preserved. In the heathen state of the Tonguese these creatures were held sacred and regarded by many as gods; so that to have shot one at that time would have been an unpardonable offence."

The wooden drum was soon beaten to call the natives from their work to worship. In a few minutes a thousand were gathered together to hear their new visitor preach. Service over, Mr. Waterhouse was taken to the house of the chief. A circle of chiefs was formed and their favourite kava was handed round. Mr. Waterhouse tasted it; and turned not unwillingly to a repast of fowl and yam. The fowl was not cut up with knives, but torn up by the fingers. Thus divided, the pieces were placed on banana-leaves instead of plates, and handed round. Warm cocoa-nut milk, in cups made of the banana-leaf, was next offered to the chiefs' guests. Thankful for this simple meal, they said farewell and set off again, staff in hand. "On reaching the sea," says Mr. Waterhouse, "we found the tide out, so that we could not get to regularly deep water, without winding our way through reefs. How to accomplish this with anything like speed was my difficulty; until I saw five natives throw themselves into the sea, each having hold of a rope which was fastened to the head of the canoe. Sometimes they were diving and sometimes swimming, until they found a little coral, on which they stood, pulling us onward. By means of this, and of large poles, used

on board to push our vessel forward, we got into deep water, and hoisted our large sail, when a stiff breeze sprang up, and we went at about twelve knots an hour. Having to tack several times, I was not a little amused to see one man, each time the sail was moved, jump into the water with a rope fastened to a given point of the sail, by which means he kept it from endangering our vessel. I found that this was their general plan, when changing the position of the sail, in order to make a tack under a strong breeze."

Mr. Waterhouse soon saw that the best thing that could be done to aid the Tonguese Mission, would be to secure a more solid foundation for future peace. During the armed truce gained by Mr. Thomas's timely efforts, there remained much cause of anxiety. The Christians dared not quit their fortresses, and disperse themselves over the island, for fear of any treacherous movement on the part of their late foes. Peace had not been ratified in the usual Tonga fashion, by a meeting between the rebels and their King. They had not confessed their crime, and he had not forgiven them in formal phrase. Mr. Waterhouse became very desirous of effecting this meeting. He went to the Mua, Fatu's fortress, with Mr. Tucker as his companion. Fatu treated his visitors with the utmost politeness, listened to the arguments used by Mr. Waterhouse, and expressed his readiness to act according to his wishes. Being urged to go to Josiah and seek his pardon, he put his arm round Mr.

Waterhouse, and said, "You are now my son. I want peace; but I am ashamed and afraid to go to Tubou. If he will visit me with you, I will humble myself."

Every one of us knows how difficult a thing to a proud heart, is the first step towards a reconciliation. If we are in the wrong, it is not easy to own it. But let the offended party come ever so little a way towards us, and the worst part of the business is done. The first step is taken; and taken for us by another. We are drawn towards him by an attraction that strengthens every moment, till falling on his neck, we take and give the kiss of peace. A child may grow more and more stubborn under threats and chastisement; but when his mother tells him that she is ready to forgive him now, his hard heart melts. If parents and teachers bore this in mind, their difficulties with trying and obstinate tempers would be lessened. They have a model for imitation in Him, against whom they themselves have sinned most deeply.

> "God, the offended God most high
> Ambassadors to rebels sends;
> His messengers His place supply,
> And Jesus begs us to be friends."

Messrs. Waterhouse and Tucker went home and told King George what Fatu had said. "It is all very good," he said, "if Fatu is sincere, and if Tubou will go; but I am afraid that he will not." Then they went to the old King, who was reserved and

silent at first; but at length consented to send for King George and the principal chiefs, and consult them on the subject. They decided that the King had better go. Josiah, always a quiet, peace-loving man, was now growing old, and had a large share of the timidity that usually accompanies advancing age. He knew enough of the character of his heathen foes to make him doubt the issue of a visit to them. The old man said, "They will kill me; but if they do not, I shall never come back again." He parted with his Queen as though it might be a final farewell; and chose to sail in the canoe that carried Mr. Waterhouse, having refused to go in any other way. Two canoes followed, that they might take a message to King George in case the heathen gave cause for alarm.

On reaching Mua, the King sat down between his two Missionary friends, awaiting the result with more of misgiving than of hope. A few minutes elapsed and then Fatu came up, took his seat near the King, and wept. Tubou turned his face towards him, and they exchanged the Tonguese kiss, by touching noses. The King was next taken to a large house within the fort; and soon the natives were to be seen rushing in every direction to get their mats, which they always wear above their ordinary dress when they come into the presence of the chiefs. After this, a large body of the chiefs came before the King. Each, in token of humility and submission, wore a wreath of the leaves of the *Ifi* tree; while a heathen priest interceded for them in the name of their gods. Josiah

saw and heard. As a pledge of forgiveness, he desired the chiefs to throw aside the mourning wreaths, and to come nearer to him. Immediately the kava-ring was formed, and a hundred or more chiefs and people joined in the ceremony. The King made a brief speech, assuring them of his forgiveness, and several among them came and kissed his feet. The company then dispersed. At eight o'clock, six women entered the house where the King was, bearing lighted torches of cocoa-nut wood. Others placed lighted torches outside. Provisions were brought; they consisted of several pigs baked whole, two very large sharks, with smaller fish and forty baskets of baked yams. Every thing was carried to the King and counted in his presence; and he, through his speaker, gave the order for commencing operations. The food was cut up with much skill and dispatch.

After the heathen were gone, the Christians united together in prayer; and then all prepared for sleeping. Messrs. Waterhouse and Tucker lay in one corner, upon a native mat, their heads resting on a pillow of wood. The poor King had eaten little food; and he got no sleep. The fear that, in the mind of the heathen, some evil design lurked behind their show of submission still haunted him. But hour after hour wore past, and the stillness of the night remained unbroken. The mosquitoes were the only intruders into the place of rest. The next morning, about two hundred chiefs and people joined in another kava-drinking; and then Josiah Tubou and his own party

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HARBOUR OF VAVAU.

returned to Nukualofa, with good news for anxious friends at home.

Mr. Waterhouse afterwards visited the Bea, and prepared the way for a similar meeting there; he was obliged to leave, however, before that meeting took place.

His next visit was to Haabai, where he was greatly encouraged by what he saw of the native class-leaders. "Among them," he says, "are some choice men, well qualified to teach others in the things of God." He had great comfort in preaching to the people, Mr. Turner acting as his interpreter; and often, in conversing with them afterwards, he heard them speak of "getting much good" under his ministry.

From Haabai, Mr. Waterhouse proceeded to Vavau. He was greatly struck with its scenery, "beautiful beyond description," and far exceeding that of Tonga, or of Haabai.* While there a love-feast was held, and he was pleased with the distinct and scriptural account given of their conversion to God, by most of those who spoke. Many alluded to the time of Mr. Turner's stay among them. It was

* Mr. Young seems to hold the same opinion. He says in his Journal: "We reached Vavau group by sunrise. I went on deck, and what a scene of beauty was presented! I counted about thirty islands, of various forms and sizes, gilded by the rays of the rising sun. We soon entered the bay of Vavau, and proceeded for ten miles to the town of Neiafu, off which we anchored. The bay is capacious; full of beautiful islets; and would hardly be second to Port Jackson, did villas and gardens adorn its numerous sloping banks, and ornament its many coves."

then that they were led to repentance, and that they found redemption through the blood of Christ. His love was still burning in their hearts, they said. Some who were about to proceed to Niua, Niua Foou, and Rotuma, as teachers, spoke impressively of their conviction that it was the will of God that they should go. One said that his friends had begged him to remain at home till after their death; and then he quoted our Lord's words, "Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the kingdom of God." As soon as this young man sat down, his aged father rose and told how severe had been the struggle in his own mind about parting with his son; "but," said he, "when he told me of God's will, I dared not say a word."

Mr. Waterhouse was much pleased with what he saw of the Missionaries and their work, in the three groups of the Friendly Isles; and left them full of gratitude to God, for so large a blessing as He had graciously given to His servants. There were, however, one or two defects to which he specially directed the attention of the Missionaries on the spot, and of the committee at home. The people had not made such progress in the useful arts as might have been expected; nor were the native teachers sufficiently instructed in general knowledge, and in sound theology. It seemed to him indispensably necessary to pay special attention to the training of native teachers. Some of the men employed in this way had a thirst for knowledge, and were likely to prize the privilege of

being taught in a Training Institution. In accordance with these views, the following resolution was adopted at the annual district meeting for the islands:—"That an Institution be commenced for the purpose of communicating to native candidates sound theological instruction, and such general knowledge as may make them useful auxiliaries to the Missionaries in their important work." The Rev. Francis Wilson was selected to manage this promising scheme; and the committee at home gave their hearty sanction to it. It was stated that the expenses connected with the undertaking, would be chiefly met by local exertions.

Mr. Waterhouse paid a short visit to Niua, Niua Foou, Wallis's Island, and Rotuma. With the second of these places he was highly delighted. As soon as the mission-party had managed to land at the difficult landing-place already described, the islanders brought native mats, fastened to long poles by strong cords; on these mats they mounted their visitors, and then they scrambled over the rocks surely and skilfully, bearing them on their shoulders in triumph. Numbers had been employed in breaking off large branches from the trees, and clearing a pathway through the thick brushwood; and while the bearers ran along fleetly, crowds came trooping after, till Mr. Waterhouse and his party were set down in the midst of a courtly circle, on the lawn before the King's house.

The native teachers, under whose care the infant church in Niua Foou had been placed, were very

superior men; and the effects of their teaching were visible in the habits and manners of the people. The Christians there were simple, hearty, loving, joyous. They were eager in questioning their visitors, having laid up a large stock of queries to be put on any such glad occasions, as that of a visit from English Missionaries. Mrs. Tucker proved a ready listener and answerer; and she went from company to company, giving the meanings of the English words that they met with in their translated Scriptures.

Mr. Waterhouse having learned that there seemed, at last, to be an opening for Christian teaching at Wallis's Island, appealed to the teachers who had laboured with so much success for three years at Niua Foou, and asked whether they were willing to go to suffer for their Master, and, should it be the will of God, even to die for His sake. One of them said, "The time is gone by for me to seek my own will; you have only to say it is your mind, and I will go." All agreed to go, and their wives shewed the same courage and promptitude. Orders were given for them to be ready, with their children, by the next morning; when they sailed under Mr. Waterhouse's escort for Uvea.

On the 27th May, 1841, they reached Uvea, or Wallis's Island; and here they found a very different people from any that they had yet seen; a people resembling what the natives of the Tonga group had been twenty years before. On enquiry, it was found that the chief who lived near the place of anchorage,

had welcomed the very same Roman Catholic priests whom King George had so coolly dismissed; and that he and his people had become Papists. The King of the island remained a steadfast heathen, and was on unfriendly terms with the Roman Catholic chief, and his priests. Mr. Waterhouse resolved that if he could with safety leave the *Triton* so near a warlike chief, he would visit the King, who was living at a distance of ten or twelve miles from the shore, and see if he could be persuaded to accept Protestant teachers. His way was made plainer by a visit from the chief, who came out to see Mr. Waterhouse in a double canoe, accompanied by about fifty men. He was a tall, fine, gentlemanly person, and spoke English unusually well. He told Mr. Waterhouse that he could not permit him to leave teachers for his people, as he now did nothing without consulting the priest. Had Mr. Waterhouse came to his country first, he would not have objected. He said nothing against the proposed visit to the King; but observed,—"This is my ground. I shall not however, object, to your visiting the King, though we are not friendly, as he will not lotu to the Pope."

The missionaries then proceeded to the residence of the King, where they were courteously received. They were not more successful in their main business. The King said, "I have great love to my gods, and shall not embrace Christianity at present. I also killed some of your teachers, and, after such an act, should be ashamed to embrace their religion."

Though disappointed of his hope, yet Mr. Waterhouse felt that this visit was not without its use. He learned that a new attempt to establish Popery in the South Sea Islands would soon be made. He was told that the Roman Catholic Bishop of New Zealand was expected with a fresh supply of priests, and that he meditated another visit to the Friendly Isles. He took care to write to the Missionaries labouring there, urging them to speak on this subject to the members of the various infant churches, and to fortify their minds against the erroneous teaching of wily men. Mr. Wilson, especially, was directed to guard the young men about to be received into the Training Institution against this special danger, by making them familiar with the Rev. Dr. Hannah's "Lectures on Popery."

On the 31st May, the *Triton* weighed anchor, and directed her course to Rotuma, an island three hundred miles to the west.

Rotuma is a mountainous island, much larger than either of the Niuas. It is fertile, and seldom visited by hurricanes. The natives are an inferior race, the women especially, being much less in stature than those of the Friendly Islands. Many of the natives had a smattering of English, the island being often visited by vessels. Besides many English, American, and Portuguese were living there—men of the lowest class, by whom the morals of the natives had been grievously corrupted. Though accustomed to white

men, an English lady was quite a novelty, and no sooner had the mission-party entered a native dwelling, than numbers crowded in to see Mrs. Tucker. Their intense curiosity, expressed by singular looks and remarks, was amusing at first, though it soon became troublesome. The house was too hot for endurance, and the Missionaries were glad to escape from its stifling atmosphere and to take a walk in the shady woods. The natives followed; and when their white visitors sat down to rest under the trees, they pressed around, coming as near as possible to Mrs. Tucker, touching her dress and her feet. On rising again, they walked quickly, hoping to keep ahead of their pursuers, when one young man, who could speak a little English, cried out, "You stop little bit; they want to see the woman." Mrs. Tucker good humouredly complied, and then they all raised higher notes of wonder and delight.

The principal chief of Rotuma, who had formerly visited Tonga, was glad to receive Missionary teachers. He welcomed them to his land and home. "White Missionary," said he, "very good man; Mr. Waterhouse, you shall now be my father; and Mrs. Tucker, you shall be my mother. We love you both too much. You go ashore, and Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, to see my wife and one child."

With the teachers and their wives, and other Christian members brought from Vavau, a society of twenty members was planted in Rotuma, under the sanction of two heathen chiefs. The teachers had

been plodding hard at the language during their voyage, and were making rapid progress. They set about translating the Lord's Prayer directly, that the natives might be able to join intelligently in one part of Christian worship, even from the very commencement. Mr. Tucker gave them pens, ink, and paper; and other things essential for their comfort were furnished, as far as it was possible. Mr. Waterhouse says, "Our parting scene was affecting; they wept and kissed our hands, while we commended them to Him whose loving kindness is better than life." Mr. Waterhouse pursued his way to the Fiji group.

One of the results of the reconciliation between King Josiah Tubou and the heathen chiefs of Tonga, was the re-establishment of the mission at Hihifo. The Rev. Matthew Wilson was appointed to labour there. The mission-house, first occupied by Mr. Thomas fifteen years before, had been pulled down after Mr. Rabone quitted it. The Missionary, his wife and children were therefore forced to seek shelter in a native house. The largest in the fortress was assigned to them; but it was low and dark, having no opening but the door for the admission of light. On a rainy, dark day, they were obliged to burn lights in the middle of the afternoon. Being inside the fortress, and without a fence, it was crowded in the day by men, women, and children; and in the night by cats, rats, dogs, and pigs. You may be sure that they were glad to remove, after ten weeks spent in such

company, to a nice, new house, built outside the fortress, in a very airy spot. To the honour of the people of Hihifo, it must be stated that the mission-house was the largest and best in the Tonga district, and was raised free of expense to the mission.

Messrs. Thomas* and Wilson soon visited the heathen chiefs, and were received rather shyly at first, though, after a time, friendly intercourse was resumed. Mr. Wilson says:—

"I went to Houma, to the head chief, Vaea, who was lying down, some other chiefs standing by him. After a few words they told me to speak freely, which I did, preaching to them Christ, and the immortality of the soul. They told me whenever I went that way, always to call upon them, and that I was at liberty to go into any part of the fortress whenever I pleased. I felt truly thankful to God for this. Within the last three months, I have had the opportunity of faithfully preaching Christ to many of the heathens. I have encouraged them to bring different articles to barter; and my plan is always to converse closely with them when they come, and to read some part of the Word of God to them, taking care to let Christ speak for himself, and mostly selecting some of the miracles and sayings of Christ to read and explain to them. When I read, I ask, 'Have you ever heard this before?' The answer is 'No.' 'Is there any person among you that can do such mighty works

* Mr. Thomas was now stationed at Nukualofa

as these?' 'No.' 'Cannot your Taulaeiki (the person who is possessed of what they call the spirit) open the eyes of the blind, cause the dumb to speak, heal the sick and raise the dead?' And still they answer, 'No.' I then tell them of Christ, the great and true God, who is the Saviour of all men. When they go, I charge them to inform their friends of what they have heard. And when I hear of any of the heathens having come on a visit to their friends at Hihifo, I often send for them, or go to them if they do not come; but they generally come from curiosity."

Shortly after, the wife of Vaea embraced Christianity; and, on Mr. Wilson's next visit to Houma, she, with several of her children, was present at Christian worship. Many from among the heathens joined the church of Christ; and many more showed symptoms of dissatisfaction with their own religion, and led the Missionaries to hope for a speedy change in them also. The death of several powerful chiefs who, at the eleventh hour, confessed that their system could not afford them comfort or hope, had a favourable influence on the minds of survivors. On the 13th January, 1842, Fatu died. His illness was long; and the heathens resorted to many means, while seeking his recovery. At length, they determined to offer a human sacrifice, their most costly gift, and that which they thought most likely to render an angry God propitious. A young man was marked

out as the victim. He heard of it, and escaped to Nukualofa. They then chose a boy, eleven years of age. They anointed their victim with oil, and decorated him in the most splendid manner. A cord was then placed about his neck, and drawn tightly by two persons, one on each side. This wicked but religious deed was done with the sanction of the boy's father, and with his assistance; for he was one of the two executioners. The dead body was carried to the spirit-house; but Fatu did not recover. Mr. Thomas was sent for. Fatu said that he had been wishing to see him for three days. He renounced his Tonga gods, professed his belief in the true God, and died, as far as man could tell, relying upon the Lord Jesus Christ. Fatu was succeeded in his government by his youngest son, who was favourably disposed to religion. He proposed that his sister and her husband, with their children and people, should reside at Mua, and build a chapel; but objections were raised by the heathens, so that the Christians were put to a further trial of faith. Mr. Thomas, on looking round at the various stations of Tonga, says, "The cause of the devil is laid in ruins in every part of this land. A few old and infirm chiefs are doing what they can to keep the ruins together: but they drop off, one after another, while doing it, and are not thanked for their pains. Preaching is established either in or [illegible] every village, so that all who desire it can he[illegible] Word of God twice every Lord's day, as well [illegible] the week.

without travelling far from their homes. The general impression abroad among the people is that 'religion is true, and that the Tonga gods are all lies.' 'Their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges.'" Mr. Thomas had the charge of more than a thousand members at Nukualofa, and could not visit the heathens as they needed, and as he wished. The want of more Missionaries was sorely felt: but the claims of other places and the state of the funds prevented the committee from responding to earnest calls for help.

Mr. Wilson found that a better system of education was greatly needed at Hihifo. The Christians there had never had the same advantages as had the other Friendly Islanders. The mission had been frequently broken up; and the habits of the people had not been formed to patient, steady application. The parents were indifferent to their children's training, indulging them to excess; and for themselves made few enquiries after books. Mr. Wilson had not been long among them, before a great change took place. He re-modelled the schools; formed the scholars into classes according to their attainments; taught them to commit verses of Scripture to memory; began a catechetical meeting for the children, at five o'clock every Sabbath evening; persuaded many of the parents to question their children every day; and did for Hihifo what Mr. and Mrs. Tucker had done before for Lifuka and Nukualofa. He told the people to bring all their books to him, and finding that

scarcely two had books alike, most having been circulated in the sheet, fresh from the press, he advised them to get the Scriptures in order, and to bring them to the chapel on all preaching-days, so that they might read the lessons after the preacher. In a short time, the people showed a wonderful thirst for reading; while in the schools, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson had four hundred and ninety-six scholars, and eighty-five teachers.

You will wish to know something about the projected native Training Institution; and also whether the threat of another visit from the Roman Catholics came to pass.

On the 3rd June, 1841, the Rev. Francis Wilson met the native preachers at daylight as usual, to give them their appointments for the coming Sabbath; to answer their questions on passages of Scripture; and to assist them in making the outlines of their sermons. This was at Neiafu, Vavau. At the close of the meeting, it was found that several people had been sent by King George to set up a house for the new academy. The King had given orders that it should be built free of cost to the mission; and his people had cut the timbers before bringing them from the bush. The house was smaller than Mr. Wilson liked; but the timbers being all prepared, this defect could not be remedied. Perhaps you do not know how short a time it takes to put up a Tonga house. After sunrise, on that 3rd June, the grass was grow-

ing knee-deep on the site of the new building; before the sun went down, the walls were raised, the roof thatched, and the house floored with native mats, ready for occupation. It had neither doors nor windows; merely an opening at the side and end, which served the same purposes. Mr. Wilson determined on having desks and benches, quite a new thing in the islands. But now came a difficulty. These must be made, and there was no timber on the station. However the students went to the bush in quest of trees, and cut them up into planks. Then, with the assistance of Messrs. Wilson, Turner, and Kevern, who turned carpenters for the occasion, and regretted that they had not taken a few lessons while in England, they contrived to make some strong, massive, and durable school fittings. The desks and benches answered well, and the only expense laid upon the mission funds, was the price of a few axes.

On the 13th of July, the native Institution was opened with nine students. It was difficult to meet with the class of men for whom the Institution was at first designed—young men, without family ties, who were willing to give themselves up fully to the work of the Lord. Many were anxious for instruction; but some of these were married men; others were chiefs engaged already in the government of their own provinces; and others from age, or family circumstances were ineligible as resident students, preparing for the work of assistant Missionaries. Only two were found to answer exactly to the rules of the

TRAINING INSTITUTION TONGA.

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Institution. As this was the case, it was judged well to receive a few as daily attendants, who might thus qualify themselves more fully for the office of head teachers.

Mr. Wilson began by setting the whole nine to learn the English alphabet. The thought of learning English raised their spirits, and they went to work with alacrity. But it was soon found, that the married men could not attend five days in the week without neglecting their families and plantations; and that the older men, very ignorant of their own written language, and unused to habits of mental discipline, found English too hard for them. It seemed unlikely that they would so master it, as to be able to read it with profit. The nine students were therefore divided into two classes, of two and seven. All learned Tonguese, reading, writing, theology, and geography; while the two designed for assistant Missionaries, learned English also. One of these, a Fijian, made rapid progress; the other, a Tongan, was not so ready; but he applied diligently and gave promise of conquering the difficulty. Mr. Wilson says, in his first report, "We have laboured under peculiar disadvantages from the want of books in the Tonga language, and a grammar and vocabulary for those who are studying English; and having but a very scanty knowledge of Tonguese, it has been hard work to get up a few books to go on with. We have had very little paper for the students to write on, which has been another impediment. The Bible is

our reading book. A chapter is read at each meeting, when suitable explanations of difficult passages are given. A small geography of Canaan, and of the places mentioned in the Acts, has been introduced in manuscript; with maps of Canaan and of the countries visited by the apostles. An outline of the geography of the world has been used, along with a map of the world; a small book, too, containing the English words found in the Tonga books, with their meaning in Tonguese. In preparing these books we were indebted to Mrs. Tucker, who had devoted a great deal of time to these things, and who left us her books. The students have written a short course of lectures on the leading doctrines of Christianity as held by our body; following the order observed by the Rev. Dr. Hannah."

Mr. Wilson speaks well of the moral conduct and religious feeling of the students; but owns to being often tried by their dullness and apparent stupidity. King George, when at Vavau, attended the Institution regularly, and highly prized the privilege; though of course his Majesty was not reckoned in the number of scholars.

In the following year, a number of school books with paper and other useful things, were sent out to the Institution; and King George gave a large piece of ground for the use of the students. Fifteen students were under instruction in the year 1844; but difficulties arose in the way of receiving any as assistant Missionaries. It was not thought well to place

young men so much above the old teachers, already on the ground, and "not inferior to the new ones in natural talent, and holy zeal, but only in this, that they had gone out before any institution had been established." So when the period of their stay at Neiafu had elapsed, they were sent out in the same position as the former teachers, only better qualified for their work. Three years after the opening of the Institution, four young men were stationed on the out islands; two were appointed to Niua Tobutabu; one to Niua Foou, and one to Uvea.

Mr. Wilson laboured with the utmost diligence in this sphere of duty till the year 1845, when his health failed. He lingered for many months, using every means judged likely to promote his recovery, and wishing, if it were the will of God, that his life might be spared to carry on the work that lay near his heart. Mr. Wilson was a true Missionary. He had counted the cost before he left his native country; and he cast no regretful looks on his forsaken English home and Christian privileges. None of his missionary companions ever heard him lament anything in connexion with his life of arduous toil, but his small appare[illegible] usefulness. He loved to preach the Gospel; [illegible] though, during the spring of 1846, he grew we[illegible] and weaker every day, yet while it was po[illegible] he continued to declare "the unsearchable ri[illegible] of Christ."

On the Good Friday of [illegible]r, he went t[illegible] small island, Talevai, to pr[illegible]ickets; b[illegible]

he was unable to proceed, and was brought home quite exhausted. He was of a quiet and equable spirit; and no hurry or confusion of mind was observed during his long and trying affliction. The desire for life that has been named was not unhallowed or impatient; it was kept in sweet submission to the will of God. "He lived in the spirit of prayer; and when his great debility and want of voice would not allow him to speak much, he was engaged in holy mental converse with his Saviour, and would say, in a whisper, 'Jesus is precious! God is good! my soul is happy; but I sometimes fear the work of holiness does not go on as it should in my heart.' His Bible and Hymn book were always near his couch; and he read every day a chapter in 'Benson's Commentary on the Holy Scriptures,' and a chapter in 'Bloomfield's Greek Testament.'"

His watching friends sometimes marvelled that his sufferings never produced anxious longing to depart, and they greatly admired his persevering use of all the means that might possibly re-establish his health. The truth was that selfish thoughts were lost in yearning pity for the souls around him. The society had been in a low, decaying state for some time; and the Missionaries felt the need of such an outpouring of the Spirit as had been granted in the years 1833—1834. Shortly before Mr. Wilson's death, they had proof that their prayer was heard. God graciously revived his work; and again hundreds of the people were engaged in confessing sin and

seeking pardon. Mr. Wilson's heart rejoiced; he begged that his couch might be carried to the chapel, that he might hear for himself the sobs and groans of the penitents, mingling with the thanksgivings of those who had just found peace; and when he had drunk in the glad sound, his latest wish was fulfilled, and with Simeon he exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

On the morning of the 3rd March, he was carried out as usual, to breathe the fresh air. On his return he showed signs of increasing feebleness; and from that time till the following morning, his life ebbed out slowly. His heart was engaged with God, and expressed itself in short and whispered petitions. Just before his death, he asked his friends to pray; and then, while they thought he was dropping into a quiet doze, his spirit was gently dismissed.

Mr. Wilson's death was deeply mourned by the Missionaries. He had been a diligent student of God's word, and had given much time to the study of Greek, to qualify himself for carrying on the translation of the Scriptures—still an incomplete work. His brethren were beginning to look to him as one on whose judgment and learning they might rely in case of any difficulty arising in translation. The native Christians felt his loss keenly. He was a general favourite, and used to be called "the kind and generous man." Nearly all the people of the island were present at his funeral; and as Mr. Turner and

several of the chiefs spoke of his excellences by his open grave, they

> "Twenty times made pause, to sob and weep,
> That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
> Like trees bedash'd with rain."

Several of the teachers cried out that now they knew the value of him whose body they were hiding in the tomb. One said, "He it was who taught my hand to write." Another said, "He taught me the meaning of God's word." A third exclaimed, "Alas! I do remember to-day my inattention to him at times, when I missed the school without much cause: he lived for us, and died for us." And so said they all.

We have yet to enquire as to the promised visit of the Roman Catholics. On the 17th December, 1841, a French ship of war, the *Allier*, twenty-two guns, Captain Bouzet, dropped anchor near Neiafu, Vavau. An officer came on shore, and waited on the principal chief, King George not being at home. He said that he had a special message from the French King to King George. He requested the chiefs to go on board the next morning, taking with them an interpreter, who must not be a Missionary. They went, accompanied by a Portuguese. The captain received them most kindly, took them over his vessel, and made a present to the principal chief. He told them that they had done right in receiving English and American Missionaries, and added that they ought to receive

French Missionaries too. He asked why they had refused the priest whom the French bishop had offered to leave among them; and said that it was wrong, and against the usages of civilised nations. With all his politeness, he contrived to insinuate a threat. "Do you know," said he, "what the French have done at the Sandwich Islands and Tahiti?" On the chief's departure from the vessel, a salute was fired.

What should come in the wake of the man-of-war but a small schooner, bringing the Roman Catholic Bishop of New Zealand, the very man whom King George had declined to receive in 1838! This Bishop came on shore next day, accompanied by a Priest. Unfortunately for him, but well for our mission, he brought as interpreter a worthless man, a deserter from a French ship. Much the same conversation took place as that of the day before, on board the corvette; but the interpreter had an evil tongue, and took the opportunity to abuse all the Missionaries, and Mr. Thomas in particular. In his anger and insolence, he used most unbecoming language to the chiefs; so that after he left, the people said that had they been heathens and not Christians, they would have split his head with their clubs, and risked the consequences.

The chiefs remained firm, though no pains were spared to entangle them. Wishful to make at least one proselyte, the captain of the man-of-war offered to send a boat ashore for the Portuguese, if he would go to worship on board, and return to his former

faith; but the man declined the civility. He was a member of the Methodist society.

The Missionaries had two lengthy conversations with the Bishop and the Priest. They remonstrated against his endeavouring to introduce the Roman Catholic faith among a people who had, to a man, renounced heathenism, and been baptized into the Protestant church; and they intimated that should the people be induced to receive Popish teachers, disputes, and possibly war, would follow. The conversation then turned on some of the peculiarities of Romanism. The Bishop showed an excellent temper throughout the whole conversation, though closely plied with questions. He said that he had no intention of leaving a Missionary at present; that the schooner had merely put in for water and provisions.

The next day, the 27th, the two vessels sailed away. The captain of the man-of-war left letters for the King, and intimated that another vessel would call in a few months, to receive his answer. It was said that the vessels steered towards Wallis's Island.

Two letters were addressed to King George; one in French, and the other in English. The following is a literal copy of the English letter:—

"To King George Tahofaho.

"Sir,—His Majesty the King of the French, having been informed that his lordship, the most respectable French Bishop Pompalice, to whom has been entrusted the whole Christian mission to evangelise the natives

of the South Sea Islands, had not received, during his stay in this harbour, in the year 1838, the kind reception that must expect a French subject, especially a man of his character; that he was refused to land a man of his attendance, though he took upon himself to do not meddle with religious subjects.

"His Majesty, the King of the French Government send me there to ask to your Majesty the reason of a such exclusion; injurious to the French; so opposite to the hospitable customs of the South Sea Islands; and wholly incompatible with the laws and usages of civilised nations. His Majesty's government acted only by feelings of kindness to all the people of the South Sea Islands, thinks is right and due a kind reception to all French subjects, and their admission in Vavau, and all the islands of your kingdom where they may be called by trading interest, or any other lawful purpose, on the same footing as every foreigner, and to claim for them the protection that a regular government never refuses to the lowest men.

"To deny these henceforth to them would be noticed as a bad dealing to the French Government, who would do for his subjects what the importance of the case would require.

"His Majesty's government thinks, that after these representations, your Majesty, better acquainted with the principles of international law among the civilised nations, will never do anything that will interrupt the relations of peace and friendship that France likes to maintain with him and his subjects."

The pain caused to all the lovers of Protestant missions by the unjust assumption of French dominion in Tahiti was yet fresh in the minds of the committee, when the news of this visit to Vavau reached them; and moved by sympathy with the London Society, as well as by alarm for their own Polynesian missions, they united with the directors of that society in representing to Her Majesty's government the danger to which both missions were exposed, and earnestly asking suitable interposition. They also presented a petition; embodying the same views, to the House of Commons.

"Early in the year 1844, King Tubou dictated a letter to the Queen of England, imploring her protection against the French, whose proceedings at Tahiti and elsewhere, had filled him and his people with alarm. In the course of the following year, the Missionaries were greatly cheered by an official letter received from her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General in the neighbouring group, assuring them 'that Great Britain will protect her subjects in the Friendly and Fiji Islands.'"*

The Missionaries congratulated themselves on the steadfastness of the Christian chiefs in their King's absence. It was not long, however, before the priests made another attempt to get a footing in the Friendly Islands; and, this time, they chose a more promising field of operation. During Mr. Thomas's absence

* Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, 1846, page 44.

from Tonga—an absence of a few weeks only—they found their way to that island, and brought another distracting element to that often-agitated country. Moeaki, chief of the Bea, a man who professed Christianity, but who was not baptized nor a member of the church, opened his door and his heart to a priest, whom the diligent bishop offered to leave with him. A number of Tonga men, converted to Romanism in Wallis's Island, took up their abode at the Bea. Mr. Thomas immediately foresaw many of the sad consequences which have since resulted from this untoward event. It was felt that had Tubou possessed King George's courage and firmness, the evil might have been averted. The Popish party soon began to talk much of their own excellences, and of the defects and faults of the old Missionaries. Mr. Thomas met this new trial in the spirit of a Christian. He says, "Our only hope is in God, who has done us good and not evil, all our days. No doubt He saw that we needed to be tried. Our people have not glorified Him as they ought; the Lord has a controversy with us. The good Lord remember mercy, and deliver us from the hands of designing men!"

The one priest was joined, after a time, by others; and the following year, 1843, they began to try to spread their doctrines in the Christian villages. The following conversation took place at Hihifo:—

Priests.—It is our duty to go and preach the gospel to every creature.

Chiefs.—We have the Gospel preached to us, and the Word of God to read.

Priests.—No, you have not. These men who preach to you are leading you astray; they are of Mr. Wesley's religion, which took its rise only about one hundred years ago; and Mr. Wesley was no better than Jovili (an impostor, who was in the Navigator's Islands a few years since, and who deceived many).

Chiefs.—Our religion is the religion of the Bible, and took its rise with the Bible.

Priests.—Your Bible is full of errors.

Chiefs.—We believe our Bible to be the Word of God and of truth, and we are determined to abide by it.

Priests.—Well, but we love your souls, and we must come to teach you; and, if you are not willing, you may persecute us, and even kill us, if you please.

Chiefs.—It is not our intention to give you so much as a wrong word; but, if you are determined to come against our minds, we can please ourselves whether or no we feed you and give you a place to sleep in.

Priests.—Very well; then let us sleep in the road, or bush.

Chiefs.—We will give you a place to sleep in to-night; but, if you come again, you must not expect so much.

Priests.—When we came the first time, we thought

you the kindest of people. How is it that you are so altered?

Chiefs.—When you first came, we treated you as strangers; but, at the same time, knowing that your intention was to come and be our teachers, we told you then that we had a teacher, and that there was no need for you to come. We wished you not to repeat your visits; but you seem determined to force yourselves upon us; and are we obliged to receive you, and give you our food, against our minds?

Thus repulsed, the priests wandered up one part of the fortress and down another, till nine in the evening, when, as none offered them a sleeping-place, they went into the bush, and lay down in an old house there. A Tongan man, who was their companion from the Bea, lost his patience, asked if this was the way of their religion, to go wandering about, and said that the Lord had "given them up to a foolish mind."

The chiefs of the Bea and Mua embraced Popery, and so, after a few years, did the Tui-tonga. They made an agreement, however, with their teachers, that they should not be required to put away their wives, nor to give up their dances and other heathen customs. The Christian natives said that they could see very little difference between Popery and heathenism.

Those chiefs who were persuaded to accept the priests' teachings were such as had long been dis-

satisfied with the existing government, and were ready for open acts of rebellion as soon as an opportunity should occur. The number of Roman Catholic converts in Tonga has never been great. Perhaps not more than three hundred have belonged to that church at any one time; and of late these have dwindled into a small sect of little weight. In the days when they were strongest they were the stirrers up of much ill, as we shall see by and by.

Shortly after the introduction of Popery into the islands, a very interesting Missionary meeting was held at Lifuka. King George took the chair, much to his people's delight; for a severe attack of illness had kept him at home for many months. His speech, as usual, did him credit; and it was affecting to hear him confess the unworthiness of himself and his people. He called the attention of the assembly to the millions of our race yet in darkness and ignorance, observing, that while large nations and kingdoms were still heathens, God had "in His mercy visited these insignificant sand-banks." He then expressed his gratitude to God and to His church, and called on all present to join heart and hand in the good mission cause; adding that his whole soul loved the work, and that had he the means, he would send the light of the Gospel to thousands who are now sitting in darkness. One Missionary and fourteen native teachers followed. The last of these was Aisea Vovoli, whom Mr. Rabone elsewhere speaks of as "a Lazarus indeed, full of sores, and very poor; but a choice spirit,

always warm at heart, with a mind that oft carried him beyond his bodily strength; a man mighty in prayer."

On being called on to speak at the Missionary meeting, he rose, and playfully remarked, that "as the last speaker he must be allowed the privilege always granted to the last canoe of a fleet, and must get into anchorage how and where he could." He spoke upon the subject of Popery, which had not been touched by any preceding speaker; and gave loud, ardent, and oft-repeated thanks to God that truth had got the start of error in these islands. Again and again, he called upon the King and all present, as they loved light in preference to darkness, and truth to error, to join him in praising God and in thanking the fathers in England, who had sent them the Gospel, the true light. He spent his strength, and then said, "Friends, my body is weak; I am dying fast; but heaven is mine. King George, I shall die soon; but heaven is my home through Jesus Christ." While all were melted into tears, he led off with a native hymn which goes to the well-known tune of, "The voice of Free Grace." All sprang upon their feet in an instant. They sang and wept, and sang and wept again. Several afterwards engaged in prayer, and the meeting was concluded. Mr. Rabone says, that there was so much gracious feeling, that had nothing else been the result, all might well have rejoiced in attending that meeting; but added to the spiritual refreshing, there was a manifestation of abounding liberality. About

five tons of yams, eight pigs, some forty or fifty-five fowls, native cloth, and baskets, were the presents of a willing people to the mission.

TONGUESE LADY'S TOILET BASKET, COMB AND BRUSH.

Chapter XV.

KING GEORGE'S REIGN.

KING Josiah Tubou died on the 18th November, 1845. At the invitation of his grandson, the chief of Eua, he had visited that island, in the month of August, to be present at the opening of a new chapel. On his return he was taken poorly; and after some weeks of uncertainty, his illness assumed a serious aspect. Mr. Thomas missed him from his wonted place at chapel on the 16th, and calling upon him in the evening, found him suffering severe pain. His mind was in a quiet, composed state. For two days he bore intense suffering with Christian patience. On being told to look to the Lord Jesus, he said, "I am doing so." He prayed much, and often called on Mr. Thomas to pray with him. He continued speaking up to the last moment of his life, and passed away while breathing the name of Jesus. His Christian friends cherished the hope that he left earth to be for "ever with the Lord." Many of the natives attended

his remains to the grave, on the 20th, burying him in the spot which he had chosen for himself. They showed him all due honour, and most felt that they had lost a friend. But his character had not been such as to excite intense feeling; nor was his loss regarded as a great national calamity.

King Josiah's mental gifts were by no means of the highest class, nor had he had the advantage of early training. His childhood and youth had gone by before he embraced Christianity. Then he was of a peaceable, easy disposition, that did not like trouble, and would let things take their own course, in hope that they might perhaps come right at last. He could not bear to see his children chastised for their faults; he permitted disorderly persons to go on in their own way, even in the village where he lived—suffering personal inconvenience rather than give pain or cause offence; and he scarcely ever interfered with the chiefs of Tonga, but left them to govern their respective districts according to their own notions. We have seen how the chiefs, unchecked by wise and firm restraint, forgot their duty to their King, and rose in open rebellion; so that poor Josiah, in spite of himself, was forced to go to war. We have seen too, how the bishop and his priests, baffled at the other islands, gained a footing in Tonga.

Josiah Tubou's kind-heartedness laid him open to the fair speeches and flattering professions of cunning men; and he was thus often induced to do what he was afterwards very sorry for. He was neither fitted

for detecting insincerity in those who sought their own ends under a mask of kindness to him, nor for managing the affairs of a state and controlling a number of turbulent chieftains. He was happiest spending hours in his own home, plaiting sinnet, making himself the playfellow of his children, or watching and soothing them in sickness with womanly tenderness.

Such a character as King Josiah's was not likely to win special love. It has been well said, "Strength of mind is an attaching as well as a ruling power; all human creatures become attached to those who have power over their minds." Spoiled children are not the most loving children. They detect the weakness that will not allow a parent to deny himself the pleasure of a momentary caress, nor to inflict upon himself the sharp pain of giving pain to the naughty child whom he loves, even though he knows that correction would work out the child's real good. Those who in manhood love their parents most, are those who in childhood feared the rod in a gentle hand, and who in youth stood in awe of timely and kind reproof. So it is with us and our heavenly Father. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." And they who have most sorely felt the smart of His stripes, have been drawn closest to Him in adoring and grateful love.

Having found some fault with King Josiah, it is only fair to say that he was not without many good qualities. His person was tall and well-made; his

face, good-looking; and his conversation, very agreeable. From the time that he became a decided Christian, little fault could be found with his private walk. He was the firm and constant friend of Christianity and its teachers; and in spite of much persecution, he held on his way. At one time his enemies so far prevailed that he thought he must either yield or fly. His course was instantly chosen. He ordered a large canoe to be launched, so that he and the beloved Missionaries might seek safety on some other island. His attendance on the means of grace was most regular. On Sundays and week days, at sermons or prayer-meetings, whenever the house of God was opened for worship, the King was there; and there in good time. Mr. Thomas says, that "scores of times, when there have not been five persons present at the beginning of early morning service, one of the few was sure to be the King." His temper, not easily ruffled, was sometimes roused when he saw any of his people careless in their deportment during the service of God, behaving amiss, or going away before the whole was concluded. On the whole, King Josiah's character and influence were favourable to the spread of religion; and the Missionaries had cause to glorify God in him.

By the death of King Josiah, the office of Tui-kanokubolu became vacant. There are usually several members of the royal family who are eligible on such an occasion; on his death-bed Josiah had named

two; and it was to one of the two persons named by him that all eyes instantly turned. George, King of Haabai and Vavau, was chosen as Josiah's succcessor. The chiefs whose province it is to appoint to the office were all Christians; and the few heathen chiefs of Tonga appeared to approve heartily of the measure, and attended the ceremony, behaving with the greatest propriety. Those who speak of King George as an usurper, sitting on a throne won for himself by force of arms, do not understand Tongan customs. By birth, and by election, he is fairly entitled to his present position; and he lives in the high regard and enthusiastic love of his admiring people.

The ceremony of appointing him, or calling him for the first time by his new name of office, was performed, according to the usual custom, at the village Bangi, in Hihifo; a village of great note in the bygone days of heathenism. All the chiefs of Tonga were assembled there on the 4th of December, with several from Haabai and Vavau. The King took his seat under a cocoa-nut tree, with an official person on either hand. These are called *Motuas*, or fathers. The chiefs sat in a large circle on each side, and the bulk of the people in front. Mr. Thomas, an invited guest, took his place behind the King. The company was, as usual, select. None was allowed to go near the inner circle to gratify his curiosity by staring at the great men; nor was any one permitted to walk about. As soon as the kava was prepared, and before it was served out, several chiefs addressed the assem-

bly. Then one of the Fathers, Motua-buaka, stated the object of their meeting; and the King addressed them. The kava being poured into a dish, Motua-buaka called the King's name Tubou-Tui-kanokubolu, and handed the first cup to him.

The circle seated on the grass, and screened from the heat of a bright sun, by the branches of large trees that had stood for ages on the spot, and witnessed many an official gathering, formed a beautiful picture; and to Mr. Thomas it was specially fair, because he remembered the last meeting of the kind, just eighteen years before, and could rejoice in the contrast between the two. Then, the chiefs assembled were, with one or two exceptions, all heathens; they were set against the truth, and were raising Josiah to dignity for the very purpose of checking the progress of the Gospel; now, Christian chiefs were inaugurating a Christian King, and rejoicing that his many excellent qualifications had the crowning beauty of humble piety.

When the kava had been handed round, and refreshments taken, the party moved on to the large new chapel at Hihifo. Suitable Scriptures were read, and Mr. Thomas preached from the words;—"He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."—2 Samuel xxiii. 3, 4.

King George's accession to power was a promise

of future good to Tonga. He took up his dwelling at Nukualofa, and all brought him the accustomed present, except one or two heathen forts. Peace and harmony prevailed. The Queen returned to Vavau with her friends, in order to make arrangements for removing to Tonga, and bringing with her her only son, a young Prince George, just a year old.

The events of the last years of Tongan story are so well-known, and the present state of the people has been so fully detailed by the Rev. Walter Lawry in his journals, and by the Rev. Robert Young in his lately-published book, "The Southern World," that it will not be needful for me to enter into a long narration of recent occurrences. I must just tell you a little; and if you wish to see more, you will find a great deal that is highly interesting in the works that I have named.

The revival of religion that so much cheered Mr. F. Wilson's dying hours spread widely among the three groups of islands. It was greatly needed. Twelve years had passed since the work of God, spoken of in the twelfth chapter; many who once ran well, had been hindered and turned out of the right way; many were now lukewarm professors of religion, having lost their first love; while numbers who were children then, had grown up into men and women without having given their hearts to God. Many of the local preachers, leaders and members, mourned the dying zeal of the church, and, as before, united in

earnest prayer for the divine blessing. And when the answer came, it surpassed the highest hopes of those who had been earnest in pleading for it. A goodly number of the young men and women of the congregations were added to the church; languishing souls were quickened into new vigour; and the work of grace became deeper in the hearts of believers. These last could scarcely explain the change in themselves; but their ministers rejoiced to find them walking more closely with God, and reflecting more brightly the image of His holiness. In one day, thirty leaders were appointed to watch over the souls of those who were newly "born from above," and seven hundred copies of the rules of the Methodist Society were furnished for the use of the new members.

It must not be thought that this revival was the fruit of excitement, or that its results were not abiding. A great moral change passed upon the people. They came under the power of the law, as well as of the Gospel; and they were as much concerned about holy practice as about joyous feeling. Some of the worst characters in the place were brought to God, who remain stedfast to this day, and are devoted and useful Christians. Several of these are local preachers, and others are school teachers. All classes were improved; chiefs and people, preachers, leaders, and members; husbands, wives, and children. About thirty men, now labouring as teachers in Fiji, were brought to God during this revival, or that of 1834. An interesting incident bearing upon this

subject is thus related by the Rev. Peter Turner, who was labouring at Vavau at the time of the great work of 1846.

"*February 3rd.*—This is the day for the monthly sessions of this group; and what a sight have I witnessed! Old and young have come to make confession to the judges of some misdemeanours of which they have been guilty for years back. As the greater part of those who came to confess have obtained mercy at the hands of God, the judges have given a general pardon. When their gracious design was made known, the effect was almost overwhelming. The people gave shouts of applause, and made the house ring with their thanksgivings, both to them and to the Almighty. At my request, they rose to sing a song of praise to Almighty God for the grace manifested to them from Himself; and for His having graciously inclined their governors to imitate Him in His readiness to forgive all who humbly confess and fully forsake all their sins. After singing, the assembly was broken up by some of the chiefs offering up prayers to God on behalf of the people. The scene was impressive, and will not soon be forgotten by the people or the chiefs."

Mr. Turner says again:—"*March 3rd.*—The people are all engaged in prayer. God has poured upon them the Spirit of prayer. One of the judges said, 'These are fine times, for their are no offenders to be judged.' There has not been one for nearly

two months. Does not this prove the work to be of God."

A year or two before King George's accession to the sovereignty, the Missionaries had made a new effort for the good of *heathen* Tonga, by appointing the Rev. George Miller to take the charge of a small society of forty-two members at Makanga, about three miles and a-half from the large and populous heathen fortress, Mua. In the course of a year, twenty-six of the heathen joined the church, and there was a promise of still further enlargement.

Mr. Miller had frequent interviews with the Tuitonga, and also with Tungi, the son of the late Fatu. They treated Mr. Miller with affability, listening to his reasonings, and even extending their protection to him at Makanga; but they refused to admit him into their own fortress. In reply to his earnest appeals as to the necessity of seeking salvation, they generally said, "I am waiting for such a one." If Mr. Miller went to the person named, he was ready with an answer, "I am waiting for Tungi." Thus linked to one another, and thus unwilling to take the first step, there seemed to be little human hope of any change; and the examples of Ata and Fatu, who remained resolute heathens to the last, would occur sometimes to the Missionary's mind and check his hopes. Meantime there were signs of good. Popery made little way; even the heathens judged that it was "the old thing in a new garb," and did not think it

worth while to change their own customs for those of foreigners.

In the year 1850, the persevering efforts of the Missionaries were crowned with success. Tungi yielded to the oft-repeated strivings of the Holy Spirit, and determined to cast away his sins and his idols together. His conversion produced a wonderful effect. About one hundred and sixty of his people lotued with him. When the day arrived on which he was expected first to bow his knee in the Lord's house, there was a large assembly of Missionaries and people from all parts of Tonga. The hour for public worship arrived, and the place was crowded from end to end. When Tungi entered the chapel and fell on his knees, with his followers, the sobs and cries of the congregation could not be restrained. Some were asked to pray; but it was long before they could command their feelings. Then they lifted grateful hearts to God, and praised him with joyful lips. Many Papists and heathens were there; but they seemed to be overawed by what they saw, and to acknowledge "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not."

On the day that Tungi lotued, all the gods that could be secured were gathered together and placed in a Tongan basket. They were handed to the Rev. Walter Lawry, shortly afterwards, when he paid his second visit to the Friendly Islands.

By the change in Tungi's views, "a great and effectual door of usefulness was opened into the very heart of heathenism;" and the Missionaries

were cheered by the hope that idolatry might very soon be banished from Tonga.

The 12th June, 1848, was an important day in Tongan history. Mr. Lawry landed on that day, from the *John Wesley*, a beautiful, fast sailing little vessel, of two hundred and fifty tons, intended for the service of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in the South Seas. He did not come alone. New Missionaries had been sent out to the Friendly Islands. Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. Amos. Messrs. Daniel and Davis were to take the management of the press, the operations of which had been suspended, for some time, in consequence of the failure of Mr. Kevern's health, and his removal from the islands; and to Mr. Amos and his wife were entrusted the educational department of the work. Mr. Amos had been trained for a teacher at the Normal Institution, Glasgow; and it was the Glasgow training system that was now to be tried among the Polynesians.

It was decided that the site of the new premises should be at Nukuafola, that being the residence of the King, and the centre of a dense and partly heathen population. The Glasgow system was thought likely to meet the taste of a "romantic and showy people, fond of evolutions and processions, displays and changes." There was some difficulty in persuading the natives to put up suitable erections and fences; they wished to see what Mr. Amos was going to do,

before expending time and labour on large and expensive buildings; and they were quite puzzled when told that he must have a suitable building before he could show his system of teaching. This difficulty was at length overcome, and such a place provided as enabled him to make a beginning. The school was no sooner fairly started, than it was found to meet the wants of the people. There had been difficulty sometimes in getting the children to school; "Now," says Mr. Amos, "so attractive is the new system, there are numbers cleaned and lingering about our gate long before the hour, and asking whether it is not time to begin."

The training school at Nukualofa, is composed of three divisions; children, catechists and young men qualifying themselves for the work of teachers, and assistant Missionaries. Thus the native Institution, which declined after the death of Mr. Wilson, has revived.

By the month of October, 1849, Mr. Amos was occupying large and suitable premises. A house, containing a hall, or lecture-room, and sleeping apartments, stands facing the sea, at the head of a tract of land granted by the chiefs for the children's play-ground, and for the teachers' gardens and farms. From the back entrance of the house, a broad pathway leads to the yam-grounds; this path is bordered by rows of pine apples, and shaded by luxuriant banana trees; while on each side lie the vegetable gardens of the teachers. Narrow paths, opening on either hand

from the central avenue, lead through these gardens to the small cottages of the married students. To the left stands the children's school-house, and near it is the play-ground, overgrown with a wiry kind of grass, introduced into Tonga by Mr. Lawry. The students' houses stand in regular rows, looking clean and neat, while their gardens are planted with yams, bananas, maize, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, &c. About twenty acres of ground are allotted to the Institution, and the whole is surrounded by a fence. In 1849, twenty-four local preachers were in training as regular scholars. Twelve women, eight of them being the wives of students, were also learning the system. Shadrach Mumui, Chief Justice of Tonga, attended the seminary, though his office prevented him from residing there.

Mr. Amos thus gives his plan of working:—

"At break of day the teachers all go to their gardens, and work until ten A.M.; each one stays at home in his turn to cook. At eight A.M., I conduct the children's school, with the assistance of two of the students, who all attend in turn. At the close of the children's school, the teachers assemble for instruction until two o'clock. The afternoon they occupy in preparing the lessons for the morrow, bathing, bringing home food, attending to the means of grace, &c.

"The weekly routine of instruction embraces reading and analysis, writing and arithmetic, Bible training-lessons, sacred and general geography, natural history

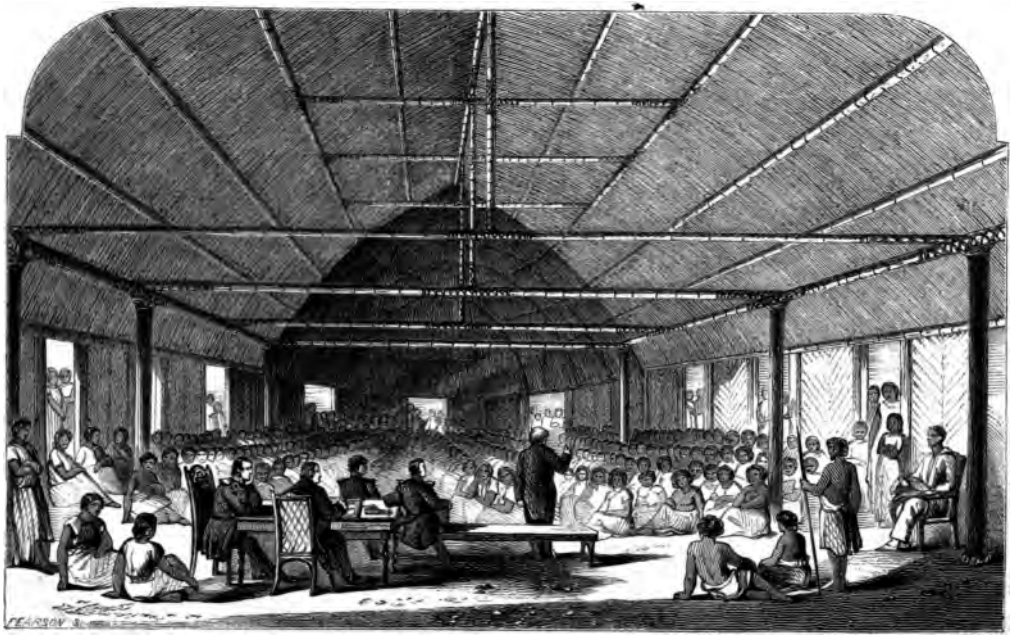
and philosophy, the English language, and traditions of Tonga. The latter branch is conducted in the form of conversations, which I write down in order to collect matter for a short history of the Friendly Islands, to be printed in Tonguese. Grammar and geometry I am preparing; but find it exceedingly difficult to obtain suitable terms in Tonguese for definitions."

Mr. Amos speaks well of the class of persons sent to him by the Missionaries, and of their facility in acquiring knowledge, and their anxiety to improve. Some of them, he says, are "collecting a large stock of English words, and can read pretty well in M'Cullochs's third reading book." On Tuesday afternoons, there was a singing class which, as in England, was more than commonly popular. "During Mr. Lawry's visit in 1850, he attended a school examination at Nukualofa. It was a gala-day, and the bulk of the Tonguese population thronged to one spot, either as actors or spectators. Mr. Lawry stood on the top of the little mount of Nukualofa, and so commanded a view of the various pathways leading thitherward. Each school, ten in all, came on apart. The scholars were in full dress, ornamented with vine-leaves and sweet-scented flowers, while the precious cocoa-nut oil "stood clear as dew-drops on their ringlets." "The processions moved along the grassy lawn, and emerged from the luxuriant groves of evergreens and shade, ascending the chapel hill,

with measured step and slow pace, singing their *song of degrees*, the females taking their part, and the men theirs; and all joining in the full chorus." Following them came abundant witnesses and partakers of the day's joy, while the blue ocean beyond was specked with canoes bearing the dwellers at a distance.

The examination lasted from day-dawn till dark, and all did well. Mr. Lawry especially commends a little girl, Juliana Tabuola, whose home was at Tofoa, three miles from Nukualofa. This little girl had attended Mr. Amos's school for two years, coming and going daily, with her younger sister by her side. She was "willing to communicate," and from her lips the old and young at Tofoa were taught her master's lessons. On the day of examination, Juliana's school proved to be, in every department of knowledge, next to those conducted in person by Mr. Amos.

It is pleasant to have the testimony of men whose feelings are not likely to be so strongly and so favourably interested in our schools as those of our Missionaries. In 1849, Captain Maxwell, H.M.S. *Dido*, accompanied by the Bishop of New Zealand, visited Tonga. They watched the children in marching order in the play-ground, and were greatly delighted with the sight. A pleasing testimony to the efficiency of the Normal School was borne at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London, in 1850, where it was stated that the Honourable Captain Keppel, H.M.S. *Meander*, had examined the pupils in geography, and was satisfied with their progress. One of



"READING HOUSE."

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the pupils had accurately traced on the map the course which the ship must take on her return voyage to England.

The most recent and the fullest account of a Tongan school examination is given by Mr. Young.

"*October 27th*, 1853.—The schools of Nukualofa were examined, and a scene of interest presented itself which cannot be adequately described. At eight o'clock the examination commenced, and continued, without intermission, for nearly eight hours. The students of the Normal Training Institution were first brought forward, fourteen in number, three of whom were females—comprising the Queen, the wife of the Chief Justice, and a hairdresser, the poetess of Tonga. The Queen submits to the rules of the Institution, and toils as a student, that she may keep pace with others, as she says it would never do for any native of the country to know more than the Queen.

"They were examined in reading, spelling, and arithmetic, as far as Reduction; acquitting themselves well, and, indeed, making but one mistake. Their answers to questions on Scripture history were prompt and correct. Their attempt to read English was encouraging; but in translating English into Tonguese they were not so successful. They all appeared in the European costume, and looked remarkably well. Three of the students, men of considerable promise, were being trained with a view of their entering the

ministry, and the other male students to prepare them for taking charge of village schools.

"No sooner did the examination of the students terminate, than an adult school marched up to the chapel, singing an appropriate chant. One party sang,

'We thank Thee, Jesus, Thou art come!'

another party responded in melodious strains, and with fervent hearts,

'We will believe on Thee.'

"This was the King's school, being under his special patronage, and consisting of ninety-six fine, athletic fellows, all dressed according to Tonguese custom. The pupils read a chapter, and repeated another with great ease and correctness. In the 'Conference Catechism,' they evinced considerable proficiency. They combined spelling with geography —spelling the names of the various islands of the Pacific, and describing their inhabitants, produce, &c. In Scripture history, and arithmetic, they had, considering their circumstances, acquired a very respectable knowledge. Their writing, in many cases, was good, and, in some, even elegant.

On the dismissal of this school, the sweet voices of the children connected with the Normal Institution were heard in the distance; and, after approaching the chapel and going through the various evolutions connected with the Glasgow training system, with much spirit and manifest pleasure, they presented

themselves for examination in the usual squatting posture. They were dripping with oil; and the young prince, in a beautiful native dress, sat at their head. They read the Scriptures, some of them with much fluency. Their writing on slates was creditable; but the slates being greasy from the oil dropping from their hair, in some cases the writing was so faint that one of them complained it was '*dead.*' Only a few could do anything in arithmetic. In spelling, they gave the correct orthography of the different countries in America, thus embracing both spelling and geography. They stated the distances of the principal English towns from London with tolerable correctness; repeated the tenth chapter of John, and answered questions in the 'Second Conference Catechism' very satisfactorily.

"These little people, upwards of eighty, having passed through their examination, gave place to the school under the patronage of the Queen. It consisted of a hundred adults, principally married women; and Charlotte, having changed her attire, now appeared in her native costume, at the head of her school. As they came in procession to the chapel, they sang the following native chant:—

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

1. A guilty world stood exposed to wrath,
But Jesus beheld it in love.
(Chorus of response.)
And we weep whilst we sing His dying love.

2. In Gethsemane's garden He sweat drops of blood,
That for us He might slay the last foe.
And we weep whilst we sing His dying love.

3. Thou saidst to Thy few disciples there,
That sorrow oppressed Thy soul.
And we weep whilst we sing Thy dying love.

4. He was judged to cruel death,
Yet He opened not His mouth.
And we weep whilst we sing His dying love.

5. We look to Thy wounded side, once pierced
By the Roman soldier's spear.
And we weep whilst we sing Thy dying love.

6. We pray and not faint in Jesu's name,
And worship for evermore.
And we weep whilst we sing His dying love.

"Both words and tune were prepared by Jochebed Fehia, the poetic hairdresser, and produced a powerful effect. The school read and repeated chapters of the New Testament, answered several questions in the catechism, and spelled different words found in Wesley's hymns, all with correctness. In geography considerable proficiency had been made; the writing was very creditable; and the Queen, who mainly conducted the examination, retired with her pupils, evidently much gratified with their proficiency.

"The next school presented was under the patronage of the wife of the Chief Justice,—a most excellent and intelligent woman. Indeed, she is so fond of learning, that I found she was not merely the patroness, but the teacher of this school. If contained upwards of seventy young women, the flower of the

population, and, as I was told, the beauty of the place. Certainly they were handsome young women, and they seemed to have vied with each other, who should appear most attractive. Ingenuity had been at work to give variety and beauty to the native costume. They were all profusely oiled, and on the foreheads of some was vermillion, and on the heads of others grated sandal-wood, furnishing in their opinion, both beauty and sweet odour. They repeated the Lord's prayer in English with credit; read and recited chapters of the New Testament correctly; wrote on slates beautifully; and showed a good knowledge of the catechism. They also read a little English, and translated several English phrases into Tonguese with much ease. In arithmetic they did well; and several questions as to the distances, revolutions, magnitudes, &c., of the heavenly bodies, they answered correctly. Their remarks on natural history were good.

"The patroness of this school used the whistle with telling effect, and at the close of the examination presented it to me.

"Now followed a school of sixty men, under the patronage of an aged chief. One half of them had formerly been boys in the Training Institution. In reading, and in Scriptural knowledge, they appeared to much advantage. In geography they were respectable, and in spelling the different fountains and streams of Fiji, they seemed to excel. In arithmetic they were less perfect.

"The concluding school of a hundred and fifty

men, under the patronage of a great chief, the son of the late King Josiah, was full of vigour. They read, spelled, went through part of the second catechism, answered questions in Scripture geography, and worked sums in arithmetic, with as much energy as if the war-whoop had been sounded, and they were preparing for battle; and when they chanted the multiplication table to one of their wild native airs, the effect was startling, and produced a powerful influence upon the assembly.

"At the conclusion I delivered a short address; and thus ended the most interesting examination it has ever been my privilege to witness. Nor were these all the schools of Tongatabu, but simply those of the town of Nukualofa. In the island there are sixty village-schools, taught by twelve persons trained in the Institution, and a number of local preachers, both parties giving their services gratis.

"In the examination, which was not got up, the pupils chanted almost every thing; this mode of receiving instruction being very attractive to these merry islanders, and making a deeper impression on the mind than the same truth would do associated with tune."*

King George's only son was early placed under Mr. Amos's care. Many of the Tahitian chiefs have been persuaded to send their children to France for education, under the promise that they shall be

* "The Southern World."—page 226.

brought up as Protestants; but George is determined that his son shall have a thorough Christian and Methodist training, and that he shall go no further than the Nukualofa school, unless he should send him to the school at Auckland for preachers' children, and the children of Methodist friends. The following is a true translation of a letter written by King George to the young Prince, who was left at school, when the King determined on quitting Tonga for Haabai, in 1850.

"Lifuka, *September 23rd*, 1850.—O George Vuna, my son!—I write to you to make known my love to your face. I cease not to plead for you before the Lord, that He would make you wise in those things for which you were left behind. I urge you, my son, to attend greatly to the work for which you are there.

"The business which devolves upon you there is great, weighty and difficult. But it is a work which in excellence surpasses all the occupations on earth besides. It is a work which belongs to man, and that leads his mind to the Lord, and has to do with his immortal soul. It is a work that is profitable during a man's life in this world both to the Lord and to our fellow-creatures.

"If you remember me and your mother, attend to what I am now writing. Every thing that Mr. Amos tells you to do, attend to; mind that you be not disobedient in any thing that Mr. Amos speaks about. Take heed that you do not destroy or injure

anything in his house. Beware lest you be rude to his son; and if in any way you be disobedient, it is right and proper for Mr. Amos to correct you. See that you keep in remembrance this part of my instructions, and attend to them.

"Your things which I send in this canoe are as follow:—Your bedstead, mosquito curtains, three hats, soap to wash, your clothes, hair brushes and turtle shell comb, some pieces of print to make your dresses, with the cotton belonging, as well as needles. Request Mr. Amos to write me your mind as to whether you are advancing toward wisdom, or how you are getting on.

"This is the end of this my writing. I am,

"GEORGE TUBOU."

Many very useful men have been trained in the Nukualofa Institution, and are now employed in the work of Education on different parts of the Islands; but there is one defect in the present system that needs attention. The schoolmasters receive no salary; but are dependent on their own exertions, and on the precarious aid rendered by their pupils. Some of them have three schools under their charge; and they complain that they cannot give proper attention to their duty as teachers and yet provide for themselves and their families. One of them, a short time since, sent the following note to Mr. Amos:—

"Lifuka, *November*, 1853.—O Mr. Amos,—I heard

you were ill. I very, very deeply sympathise with you in your affliction. I write in love to Mrs. Amos and your children. The schools here are getting on well, but especially the children's, who are getting wise. The instruction is good for this land, and the people's children are now wise through education, and the island is as a Christian land should be. But do the foolish inhabitants of this country ever give a thought about the poverty of the man who teaches them? I am, "ELIEZER SELU."

In the early days of the Tonga mission, the press was kept in full work by Mr. Woon; but many interruptions have occurred since the time of his removal. Several Missionaries after having become well acquainted with the language, have been obliged to leave on account of ill health. These frequent changes have been unfavourable to the steady growth of Tonguese literature. And another great hinderance has been the insufficient supply of paper. Again and again, the press has been stopped for want of materials to keep it going.

In the year 1847, it was resolved to revise the New Testament Scriptures, with those books of the Old Testament that had been translated already; and to translate the remaining books as soon as possible. And now that so large a work was in contemplation, it was thought desirable to apply to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the faithful ally of all Protestant missionary societies. In the year 1833,

when Genesis and some parts of the Gospels had been prepared for publication, the Bible Society had kindly granted one hundred reams of paper for the use of the Missionaries; and on a second application, made by the Rev. Elijah Hoole, in 1842, a second grant of fifty reams was made. Once again, in time of need, the same prompt kindness was shown on a yet more liberal scale. And last year, ten thousand copies of the Tongan New Testament were conveyed to the Friendly Isles, by the Rev. Robert Young. The Rev. George Kevern, now labouring in this country, kindly took the charge of revising this edition, and seeing it through the press.

The Tongans now possess the whole of the New Testament Scriptures; Genesis, Exodus, the books of Samuel, Psalms, Isaiah, and other books of Old Testament Scripture; catechisms, hymn-books, and various school books.

They dearly love God's own book. As soon as they knew what a precious gift Mr. Young had brought with him, they shewed the greatest delight. In family-worship, in their prayer-meetings, and in the sanctuary, this topic of thankfulness was ever on their lips. The Queen engaging in prayer at a social meeting, praised God for the arrival of the Scriptures, and said the book was valuable, not because of its paper and ink, but because it brought good tidings to sinners, and from Genesis to Revelation was full of the Saviour. Mr. Young heard King George preach a sermon, while in Fiji, from the words, "My people

are destroyed for lack of knowledge." In his exposition, he stated that the "knowledge referred to was not only essential to salvation, but was at the foundation of all true greatness." He then enquired what caused the difference between Englishmen and Polynesians? Was it anything they possessed in their physical formation, or mental constitution, which was not to be found in Polynesians? He thought not. Then, taking a Bible and holding it up, his countenance radiant, and his eyes sparkling with joy, he said with peculiar energy, "It is this that makes the difference between Englishmen and us. They have the Book! They have the Book!"

The purchase of "the Book" has long been an object of strong desire with the people. During Mr. Lawry's visit he often met men coming towards the house of the Missionaries, with yams, oil, cocoa-nuts, sometimes with a pig, under their arm. And on asking where they were going, the answer would be, "To buy the Book." Nothing seemed to be in so much request as the New Testament. They would pass by calico and axes, if they could only gain the word of life. Wise and happy choice! During the two years preceding the arrival of the last noble Bible Society gift, the scarcity of the Book was sorely felt, and a sovereign would not have purchased a copy.

Some time ago, the house of Jone Soaki was burned down, while he was attending divine service on a Sunday morning. When he found out his loss, he came running to the Missionary, and holding up

his New Testament, he exclaimed, "How glad I am that the fire happened when the Book was out of the house. I can replace the house, but not the Book."

Mr. Young, tells an interesting story of a poor man, a cripple, who after his conversion read the word of God most diligently. "In a fortnight he committed to memory the whole of Galatians. In three weeks, he learned Ephesians; and in three weeks more, finished Philippians. Besides this, he got by heart the first of Thessalonians; and he used to repeat what he had so learned, a book at a time. Mrs. Wilson sometimes sent him his dinner; and on one occasion, when the girl took it to him, she said, 'Have you had anything to eat to-day?' He replied in the affirmative. 'What have you had?' inquired the girl. 'Had?' said he, 'I have eaten the whole of the Corinthians.'"

King George's reign has not been one of unchequered prosperity; and the heathen and Popish part of Tonga is the quarter from which the clouds have arisen. In 1847, he decided on leaving Tonga for a season, and taking up his residence at Haabai. He had not been treated with as much respect as he had been accustomed to receive; and he thought that by withdrawing from among his less docile subjects, he should give a reproof that might be so felt, as to lead them to confess error and to sue for his return. On leaving Tonga, he gave the land and people in charge to two heathen chiefs, Lavaka and Maafu, with orders strictly to preserve the peace. After the death of

Josiah, two years previously, King George prohibited war throughout his dominions. And all the chiefs pledged themselves, by solemn covenant, to meet and punish the first who should dare to disturb the peace of Tonga, either by fortifying his town, or by any other act of hostility. Lavaka and Maafu had taken this pledge; but they were secretly opposed to King George, and ready to break faith, whenever they should have an opportunity of carrying out their own private views. They soon took advantage of the King's absence, and began to repair the fortifications of their towns, thus breaking their solemn covenant. They also committed depredations on the property of their neighbours, the King's loyal subjects. From less they went to more, unheeding the remonstrances of the chiefs of Nukualofa, till at last a report reached the King that they designed to set up a new king of their own. His Majesty, on hearing this, came back to Tonga, with a fleet of double canoes. The accused chiefs denied having any such intention, and the affair was passed over. As soon as the King had gone back to Haabai, the rebellious chiefs returned to their former practices, insulting and opposing the true men, and threatening more serious evils. This induced the loyal chiefs to petition the King to remove his court from Haabai to Nukualofa. Accordingly in July, 1851, he came back to Tonga. The course of opposition on the part of the rebels immediately became more decided. They refused to visit the King, and treated his messengers with contempt. They sheltered

culprits who fled to them to elude the pursuit of the King's officers; and at last they told the King plainly that their "minds were fixed for war. It was clear that their design was to overthrow the government.

The Missionaries did all in their power to prevent a collision. They visited the rebel chiefs, and expostulated with them. The King too exercised Christian forbearance, delayed to smite, and sent messenger after messenger,—thus giving them ample time to re-consider their position. About noon, on the 28th February, 1852, Nukualofa was thrown into alarm by a report that the warriors of Bea had killed two Christian women: it proved to be a mistake; the women had been cursed bitterly and insulted, but friends had come up in time to save them from threatened death. The women of the Bea were armed for war as well as the men; and one had rushed from the fort, axe in hand, saying, "Where, where, are these lotu people? I want to cut off one of their heads to make me a football."

Before King George made up his mind to declare war, the people of the Bea had broken faith, raised a stockade, fortified their town, and defied their King: and made it unsafe for any loyal subject of King George to go inland. Even then he waited patiently till his enemies had made every preparation, and had repaired to their two forts, Bea and Houma. He then sent ambassadors to propose reconciliation. The conditions were: "Level your fortifications with the ground. Come out from the forts, and live in towns

and villages, as we do, in the open country; and there shall be no war, but we will be friends." Religion was not the ground of dispute. Obedience to the civil government was all that was required. The war was one of rebellion. Heathens of loyal villages, and Papists, too, were in the ranks of the King's army. But it is to be noted that the priests were in the fort of the Bea, that they introduced supplies of muskets, powder, and shot, and did what they could to encourage the rebels. The King wrote to the priests, expressing a wish that they would leave Bea, and promising them safety, either at Nukualofa, or at Mua with Tungi. Illness was made a plea for their remaining at Bea. The King waited a week, and then wrote a second letter, saying that he wished to live at peace with the French, and with all the European states; but that if, after this second invitation, the priests chose to remain within the rebels' fortress, they must take the consequences, as he would no longer be trifled with by any party whatever. The priests returned answer, "We cannot remove; our chiefs prevent us." All these pacific measures were taken before a single warrior was marched against Houma, or Bea.

By the 1st March, it became evident that war was at hand. The chiefs refused every offer of reconciliation; and news was brought to Nukualofa that the people of Bea were ready to attack the first party that they might meet with. So the war-drum was beat, and the King distributed fire-arms to his chiefs. He

commanded all his people to repair to the three forts of Nukualofa, Hihifo, and Mua. Through the night, the beating of the war-drum, the murmuring sound of women and children in conversation, the tramping of warriors' feet, made the Missionaries sensible of the alarming aspect of affairs, and of the need of special protection from the God of Providence, and "the only Giver of all victory." A council of war was held at daylight the next morning, and the King ordered a temporary fortification to be thrown around Nukualofa. In his address to the chiefs and people, he urged them to long suffering; and, at the close of an eloquent harangue, he exclaimed, "Save the women! Save the children! Give quarter to any one who cries for it! And, if you love your King, don't go to war till he commands you."

A circumstance that occurred in the afternoon of the same day, March 2nd, proved the sincerity of the King's intentions. Messengers came from Mua, to say that Maafu was still at Vaiui, and that it was Tungi's mind to go and cut off him and his people. This Tungi was, you will remember, a recent convert to Christianity. The King's reply reminded Tungi that he and George were both Christians, and that it did not become them to begin an attack upon their enemies.

A French whaler left the harbour the same day, after supplying the rebels with ammunition. The pilot, on returning, brought a letter of remonstrance to George from the Captain.

In the evening a captive was brought to the King,

by a party of warriors who had passed near Bea during the day. They saw a man climbing a cocoa-nut tree, and one of them levelled his musket at him, saying in a low voice, "Come." He laughed wildly, and said, "If I come, shall I live?" "Yes," was the reply. He came down, and they carried him bound to the King, who sent him to his own country, Vavau, which he had quitted some years before, for the sake of joining the heathen. This clemency towards one wholly in the power of the King, was a new and wonderful thing. Had one of George's party been in the power of a Bea man, he would have shot him dead on the spot.

While in a state of suspense, waiting the crisis which could not be far off, the Missionaries were called to part with one of their own number, the respected and beloved superintendent of the Tonga circuit. A sharp attack of illness, heightened by mental agitation on account of the war, carried Mr. Webb off in a few days. He spent nearly the whole of the last day of his life in speaking and praying, mostly in Tonguese. The enemy of God's people was permitted to harass him with grievous temptations, but he resisted him, being "steadfast in the faith." He clung to the doctrine of atonement, and felt, he said, "safe on the Rock." Many times he repeated,

"In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

Mr. Webb was followed to the grave by the King,

the Queen, Prince George—several chiefs bearing the the coffin—and a large concourse of natives. His remains were buried in a grave dug between those in which lie Mr. Thomas's only son, and Mr. Daniel's infant daughter.

"The mode of warfare in Tonga is best described," says Mr. Amos, "by the term kidnapping. A company of armed men go out into the bush, and hide themselves beside the roads and foot-paths, till some solitary individual, or some defenceless female, is unfortunate enough to come that way, and thus fall a victim to the liers-in-wait for blood, who return in triumph to their fort, to report their heroic deed." The King forbade his warriors to proceed in this cowardly manner. The rebel party, however, fought in the old way. The Queen's father-in-law was brought into Nukualofa, shot in the head by the men of Bea. Mr. West, going towards Hihifo, accompanied by Caroline, a faithful class-leader, passed a spot where some men of Houma were lying in ambush. He escaped, but the poor woman, who was about a hundred yards behind, was cut down with an axe, and literally hewn to pieces. They took two pieces of print and an account-book out of her hands, and rushed back with the spoil.

A few days after this outrage, a battle took place between the King's troops, and the Bea men. The rebels were in ambush at a distance from their fort; and when a small party of the loyalists approached, the concealed warriors sprang out. The conflict

severe, but victory remained with the King's men. They lost ten by death, and thirteen were seriously wounded. The loss of the enemy was much larger.

About the 14th our old acquaintance, the Romish Bishop, appeared upon the scene. The commandant of the vessel that brought him, had an interview with the King, and after a lengthened conversation, expressed his satisfaction with the King's statement as to the cause of the war, and as to his treatment of the French priests. Not so the Bishop. He addressed a sharp note to the King, telling him that he had heard at Samoa, that the war in Tonga was got up for the purpose of destroying the remainder of the heathen and the adherents of Popery out of the land; and asking him whether it was so. A frown passed over the King's countenance as he read this note, to which he replied as follows:—"I am not pleased that you should interfere with the affairs of my government. The report you heard at the Navigators' Islands was a lying report. This is not a religious war, but a civil war. This you might have known from the first, that the Roman Catholics of Mua as well as the heathens are fighting against Bea. This is the case at Mafanga also, where Papists, Heathens, and Protestants are all marshalled under one chief,—the chief of the place. The object of the present war is to subject the rebels to the government of their country. There is one thing however, I must make known to you. It appears evil in my eyes that your converts in general have joined the heathens in

opposing my rule. I will not conceal my mind. If the Gospel have free course in consequence of this war, I shall not thereby be put to shame, but shall therein rejoice."

On the 12th April, the King began to put up four forts around Bea, having resolved not to storm the fortress, but to reduce it to submission by a continued siege. The Nukualofa people were expected to build one fort, Haabai one, Vavau one, and Mua one. Houma was left entirely to Ata and the men of Hihifo. All the people from Nukualofa removed to these forts before Bea, excepting only a few women, children, and afflicted persons. On the first Sunday after the erection of these forts, Mr. Amos visited the King in camp. He found him reading the book of Job in his native tongue; and the King and the Missionary entered into quiet discourse regarding the wonders of God's word.

Mr. Amos conducted service within musket-shot of the fortress, protected by embankments of earth and a defence of cocoa-nut trees. The enemy, who seem to have a predilection for Sunday business, kept firing on the Christians during the whole of the service; but though during worship the bullets were heard rattling against the trees all around, none entered the fort. The King paid much attention, and was perfectly calm—calmer than the preacher, whose nerves could scarcely bear the report of muskets and the rattling of balls. The Queen prepared a little refreshment

after the sermon; and then Mr. Amos walked to the Vavau fort, for a second service; accompanied, to his surprise, by a large number of his own school children, who were quite ready to brave danger. The night before, a party of Beans had come close up to the gates of the Vavau fort, and finding the watchman sleeping at his post, they had cut off his arm. The next time that Mr. Amos preached in the camp, the King sent a party to escort him, for fear of liers-in wait. Just as the service was about to commence, the people of Bea fired. The natives instantly fell on their faces; the Missionary, a man of peace, unused to musketry, stood still. Happily, the nearest bullet whizzed over his head.

Several deserters, who came over to the King brought word that the Bea people were willing to surrender to their rightful sovereign; but that they were kept back by the priests, who exhorted them to hold out till the close of April, when the Roman Catholic Bishop would be sure to return, with a man-of-war. Week after week did King George wait in patience for the expected submission of his enemies. His army was ten thousand strong, and fully equal to storming the rebels' forts, and taking signal vengeance on their occupants. His wisdom and moderation at last prevailed. Early in July, a message was sent to the King, that the chiefs of Houma would come the next day, and submit themselves to his mercy. And so they did, with Ifi leaves, and pensive looks, and flowing tears. They sat in silence for some time, and

then the King's herald proclaimed a free pardon, "for the sake of the lotu." They remained in the King's fort during the night; and when at family-prayer the Christian warriors bent the knee, the heathens, whose hearts had been softened by a practical proof that Christianity is a religion of love and who felt that they owed their lives to George's piety, knelt too, and prayed to the Lord Jesus. Vaea returned home, happy in the King's pardon, and determined to be a Christian, and to persuade his people to become Christians also. Before the week closed, they asked for a Missionary. Messrs. Adams, West, and Amos went to hold a religious service among them, and ere another week had passed, a hundred of the heathens of Houma had embraced Christianity.

But Bea still refused to yield. For five weeks after Houma had been forgiven, the siege of that strong fortress was carried on. Five times the King offered terms of peace, and five times those terms were rejected. The chiefs seemed determined rather to die of starvation and disease than to surrender.

On the 8th of August, a large vessel was seen off the west end of the island. Was this the French man-of-war, for whose coming the rebels had been persuaded to wait? The Christians thought so, and began to prepare for a dreadful struggle. But on the 9th, the vessel that had inspired so many fears came to anchor, and proved to be a friend. It was the *Calliope;* and the Commander, Sir Everard Home,

who had visited the islands some nine years before, was hailed as a most welcome ally. The King hastened to Nukualofa, and had an interview with Sir Everard. The result was that the King sent a sixth and final offer of peace to Bea: Sir Everard promising to aid him by his influence, though he could only interfere in a friendly manner. Four great chiefs were entrusted with the King's message. The terms proposed were, "that the rebels should leave their fortress; that King George should destroy the fortifications of Bea; that the lives of the rebels should be spared; and that, as the people now in Bea were persons from every part of Tonga, they should be conducted back to their own places, and not allowed to combine against their King and the laws of the land." The Beans seemed afraid to trust themselves out of their fortress, lest they should be entrapped, as was the former custom of the country. No previous war, not even the last, had closed without scenes of bloodshed. They therefore requested that Prince George and one of the Missionaries should be sent into the fortress as hostages for their safety, and they promised to lotu before leaving the place. But King George's anxiety for peace did not warp his steady judgment. He replied that he should neither send his son, nor a Missionary to make them Christians; that his object was not to force them to accept his own religious views, but to make them loyal subjects; that if they wished to lotu, he should rejoice in that happy change; but that their present duty was to

trust to his word, and submit to his pleasure. After a little delay, three of the principal chiefs came out, and submitted themselves to the King. Kava and food were prepared: and they were detained till the next morning, that the King might have leisure to converse with them.

On the following day, the Vavauans entered the fort, beating the drum, and firing their muskets into the air. The King followed, commanding that none should be killed, and that the Romish Priests and their goods were to be respected. The Priests had persisted in remaining to the last, spite of the remonstrances of the King and Sir Everard Home. Yet, when they were in danger,—for the popular feeling turned against them, many crying out, "These are the men that have caused the war, by promising help from France,"—both the King and the Baronet saved their property by their own exertions, going through the midst of burning houses and falling trees to help them to secure their goods. The fort was sacked and burned: but not a single life was lost either here or at Houma.

King George's wise and merciful conduct during the whole war was such as to win the hearts of his rebellious subjects, not only to himself but to his Master. Lavaka, Maafu, Tubouleva, and their people renounced Heathenism and Popery, and embraced the Gospel, soon after they received the King's pardon; and now, the stronghold of heathenism being destroyed, and its most powerful upholders having forsaken it,

Tonga may be called Christian, as well as Haabai and Vavau. There is but one chief of any note who adheres to the ancient faith, and among the common people, the number of heathens is gradually dwindling away.

When Sir Everard Home left Tonga, he addressed the following letter to King George:—

"Her Britannic Majesty's Ship, *Calliope*,
August 18*th*, 1852.

"Sir,—It gave me sincere pleasure yesterday, to see you in full and peaceable possession of your fort of Bea. I congratulate you upon this event, more particularly as that place was in the hands of the rebels when I visited Tongatabu, eight years ago, and has remained so ever since.

"Glory as a Christian Prince attends your clemency to those who have fallen into your power. Grateful should they be to God that they are subjects of so just and so merciful a King.

"It gave me real pleasure to see the great and judicious exertions which you made for the welfare of your subjects, of all ages, when I was at Vavau, in 1844. These things I shall represent to the Government of the Queen of England, as well as the warm interest that was taken, under your immediate direction, and my own observation, for the safety of the Rev. M. Pieplu and the Rev. M. Nivelleau, priests of the Roman Catholic religion, residing in the fort of Bea; for the security of the chapel and the ornaments

it contained; as well as of the private property of those gentlemen, the total destruction of which by fire seemed to be inevitable, and must have followed without your exertions to prevent it, before they could have been removed.

"I must now leave Tongatabu, and I wish you 'good bye.' I sincerely hope, if circumstances enable me to visit Tonga in another year, that I may find you in health, and in the full exercise of undisputed government. I am, Sir, your faithful friend,

"J. EVERARD HOME, Captain of H.M.S. *Calliope*.
"To George Tubou, King of Tongatabu."

In the month of November, 1852, a French ship of war, *La Moselle*, Captain Belland, visited Tonga, to enquire into certain complaints lodged against the King, by the captain of a French whaler, and by the Romish priests. The King went on board, taking his state-paper box with him; and after a conference of five hours, the French captain was perfectly satisfied. He sent this message to the King afterwards. "Tell the King I have seen and conversed with many chiefs of the South Sea Islands; but I never knew one so wise as he. The French have acknowledged his authority, by directing me to him as supreme chief of Tonga, and he must employ his authority in protecting all foreigners from insult, and must allow his subjects to choose what religion they please; but all must submit to the law of the land." This is in accordance with George's own line of policy.

While speaking of the golden opinions that King George has won, I must add that of Captain Erskine, who visited Tonga in August, 1849. He says :—"The King came on board in one of our boats, attended by several chiefs, and bringing his son. He apologised for the Queen's absence on the plea of indisposition; but I was told he had some doubts as to the propriety of bringing her on board. He was received with a guard of honour; and on his leaving the ship, a salute of thirteen guns was fired, an attention which has been shown to him by several British ships of war, and which he is said to prize, as an acknowledgment of his sovereign authority. No stipulation had been made with me, however, on the subject of honours to be paid to him; nor could the simple dignity of his manner have been excelled by the most powerful monarch, accustomed daily to such marks of respect. George sat on a chair during dinner, and followed all our English customs; but he asked if his little boy might have a mat at his feet, and he instructed him to use his knife and fork, which the boy did with great cleverness. . . . He inspected every part of the ship, the largest he had ever seen, or as his attendants said, 'the only ship that had ever been in Tonga,' with great interest; and was much pleased when Mr. Miller, the gunner, exhibited the use of a diving-dress and helmet, remaining under water for what must have appeared, even to those who are expert divers, an extraordinary time. He was easily made to understand the principle of the apparatus, and remarked,

turning to his courtiers, 'How useless is strength unaccompanied by wisdom!'"*

The following year, the King, with the Missionaries, dined on board the *Meander*, by invitation of the Honourable Captain Keppel. Before leaving, the King spoke as follows:—"I return you my thanks for your kind visit. It is only thanks which your visit demands. The honour you have put upon me to-day is great. I thank you for these favours. But what is most a matter of thanksgiving is, that Britannia sent us the Gospel, and the Missionaries, and the Sacred Books, that we might live thereby. These we value more than men-of-war, or the visits of Queen Victoria's ships. But we value these visits also.

"It is great love shown to a weak and friendless people, that a wise and powerful nation, such as Britannia, should cast its shadow over us. Under this shade we live.

"We know of the confusion produced in the world by the French and others. We wish not their visit nor friendship. Theirs is a deadly shade.

"Your visits have always been friendly visits. Has it not been so from the beginning? I flatter you not. I do not speak thus because I am on board this great ship, or because one of the Queen of England's nobles is sitting besides me. I speak in truth. If my departed ancestors could speak here to-day, would

* Journal of a cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific. By John Elphinstone Erskine. Page 124.

they not bear me witness? Ever since of old has not your course of conduct been uniformly gracious? We know it has; and if every member of my body had a voice, the only word which it would speak would be, thanksgiving! This is the end of my speech to the chief of this ship."

What would King George have been, if Christianity had not been taken to Tonga? He would have been, most likely, a great warrior, surpassing those around him in deeds of valour. He might have been distinguished by wisdom to plan, and daring to execute projects of ambition and bloody conquest; but two elements of true greatness must have been wanting,—moderation and charity. These are virtues not taught by Paganism. Christianity, by example as well as precept, teaches men to forgive their enemies.

> ——— "all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
> And He that might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy."

The lips of the Holiest and the most Merciful have taught us to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

We see in the character and conduct of the King of Tonga a beautiful example of Christian excellence; and for the sake of the happiness and prosperity of the people, over whom he now reigns without dispute, as well as for his own sake, shall we not join in praying, God save King George!

Chapter XVI.

CONCLUSION.

WE have seen what a thorough change has taken place in Tonga within the last thirty years; a change so great, that could one of those who visited the islands before the introduction of Christianity go there again, without hearing anything of the events of intervening years, he would be tempted to doubt the evidence of his own eyes and ears.

The idols have been utterly abolished; the Sabbath is kept with a more strict observance than in our own land; polygamy is entirely given up; all parents are required to send their children to school; the people have a written language and books; eight thousand can read the Scriptures with more or less ability, and five thousand can write; Christian laws are enforced; and the land is divided among the people.

In the old days, a kind of feudal system prevailed. The lower orders could not call anything they had their own. The great chiefs could seize on whatever

took their fancy belonging to their people. If one of them saw and coveted a bunch of bananas, he might take it; and he might even interfere with a man's more cherished things. His children were sometimes claimed, and instances have occurred in which he has been obliged to give up his wife to please his chief. All this is changed. Each man has his own plot of ground, over which he is sole master. If a chief fancies a bunch of bananas and expresses his wish for it, the poor man may have the pleasure of conferring a favour; but should he refuse, the chief dares not touch it. "He may cut his own bananas if he pleases, but not another man's." And so with more valuable possessions.

The consequence is that eight or ten times as much land is now cultivated as in the heathen state of Tonga. People value and take pains with their own.

Though King George is an absolute monarch, appointing such governors as he pleases, yet the people are not wholly without a voice in this matter. If a governor is found guilty of immorality, they will not submit to his rule. They represent their case to the King, who searches into the truth of the charge, and if proved to be correct, he deposes the governor. The offender loses office; but retains his rank and family estate.

Much is admitted to be yet imperfect in this Christian State; but what has been done already fills our minds with wonder and adoring thankfulness.

"Not by might, nor by power; but by My Spirit, saith the Lord."

This story would be incomplete, were I not to say a few words regarding the advantages that our own countrymen have received during their residence at Tonga, since the time that Missionary labour commenced there.

The Missionaries have been in the habit of holding one service on the Sabbath in English, for the benefit of their own families, any English residents, and such sailors as may happen to be on shore while their vessels are in the adjacent harbours. Many English sailors have been reformed, married native wives, obtained grants of land, and settled in the islands. Some most interesting stories might be told of the change wrought upon those whose conversion seemed to be most unlikely. G. P., a man-of-war's man, had served in fifty vessels. He was drunken, disorderly, reprobate, and had been so often punished, that his back bore lasting marks of suffering caused by sin. He had been many times shipwrecked and often singularly preserved. It was from shipwreck that he escaped to the Friendly Isles. There he lived like a heathen, first at Haabai, and then at Tonga. No words could properly paint this man's character and mode of life. At last, he heard God's word preached by the Missionaries, and became a subject of divine grace. He has now lived many years, rejoicing in God's favour; afflicted but pious; witnessing to the truth of his conversion by a holy life and gracious conversation. When Mr. Thomas

came over to England, four years ago, he sent a message to his friends in this country, who rejoice over his altered character.

An American was convinced of sin under Mr. Thomas's first English service at Vavau, in 1835; he went back to his own country, and there became a preacher of the gospel.

There is a little romance about another story related to me by Mr. Thomas. A ship's surgeon, unconverted and ungodly, stayed for a while at Tonga. There he fell in love with one of the island beauties, and made proposals of marriage to her. He was bound in honour to accompany his ship; but he promised if she would only wait for him, that he would return in three years' time, bringing a stock of medicines, and would then marry her, and settle in the country. All this came to pass. The Tongan lady waited, and more wonderful to relate the English gentleman remembered her and his promise, and returned. Some time after his marriage he became an assistant Missionary. His health has since failed.

Another surgeon was compelled, through sickness, to remain on the island. He was visited by the Missionaries; through these visits and the reading of Wesley's sermons, divine light broke in upon his mind, he sought and found peace with God, and died in the faith of Christ. These are but a few instances out of many that are known to our Missionaries. In how many more may the bread cast upon the waters be found after many days!

What is left for us to desire in reference to Tonga? Chiefly, I think, openings for commerce, and an enlarged literature.

Some persons have called the Tonguese idle. But this is scarcely just. Their climate and their food are alike hinderances to severe and long-continued exertions; and then there has been no market for native produce, except that afforded by the residence of a very few Europeans, and the occasional call of ships. The few wants of the islanders themselves are readily met; but the sound of the mallet from Monday morning to Saturday night, as the tapa-beaters (women) prepare the native cloth,—a cloth so frail in its texture, that a chief's garment requires renewal every week,—speaks them an industrious people. Were there a larger demand for the products of their labour, there would be a larger supply. King George has lately paid a visit to Sydney; and it is hoped that this may lead to the establishment of relations of commerce between that flourishing colony and the islands.

Mr. Thomas, too, returns to Tonga, strongly impressed with the possibility of inducing the people to cultivate cotton with advantage. He has shown a specimen of native cotton to the President of the Chamber of Commerce, at Manchester, and has been told that it is superior to American, and equal to Egyptian cotton, and that were it brought over to this country, the demand for it would be almost unlimited. Now there are several uninhabited islands in these groups, that might be converted into cot-

ton plantations. It is easily planted. Deep holes must be made for yams; but to turn up the earth with a spade suffices for cotton planting, and children may be employed to gather it. And Mr. Thomas has reason to believe that arrangements may be made at Sydney, for its purchase and transport to this country. Such a scheme, should it succeed, would tend to promote the industry and prosperity of the Tonguese.

Then, as to books. It is obvious that if the Friendly Islanders are to attain a higher civilisation, a larger supply of these is needful. They are a people living apart from the world. Their little island homes are divided by the broad sea-waves from all the old, highly-trained continental nations. The treasures of art and science are beyond their reach, except as they may be brought to their shores through the wonderful and mighty press. They are a reading people. The Missionaries have the key of knowledge; they can open and shut at pleasure, admitting only such books as are likely to subserve the best interests of their charge. Cannot something be done in the way of translating into Tonguese a few of our own standard works? Is there no lady, now living on the islands—none who has left but still loves the people, who will do for Tonga what Sarah Boardman, the second Mrs. Judson, did for Burmah? She was not a literary lady, according to the meaning that some attach to the words. She was a true woman—gentle, loving, active; a good housekeeper; the cheerful companion

of her husband; her children's teacher and friend. Yet her heart so yearned over the heathens around her that, not contented with helping them simply by helping Dr. Judson, she felt that she must have her own hand in the work; and so, in the intervals of time that a busy, domestic life allowed her, she sat down, and, page by page, translated the whole of John Bunyan's immortal dream. Her justly-admiring husband says:—"Her translation of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' into Burmese, is one of the best pieces of composition which we have yet published. Her translation of Mr. Boardman's 'Dying Father's Advice,' has become one of our standard tracts; and her hymns in Burmese, about twenty in number, are probably the best in our chapel hymn-book—a work which she was appointed by the mission to edit. Besides these works, she published four volumes of 'Scripture Questions,' which are in constant use in our Sabbath schools. It has been remarked that the translation of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' into an Eastern tongue, is a work worth living for, if it were one's only performance." Who will copy her example, and do a like diligent and pious work?

One object of Mr. Young's recent visit was to make an arrangement by which the Friendly Island Mission shall be henceforth placed under the care of the Australian Conference. This arrangement does not sever our South Sea Missions from English Methodism; but it lessens their dependance, and

leaves us free to devote more attention to the claims of the other parts of the world.

Though our own immediate work in Tonga is at an end, we know that the change that has passed upon her sons during the last thirty years, is a type of the change that the large islands and vast continents of our globe are yet waiting for. What have we done for New Guinea and the Spice Islands? What for Japan, Thibet, Tatary, Persia? How inadequate is our supply of Missionaries in India and China! We have fringed Africa with a narrow and broken border of light; but what have we done for its dark and thickly peopled interior? And how few have turned their thoughts, and prayers, and speeches towards South America!

Have you ever seen Mr. Curnock's* large map of the world, coloured so as to show, at a glance, the comparative spread of true and false religions? The Pagan countries are as black as ink; those where Popery prevails, red; and so forth. Wherever a purer faith prevails, the spot is distinguished by bright gold colour. Mr. Curnock, some little time since, took his map to a certain shop, to be freshly done up. Calling a few days after to see how it was faring, the journeyman employed on it said, "It would look much better, Sir, if I might put a little more gilding on." "No, no, it will do as it is," said Mr. Curnock. The man pressed his point. He was sure that more

* The Rev. Nehemiah Curnock, now stationed at Leeds, whom Methodists may call their Children's Preacher.

gilding would improve the map. Mr. Curnock explained the meaning of the various colours. The man started back, fixed his eyes on Mr. Curnock, and exclaimed, "And do you, Sir, expect to live to see all the world gilded?"

My dear young friend, cannot you and I "put a little more gilding on?" It is not a thing too great for us to aim at: it is not a thing too great for us to do. We may lead some soul to Christ, who shall one day be His messenger to the ends of the earth; we may speak a word to a stranger that shall never be forgotten; we may become subscribers to the Missionary Society; or, better still, collectors for it; we may take a Daily Offering Box, or a Christmas paper; we may listen at a Missionary meeting, or read the story of success abroad, not only that our own zeal may be kept burning, but also to obtain the latest news for a contributor whose interest is waning, and who does "not know what is done with the money;" we may offer prayers in our closets at home that shall bring down "showers of blessing" on foreign fields, and cheer the drooping spirits of faithful ministers.

It is impossible to say in how many ways we may aid the cause of Christ, if we only give ourselves freely and fully to God and wait to know what He would have us to do.

This is an object worthy of being set before young people at their first entrance on life. If you elect and cleave to it, you will never know what "weariness of life" means. The "winter's night and summer's

day" will be all too short; for you have a great work to do, and a little time to do it in.

"'Tis worth living for this, to administer bliss,
And salvation in Jesus's name."

One word, before we part, as to giving. I am sometimes afraid lest the views of the world on this subject should get in advance of the church's practice. Hear what one of the poets of the present day, a poet of this world, says on this subject:—

"The secret that doth make a flower a flower,
So frames it, that to bloom is to be sweet,
And to receive to give. The flower can die,
But cannot change its nature; though the earth
Starve it, and the reluctant air defraud,—
No soil so sterile and no living lot
So poor but it hath somewhat still to spare
In bounteous odours. Charitable they
Who, be their having more or less, so have
That less is more than need, and more is less
Than the great heart's good will."

Let us act up to this mark. If our good-will goes on first, our giving will not lag very far behind. The hand obeys the heart. We are always receiving. Some new mercy is every day calling on us for new gratitude. Nay, more. Before our collector has put our last guinea into her bag, before the last penny has chinked in our Missionary box, another call has been made on our thankfulness. The breath we draw is not a right—it is a gift; and a gift all the more precious, because it would never have been ours had

not "the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world."

Do we want a stronger motive than gratitude? Will the prospect of gain move us? Then let us think how ample is the reward promised to those who help forward Christ's disciples and Christ's cause in the world. Let us not listen to those who say this is a poor, low, selfish motive for doing good. The reward is of grace, not according to desert. We receive an infinite recompense for little services. As we take the gift from the hand of our bleeding Substitute, we are filled with lowliest humility, and the most grateful, adoring love. Humility and gratitude are at the furthest possible remove from a mean and absorbing self-love. And while we take our own reward, we see unnumbered millions of Christ's faithful ones crowned with the same blessing as ourselves. It is a common reward from a common Saviour. Besides, He who knows man's frame, and who is the source of all the streams of human charity, appeals to this motive,—the hope of future reward. Are we wiser or nobler than He? "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."—Matthew x. 42.—"Sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."—Mark x. 21. "And every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labour."—1 Cor. iii. 8.

Our reward is in safer hands than our own. Were

it given to us now, perchance we might part with it. Men have bartered away health, and wealth, and fame, and more precious love; and those who were once rich in gold, and good words, and dear friends, have become bankrupt of all; but our reward is with our Saviour, eternally safe and sure. "Verily, I say unto you, he shall *in no wise* lose his reward."

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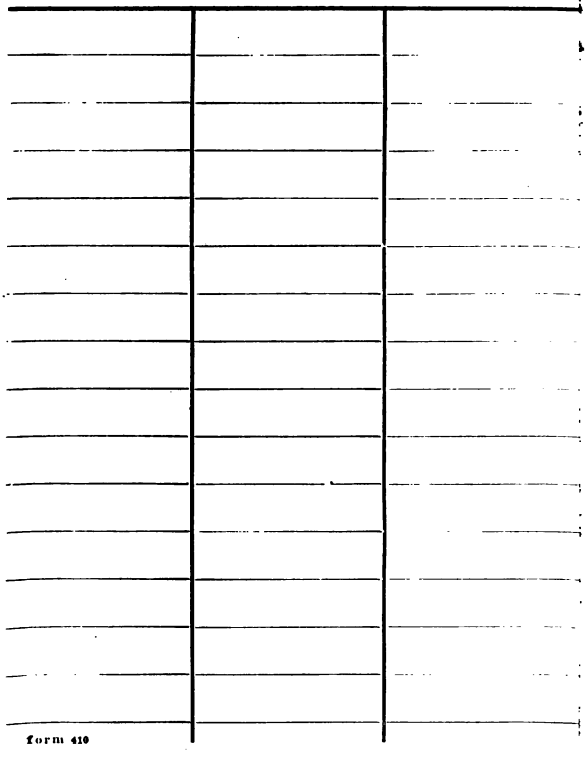

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